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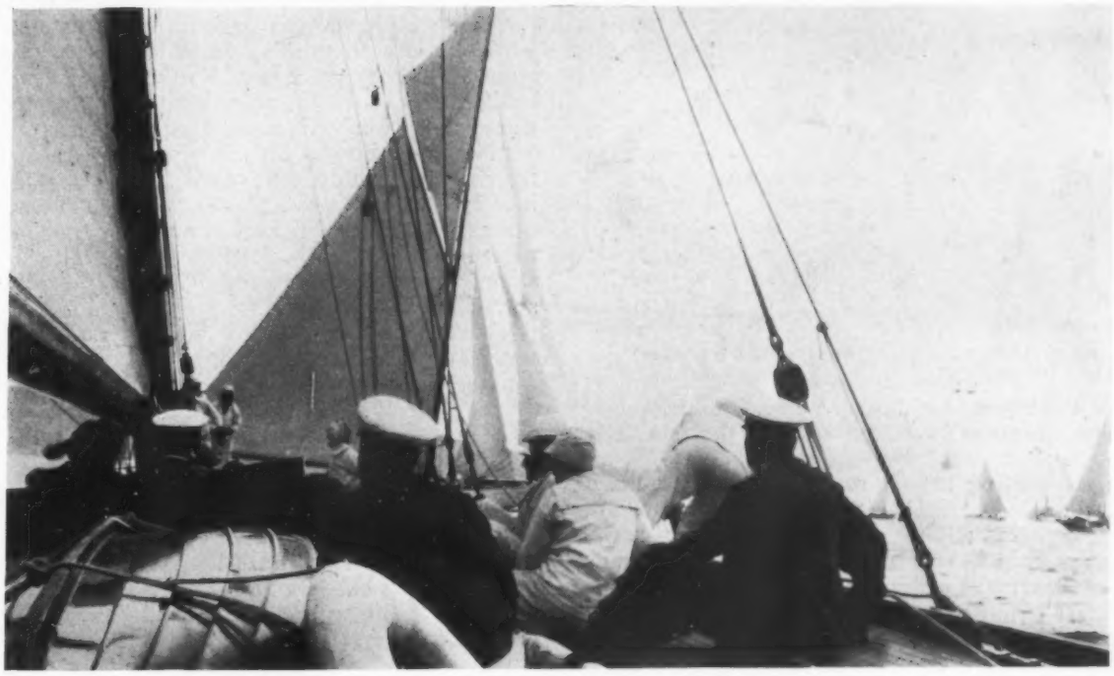


Lulworth crossing the finish line at Cowes ahead of *Shamrock*.

Fickle Favours

A 'Drifting Match" in Cowes Week

By H. ALKER TRIPP

"WHISTLE for a wind, mate. Here's all them little vessels, pretty as a postcard, come to race among themselves, and never a blessed breath to get a move on 'em."

So said someone alongshore, looking at the smaller yachts across a fairway of unrippled blue; but he was not quite accurate. There was a flat calm in the river at Cowes, but out in the Roads some breath of westerly air was faintly astir. The big yachts, indeed, were already getting to "tideward" of the line. A very little slip of canvas and a very gentle whisper of wind will start those shapely hulls of theirs sliding through the contrary tide. *Westward*, with nothing set save her maintopm'st stays'l, was stemming the west-going stream, and slipping slowly to the eastward. Think of it — the beauty of the moulding of that hull, and its perfect fitness, when the one bit of canvas, on a day like this, can send a body displacing 323 tons over the tide at Cowes!

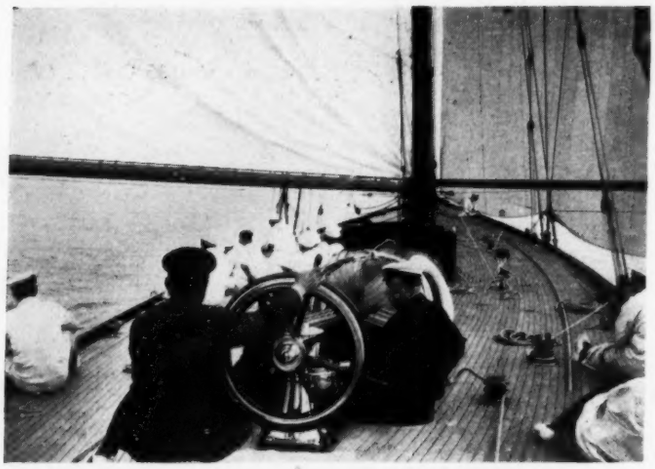
Cowes Roadstead was crowded with masts and funnels, all a-shine with paint and varnish. It was wealth, visible and self-satisfied. Tall masts were everywhere; congested and almost intertwined they clustered, on a simple background of space. For the mainland shore was lost in haze; the fog-horn of a liner was booming somewhere, the ship herself unseen. But the sun shone, and it was high summer.

Bugles from the battleship *Ramillies*, guardian of the Royal Yacht and bodyguard of the King, rang over the water. The great battleship herself was motionless there; through the mist she loomed like a thing fabulous, a castled city afloat.

"Not a very vigorous start for Cowes Week." It was not. We were chatting aboard *Shamrock*, where — as guest of Sir Thomas Lipton — I found myself on the opening day of the Week, the Royal London Day, in August, 1926. Pacing to and fro, I paused beside the skipper, already at the wheel. "There's little enough wind already," he said, "and what there is may flatten out, I'm thinking."

The crew were busy, making sail; but one's own thoughts were inclined to wander just now, in this quiet period before the first gun. As one steadied one's self against the runner of the famous green cutter, namesake of the four Cup-challengers, and looked out over Cowes Roads, one felt a special neighborhood with the past. For here at Cowes, in 1851, the yacht *America* won the old Hundred Guineas Cup (since re-christened in her honor) and took it away from us. The thing seems an age ago. Yet, in the matter of years, Sir Thomas can bridge the gulf, for he was alive when the classic race was contested. To be precise, he was a man of the discreet age of one year at the time of happening.

The Cup was taken over the Atlantic, and there it remains. The hull of the splendid schooner which put the trophy outside our grasp, five and seventy years ago, is there also; in honored age, she lies in the keeping of the U. S. Naval Academy, an object of homage for both nations.



Shamrock on the second leg when the wind lightened.

But now the business of to-day was before us, and we were getting the topsail on *Shamrock* for the race. Here she was — *Shamrock*, the Fife-built cutter of 1908; and she would be pitting herself to-day against *Britannia*, *Westward*, *Lulworth*, and *White Heather*. The moments slipped by; the wind might tarry, but time and tide wait for no man, and the Blue Peter would soon be broken out at the Squadron, and the first gun fired. Soon enough, we were under full sail, maneuvering for the line. All in a bunch we were, with canvas white in the sunshine above, and shimmering in reflection below. The wind was only a whisper, but the yachts could sail; they were spared a drift for the start. Westabout we had been ordered, down to the Solent Banks and back to the Ryde Middle — twice round.

"Thirty to go; twenty-five . . ." Colonel Neill was saying it, stop-watch in hand. The real business had begun. "You're racing," he added quietly; for, pointed at the line, and in a capital position, Sycamore had jockeyed it in style. She would just cross at the gun. We were slipping quietly towards the mark-boat. "Look out. *Britannia's* got an overlap. Don't jam him. *As you go.*" This was a vital moment, acute as any in the race. Come on with that gun now. "Five to go . . ." Come on, come on; surely the gun — and, Bang, there the gun spoke. We were safe. *Britannia* had dropped into *Shamrock's* wake, her bowsprit almost touching our stern. In close order, we slipped over, to the gun's very sound. *White Heather* and *Lulworth* were close up.

It had been a well-judged start; one small item more to Sycamore's long account of credit. His quality was appreciated in America when he was over with *Shamrock II.* Charlie Barr himself recognized in Sycamore a man worthy of his metal, whether in *Shamrock II.* — or in *Valkyrie III.* before her.

His Majesty was on board *Britannia* to-day; it was his second race in her since he had altered her rig. She had the better breeze for the moment — "breeze," as one calls it, but without much warrant. We were beating down the Solent in any little draught that we could find. The water was a pale blue, darker perhaps in small smears here and there, where the air had life enough to stir a baby ripple.

Britannia was wonderfully improved for these pigmy airs; but changes of fortune, unsuspected, were (alas!) in store for her in more strenuous weather. For on that savage Wednesday at Ryde in the week following, she was to show herself rebellious and unhandy in a storm wind, quite untrue to the old *Britannia* character. As yet she had been seen in easy weather only; and for light weather the changes of keel and rig had served her well, though perhaps (to quote an opinion from *Truth*) "in very shy winds she can never have a chance against the more modern butterflies."

And here they all were, the great white butterflies, with poised wings upon this stirless sea. The winds were shy to the point of extinction, and the butterflies hovered where the blue water reflected them in perfect image.

Britannia was standing northward on a long board in hope of picking up a breath of air, and *Shamrock* was holding over to the Island to keep the tail of the ebb. The whole thing is so different, its problems are so utterly distinct from those of a breezy day, when the good wind is blowing impartially, and coming, like the rain, upon the just and unjust alike. Skill and judgment tell in both cases; but what a different range and field: Think of the tense hands on the wheel, when the yacht is confident and alive, and the slashed foam is flying — what another scene! For here, in a limp world, the helmsman sits down to scratch his head about it all. Eye and hand are alert enough; but he hangs, waiting. He stakes his fortune on gauging the freaks of the weather and the minor tricks of the tide. "Look, the tide is nigh done at the East Lepe buoy out there; it'll be turning now."

"Don't harden anything," called the skipper, anxiety in his tone. She was pulling off the little apology for breeze, and the sheets were slacked away. Up to the wind she came again. "*In* a little now with y'r stays'l sheet. Try that."

Our course to southward had been a wise one; keeping the tail of the ebb, we had opened away. But the breeze was shy. "I thought the wind would have s'uthered a bit and got freer," said the skipper. But the wind had gone.

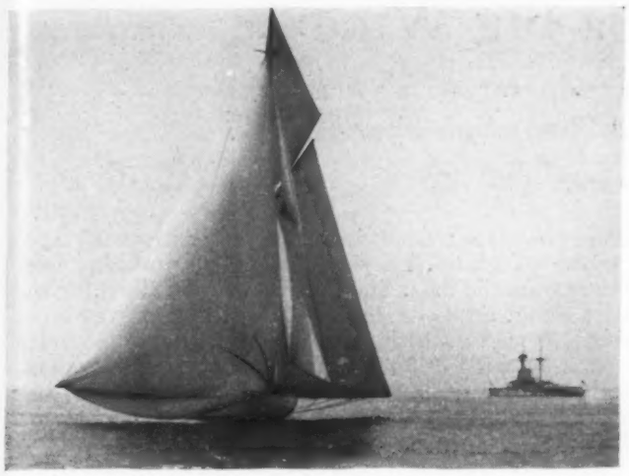
Never mind. There was still a flicker of life in that west-going current, and we stole gradually on. "There's the buoy, right enough," the pilot said, "but I doubt we won't fetch it, not this side o' tea-time unless summat happens. That tide, it's coming up strong any minute now." But still we ghosted on; without perceptible movement, slowly, slowly, we made good.

"A breeze?" Yes, but where?

We all laughed, for there were two breezes. "All full aloft, all backed below." Those two conflicting draughts were obvious — as plain as a pikestaff. But that is only a sample of the wind's oddities on days of calm. Airs

His Majesty, King George V, going aboard *Britannia*.

breathe from nowhere and die out into nothing. The classic example is that of two yachts running free towards one another, with spinnakers set, each holding her own breeze up to the point of meeting. It has been observed more than once.



"Lulworth, bringing the wind with her, drew up on the *Shamrock."*

Rounding the mark at Ryde Middle in a strong tide.

We were leading the whole field. *Britannia* had played for the better breeze and had lost the throw; we had played for the tide, and had won the deal so far. We were well away, with *White Heather* as our only immediate rival, and the Solent Banks buoy was nearer, nearer, nearer. Upright on the water, tall and comely, the two yachts were wafted somehow to and fro, lazy butterflies in the flat calm and the drowsy sunshine.

But, pace the parable, there were no drowsy heads on *Shamrock* or *White Heather*. We were watching one another, with eyes like lynx's. There were two little drifts of air to work with, one on the water and one aloft; for the moment, the lower was of more account, and we opened away a trifle; then the upper draught was the least bit more vital, and we sailed on our topsails. Our function in life was one: "We've got to keep between *White Heather* and the mark; that's all *we've* got to do." If her helm went down, down went ours in reply. And jealously we watched her. "He's sailing on his tops'l; that's where his tops'l beats ours." "All full for'ard, all *free* aloft now." It was another little change of air.

So the thing went on, interminably. We were well away, but to what purpose? We were long past the buoy on port tack, cleaving the contrary tide by some inspiration or another, and we could possibly round the buoy, leaving it on port hand; but on starboard (which the sailing directions demanded), no. Can we get there at all? "Put her about, and have a try."

Not a bit of it. That fine-lined hull could slither through any contrary current, cutting it knife-like, so long as she could face it full, bows on. But, set broadside to the tide, she was swept helplessly by the beam; like a straw down a runnel, she was caught and carried. The tide was making eastward now, no mistake about it. "Lee ho!" Come on, let's get out of this. And once more we settled, for a long and patient board, winning slowly westward again.

The King's cutter *Britannia,* with her new rig.

White Heather had dropped away from us and *Lulworth* had taken her place as second in the race. But *Shamrock* was an easy first. She led, and the others accepted her dictation, so that when — at long last — she put down her helm and made for the buoy, the three other cutters followed suit, obedient as children.

We were headed for the buoy. Then, as so often happens, some confounded steamer jumped up from nowhere, so shaping course as exactly to meet us there; and, anyway, the steam-kettle's wash would set everything on board of us joggling and thwacking just when we wanted the most breathless steadiness. A hand, on our own bowsprit, with a flag waved this way and that, was signalling her to go astern of us. But she would not, fearing perhaps that the other yachts would signal her likewise and send her up Beaulieu River before they had all done with her, round the tail of them all! Not unreasonably, perhaps, she held on, slowing her engines.

But nothing was of any use to us. The elements had us beaten. The tide was running like a sluice. We could hit the buoy truly enough, if there were any help in that; but win round to southward of it we simply could not. Here it was — with the tide foaming in spate, it was twisted this way and that, and rolled, wallowing. "Get your kedge ready. Stand by; not yet. — Yes, let go." Just beside the buoy, with all sail set, we were anchored.

We had worked out a good lead, we had won the first lap of the race; hands down we had done it. But here our hard-got gains went into thin air. While we lay inert and baffled, the rest of the field were free to make good their losses. In slow order they came, until all were anchored in a line, all four cutters.

Westward was still astern. Unassailable in a hard reach-

(*Continued on page 86*)

A Small Boat in a Big Wind

In this Summer of Frequent Hurricanes the Account of How a 28-foot Sloop Weathered One in 1918, Near Bermuda, is Timely

By A. E. DINGLE

IT doesn't take much of a gale to be a big wind for a 28-foot sloop. The average boat of that overall length may survive half a dozen three-reef breezes in a season, and her owner will be justified in sounding her seaworthy praises all winter; yet not one of those three-reef breezes need have been more than a smart sailing breeze for a 500-ton schooner, or a brisk day for a steamship.

The real big wind of the open sea, the hurricane that really rises to a hundred miles velocity and destroys shipping at sea and habitations ashore, is rarely encountered by the small boat, and experiences at first hand are not commonly available. Perhaps less than half a dozen single-handers of less than five tons gross measurement have encountered and come through a real honest-to-Noah hurricane. This is the simple tale of how one boat did. The data are taken from the actual log; the wind velocities, barometer readings, and direction were compared at Bermuda a week after the hurricane, and verified.

Gauntlet, the sloop, is scant 28 feet overall. Lest some readers are checked here with the fear that they are going to hear more about *Gauntlet*, they may be reassured. This tale concerns the hurricane and a small boat's behavior in it. *Gauntlet* comes into the tale because she was that small boat, and this is to be an actual experience, perhaps for the guidance of others. Who knows?

How does a hurricane start? This is how one started, in September, 1918. It was said at that time to be the worst to hit Bermuda in 30 years. When *Gauntlet* butted into it she was not more than 20 miles from the Islands. A motor, or even a long oar, would have carried her in. She had neither.

From 6 A.M. September 2nd, to 3 A.M. September 4th, it was the flattest of stagnant calms. Nearly two full days in which the sea lay oily and dazzling. Never a wrinkle. Not much of a swell, at first. Barometer read 30.00 and seemed steady. If there was any wind in the blue sky it was cleverly hidden. It was evening of the 3rd when the swell became noticeable. It came up from southerly, and for about an hour the biggest of the watery mounds came along not oftener than at ten-minute intervals. When they did come they just picked the sloop up, as if in the palm of a great hand, and shook her until she rattled in every spike and fibre. That shaking was something like a good tempered mastiff might give to an impudent, troublesome puppy — gentle enough, but with a clear hint that the restrained power might swiftly be released to the puppy's grievous undoing.

By midnight the barometer had commenced to fall. It read 29.94, and dropped to 29.84 in an hour. The swell was like the mastiff out of patience. It tumbled the sloop about so that the mere flogging of the sails started a seam in the mainsail clew. So at midnight, under a sky as fleckless and star jewelled as any summer fine weather sky, the canvas was lowered and lashed, and the rent mainsail repaired. Of wind there was not a breath. Phosphorescence blazed until it was difficult to distinguish between great gobs of it and the reflected images of the stars, which seemed larger and twinkled far more brilliantly than usual.

At 3 A.M. on the 4th, a faint air crept up from the N.E. Across the stars a few wispy curls of white vapor stole. They were high up. They drifted right in the wind's eye, coming from the S.W. The swell came from the S.W., too. There was a ripple on the swells now. There was breeze enough to send the little sloop dancing through the ripples as soon as sail was set to it. By dawn the wispy curls overhead had spread until the sky was filmed over. Barometer still falling. At 4 A.M. it read 29.70. There was weight in the breeze, too. When daylight came and the sky film had become driving clouds, the swells had grown to waves. The sloop was slashing along in a smother of spray with her lee rail down and her canvas wet halfway up. There was a heavy feeling in the air. Such a breeze ought to give a sense of exhilaration. It gave instead a sense of uneasiness totally apart from any consideration of its weight. Prudence said, "Take in sail." Weariness, induced by three weeks of solitary sailing in monotonous weather, said, "Crack on, and get inside!"

But though "Crack on!" won, there was much in the growling of the rising sea and the weird piping of the wind to add their warning to the greasy swirl of cloud that by 8 A.M. had formed a funnel-like bank down on the southwestern horizon. The barometer then stood at 29.56, and was shaky to the finger-tap.

For the first time during the passage noon came and went sightless, without bringing any complaint. For the first time, sight of Bermudian land was not sought, not wanted — very emphatically not wanted. That forenoon saw a wind grow, and a sea rise up, which made near proximity to any land whatever most devoutly not to be wished for. Already the first reef was tied in the mainsail, and uneasy eyes cast upon the bursting jib out there beyond the giddy bows, over, sometimes under, the snarling seas. There was a reef to be tied in that jib. If not done soon, there would be no doing it. And, let rocking chair admirals cackle all they want to, there is nothing very nourishing for a single-hander to contemplate in the idea of clawing out to the end of a bowsprit, though only eight feet long, to muzzle and reef a big jib when there's nobody left on the safer part of the ship to chuck him a line if he gets washed off. Done? Of course it's been done. It was done then; and still there's nothing trifling about the job. More yachtsmen can talk about it than would like to do it.

But this is about the hurricane, and not about sailing or sailorizing. By the time the wind had developed into a stiff two-reefer the last bit of blue sky had been blotted out by oily black clouds with white edges. The white edges rapidly blew off, leaving massed black and slaty banks of rolling vapor which were shot athwart with steely spears and which were divided from the sea at the horizon by a sharply ruled line of light.

And the sloop. How did she behave in those vicious seas that were being built up by the rising gale? Up to this point the little ship appeared to romp along. She groaned, of course; and every now and again she would shovel up a ton or so of roaring water with her lee bow and half a ton of spray would crash into her drenched and cracking canvas. But it was no worse than she might have been deliberately subjected to in, say, a Block Island race, except that the seas, by sheer weight and bulk, presented a stiffer test. No, up to this point she was encountering no more than a good hard half gale of wind

and a heavy long rolling sea with occasional sizzlers to warn of worse to come.

At 9 P.M. a squall screamed "Look-out!" and hove the little ship down. Weight of water imprisoned under the boat upturned in the lee waterways held her down until it seemed in the darkness that she must roll over beneath the terrific seas that suddenly leaped up because she was for the moment helpless. But she came up. She came up simply because her time was not yet. While she lay there too deeply buried for forward movement, the jib started along the reefband; the mainsail ripped ominously up there in the blackness. It was impossible to see exactly how far the sails had ripped; but the sloop suddenly jerked free of the shackling water to leeward and plunged ahead, so perhaps the rips were wide enough to spill wind considerably.

It may well be that darkness modified much of the fearsomeness of that stage of the hurricane. Great roaring seas hung their crests high above the tiny craft; they hissed so close at hand that the trickle of broken water running down their faces could actually be distinguished above the roar of their onrush. But their true immensity could not be clearly s n. That, I say, was a good thing.

Gauntlet was only 28 feet long over all. She was designed and built by "Larry" Huntington, and is as sturdy as they make 'em.

For one thing, it let work go on which might very well have gone undone. There was a split jib to secure. And a torn mainsail to either take in or still further narrow down. I am not at all ashamed to say, now, that could I have seen those seas clearly in all their stupendous majesty, I might have handled the mainsail, but that jib could have blown plumb to Bellers Rocks before I would have gone out to it. As it was, ignorance was courage, if not bliss. After feeling the weight of wind and sea enough to know how much lashing was needed to keep the reefer aboard and still let him work, the torn jib was simply reinforced with extra tack and clew lashings and the spitfire, or second, reef tied in. How it was done I never knew. At this date I only know that it was done, and damn glad to get it done and in off that bowsprit. Then the mainsail. *Gauntlet's* sails were cut and made for a cruiser, not a racer, and her reefs were real, deep bites in the spread. She had a third reef, and that was tied down now. The split was at the second reef cringle. There may have been another. Almost certainly there was, by the way she recovered when it split. But the sail went altogether, later, and I never did see exactly. Anyhow, the third reef, when finished, left her with a bit of canvas not more than four feet at the hoist, and gaff well up. It would still have been too much canvas, had she not been more often than not either between the seas or so steeply heeled that she spilled more wind than she held.

Here is a copy of some of the barometer readings and wind velocity, taken from the log, and afterwards verified from the Observatory log in Bermuda. Where my rough estimate of the wind velocity differed from that recorded by the shore anemometer, the latter has been set down.

September 5th

9.30	A.M.	Barometer	28.96	Wind,	East, 90 miles.
10.30	"	"	28.92	"	E. by S., 100 "
11.30	"	"	28.90	"	E. by S., 105 "
12.30	NOON	Barometer	28.78	Wind	lulling, variable.
2.30	P.M.	"	29.00	"	N.W., squally, 120 miles.
4.30	"	"	29.40	"	W. by N., 90 "
5.30	"	"	29.60	"	W. by N., 40 miles.
7.00	"	"	29.62	"	W. by N., 40 "
8.00	"	"	29.70	"	N. by W., 40 "
9.00	"	"	29.70	"	N.N.W., 30 "

Here is a hiatus in the log, erased by damp: 8.00 A.M., September 6th, barometer 29.90, wind N., moderating; noon, September 6th, barometer 30.00, wind N., fine.

Some time that afternoon the breeze settled in the west and fell to a light air. By the time that happened, the following is what had happened to the sloop, to the best of my ability to decipher some very badly damaged entries in the log.

Some water had leaked in. That was to be expected. A lot came in through the chain pipe, from which the cover had been unshipped. When the hurricane really got to work, water came in at a rate to tax the pump. Also it swiftly turned a couple of hundred books into pulp, which got into the pump intake. There was pumping to do, and bailing with a bucket. And a pig of iron ballast somehow got adrift and chugged into the fresh water pipe. All the fresh water went into the bilges.

Then the jib went. That sail went along the reef band first; the clew lashing held, so did the tack lashing, and for some time the tear was a good thing since it let out most of the wind and yet let the jib serve as a headsail. But something took my eye off the jib for 30 seconds, and when next I looked forward there was no jib: just six ribbons about big enough for a hair ribbon for an old fashioned girl.

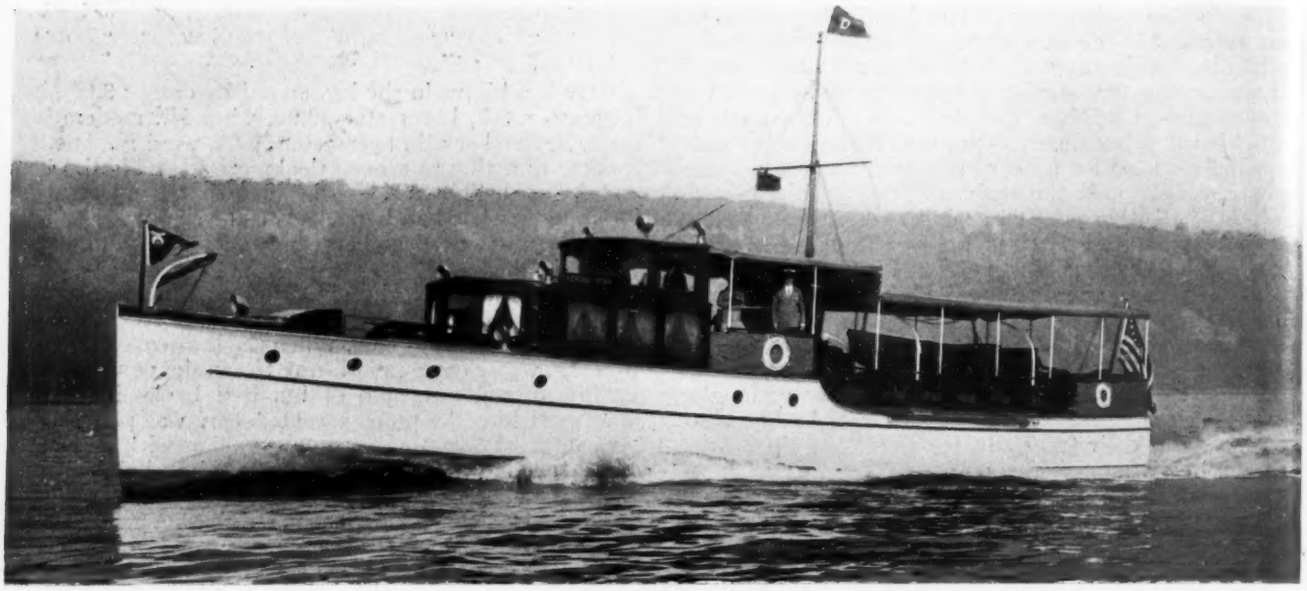
Pumping every half hour. Cleared away the paper pulp and managed to keep her clear of water, but never got it so far down that it stayed under the floor. Just about the time the barometer got down to 28.80, gear began to part all over the ship. There was only one more thing to do in the way of getting sail off the sloop without leaving her naked. That was to get the gaff down, lash the jaws to the boom gooseneck, and make a jib-header of the sail. It was a shivery thing to contemplate. At that time there seemed something desperate in leaving a small craft utterly without control in the face of such a sea. The seas were terrific. I say this now in cold blood, and I have sailed eight times around the Horn. The seas the little *Gauntlet* battled with were appalling. From the wheel, peering forward, the crests of the seas ahead could be seen over the gaff of a close-reefed mainsail.

But about getting that sail shortened. Today, in like circumstances, I would take every stitch off the sloop, slam the slide shut, and stay below with a pipe. I am convinced that any small vessel, properly built, is far better able to take care of herself than any man. But that conviction only came afterwards. What I decided at that hour of stress was to have a balance reef put into my next mainsail. I did that, in Bermuda, but never used it.

Anyhow, while trying to screw up my courage to risk that dizzy deck, and that terrific wind which no human being dared face without imminent risk of being strangled, and against which it was utterly impossible to stand, the dear old hurricane took a hand and showed me how the

(*Continued on page 84*)

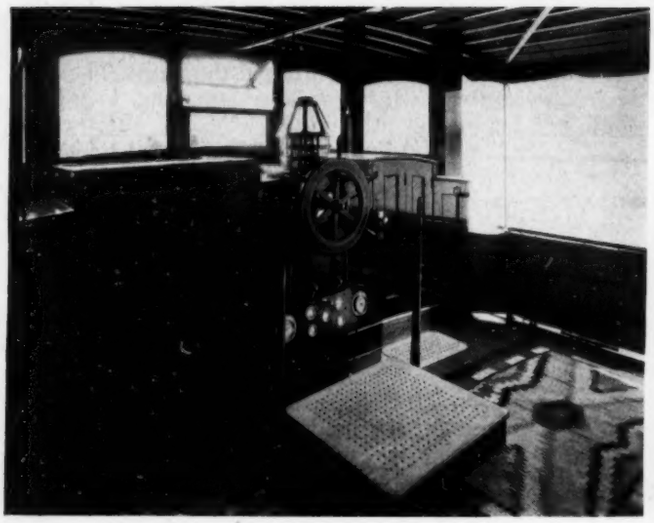
Evening Star, a Moderate-Sized Fast Cruiser



Owned by H. H. Demmert, of Philadelphia, *Evening Star* is a 71-foot fast cruiser, her speed being 19 miles per hour. She was launched late this past season from the yard of her designer and builder, the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., Morris Heights, New York City. The design features a large dining room in the forward deck house, with an entrance forward to the galley and crew's quarters. Aft, under the cabin trunk, is the owner's suite. This consists of two large double staterooms with a bathroom adjoining. The joiner work, and all interior panelling and bulkheads is in mahogany, and most attractive. Her power plant consists of two 180 h.p. Speedway motors.

At right: The after stateroom.

Below: The sheltered bridge deck and comfortable after deck.



"Few waterfronts can hope to compare with Papeete's when it comes to making the waterfronter comfortable."

Along Papeete's Waterfront

A Waterfronter and a Beachcomber are of Different Breed, and the Life of the Former is Not Such a Bad One at That

By Paul J. Haaren

A LETTER with a Papeete postmark that I get fairly regularly is certain to contain allusions to my "waterfront friends."

It's done to kid me, of course. But as well kid me for having blue eyes or a mole on my neck. It's not my fault that I like to haunt waterfronts. It's in my blood.

Now, owning a yachting cap doesn't make a yachtsman any more than owning a pair of spurs makes a horseman. They might help make you a better yachtsman or horseman if you already have the essence of the art in your blood. But if you haven't, they're just going to make you ridiculous.

I never owned a yachting cap. I never even owned a yacht. Then, you say, I'm no yachtsman and have a heluva nerve trying to act seagoin'. Well, I may be no yachtsman and I may not be seagoin' in the strictest sense of the word. But answer me this. Why is it that anything "shippy" makes my blood tingle? And why is it, that when it comes to waterfronts, I'm right at home? And why is it that the older I get the worse the "sea yearn" of my system cries for expression, for material to work upon?

The answer's easy. It's in my blood. There's sea-water in it. And it's in the blood of all those you find haunting the waterfronts. There's no password, no fancy grip, no secret sign. But all us waterfronters are brothers in the bonds. We speak the same language. And that language is concerned mostly in telling one another about "goin' somewhere." All we need to make us yachtsmen is the cap and the yacht. Having neither, we content ourselves with haunting waterfronts.

Essentially, waterfronts are all the same. All you've got to have to make a good waterfront is ships, the water for them to sit on, and the bund, quay, embarcadero or bank for you to sit on while looking at the ships and making wise cracks about them, their voyages, their ports and the men who sail them.

But the waterfront at Papeete is a little different than most waterfronts. I've consulted many a seasoned waterfronter on this, and they all agree with me. Few waterfronts can hope to compare with Papeete's when it comes to making the waterfronters comfortable. Why, look what Papeete's waterfront offers you. There're big shade trees to keep the sun off you. There're nice plank benches worn smooth and clean that will keep the seat of your white trousers white longer. There's grass you can pick and chew on while yarning. There're native girls parading up and down the road behind you who will giggle and shout back things you don't understand when you shout at them. There's fights and such things breaking out amongst the native crews loading and unloading the schooners. There's an odd Chinaman or so being run over fairly regularly by a truck rumbling along on the road. Papeete's four hundred, Papeete's officialdom, Papeete's captain's of industry, Papeete's idlers, they all pick their way along that road either on foot, on bike or in a car at some time or another during the day. Hang around the waterfront long enough and you'll know everybody of consequence in Papeete. They might not know you, but what difference does that make?

Now mind you, when I'm talking of the warerfronters in Papeete I don't mean the beachcombers. Bless you, no. Waterfronters and beachcombers are altogether two different kinds of animals. Beachcombers are furtive-eyed individuals you have to be on the lookout for, and on your guard against. They sneak up from behind and ease themselves alongside you on your bench. They're frowzy. They're unshaved, unhaircutted, unbathed and what is a crime in Papeete, utterly and shamelessly uncoated. They launch out well enough. They tell you of the rash things they've done and the strange places they've been. They invariably tell you they have a plantation on some island whose name you don't recognize. But they don't know a word of native, and that, in a planter, is very strange. It makes you suspicious. And well you might be, for no matter how intriguing they are at the outset, invariably a whine

creeps into their voice and before long they're operating on you for a touch.

They might say it's food they want, or a shave, or a shirt. And they might look as if they needed all three — not to mention a bath. But they wouldn't take any of them if they could get them. It would spoil their graft. Us waterfronters are wise. Their kind is the same the world over. It's rum they want — and why not. But it so happens that we're in a buying mood only for our friends.

Waterfronters, on the other hand, are gentlemen. They might be horny-handed gentlemen — God's own noblemen I think the best-sellers call them. Or they might be gentlemen with independent incomes and rooms at John-

"There's something peaceful and contented-like about sailing ships tied up to wharves."

ny's Annex. They might have had their bath in the public bathing pool that stands in front of the Custom House, where crews from trading schooners and other natives away from home bathe also; or they might have had their bath under Johnny's shower before sauntering bathrobed into Johnny's kitchen for cafe. They might have shaved themselves in the privacy of their own room or they might have shaved in public at the same place they had their bath. And they might have washed their shirt while they were bathing and waited, semi-naked, while it dried in the sun. But do these things make them any the less gentlemen?

They never make a touch. They never insinuate themselves into conversations. It'll be you who will open things up. They might accept a drink if you offer it. But they'll try to buy a drink for you in return. They have not deserted from some ship's crew. They have not attached themselves to some native family, on whose bounty to live. They are temporarily gentlemen of leisure "laying off" a few months, or years, before they feel the necessity of going back to wherever the place is they are in the habit of going to repair their fortunes. And what's more, they know ships, ports, life and men.

They know, for instance, just how long the *Tahitian Maiden* was out on her last voyage after copra. They know just how many bags of copra and shell she picked up and where she picked them up. They know all about that fuss the skipper had with a Chinaman on an island in the Paumotus. They know all about the steamers and skippers of the Union Line that plies between Australia and the States. They know all about conditions on the other islands. They've dug nitrate on Makatea. They've traded in the Cook group. They've been after pearls out of Port Moresby. They've been in the bush in Australia. They've been in India, Africa, Borneo, the Straits Settlements, all over the world. Clearly they're men worth one's time. And they all tell you the same thing. That some day, when they've seen all they want to see and wandered all they want to wander, they're coming back to Tahiti to settle down for good.

What is it that makes all good waterfronters want to come back to Tahiti? Take a stroll with me along the waterfront and see. We'll start in at one end with the steamer wharf.

You should be here on steamer day to appreciate the wharf. It's a milling mass of humanity then. Natives, tourists, ship's crew and Chinese. Faces running every shade of the complexion scale. Clothes every color of the rainbow. But it's rather quiet now. Waterfronters don't like the wharf on steamer day. Too much hustle and bustle. It's better in between times when only a sailing ship or so is tied up. There's something peaceful and contented-like about sailing ships tied up to wharves. Steamers are never like that. Steamers are too clanky, and screechy, and steamy, and hot.

Right now the wharf is wonderful. Rows and rows of copra in sacks. Only a few small boys scampering along the tops of them. Some husky native stevedores leisurely loading them onto a truck. It smells pretty heavily of coconut oil, and the copra bugs are fairly thick, but we're used to both and they couldn't outbalance the peace and quiet anyhow.

Now we come to the Bougainville Club. This is the club from the veranda of which Freddy O'Brien said he saw folks holding out drinks to him as he beat his way out of the rain-drenched harbor on his way to discover the Marquesas and "Exploding Eggs." We've been properly introduced at the club. To prove it we'll climb the narrow stairs and pay our respects to Alec behind the bar. No beachcomber could do that. But a respectable gentleman waterfronter can. Oh, there's a difference, I tell you.

Back to the waterfront, feeling much better. The *Manaura*, one of the schooners from Moorea, is just in. We stop to watch. An assorted cargo of pigs, chickens, fei, bananas, taro and firewood begins to trickle off. There are many sacks of copra in the hold. A few Chinese, their faces still green with seasickness, drag themselves on deck

A native "modern" house of Papeete.

from the cabin. Some native women continue to sit impassively on board. Waiting for relatives to come and claim them, maybe pay their fares. And clambering and chattering all over the vessel are small boys, permitted to get aboard in Moorea to help the crew, but who, now in Tahiti, find play much more to their liking.

Further along are some more newly arrived trading schooners. Two from the Paumotus. One from the Marquesas. They have wriggled places for themselves among

the score or so schooners already nestled stern-to along the stone quay. There's lots of life and excitement on board the newcomers. Just now all hands are hustling the copra and shell ashore. But a goodly audience of girls bids promise of a lively evening. Work over for the day, tummies well filled with shore food and slightly warmed with good Aorai beer, what's more natural than a little singing and dancing to the strains of a guitar.

It's a grand sight, that. A lamp swung from the boom. Men and girls sitting around the deck. Everything a mass of high lights and shadows under the swinging lamp. Flowers in the girls' hair and over the mens' ears. The cup that cheers going around — but not too rapidly. The lap-lap of the water against the schooner's sides. The resonant plunk-plunk of the guitar. Now the song's plaintive sad melody with degenerated English words that have lost their meaning for white and native alike. But the tune itself has been made beautiful by native improvisement. Then the music suddenly breaks into a lively air. A girl springs up and dances. A man joins her. The fun's on, seem to be talking a great deal about "deathless prose." One of them has a broken nose and seems to walk with a side-wheel motion. I know who it is. He got the nose and broken ankles and several bullet holes when he was crashed while flying over the German lines. I know him. He needn't try to hide. He's the fellow who sends me those kidding letters about my waterfront friends. And what a nerve he has to do it. Why, he's a dyed-in-the-wool waterfronter himself. His favorite diversion is going in swimming off the quay on moonlit nights to cool his fevered brow. We hail him, but meander on, for we have to complete our daily waterfront inspection.

There is a little stream which runs down from the hills and into the harbor right here. It ought to be a good place to fish. Salt water fish hang around such outlets to pick up the bits of food washed down to the sea. A woman is fishing. We sit down to watch her — excellent occupation for a waterfronter. She is old and wears a big floppy Tahitian straw hat. Her black Mother Hubbard is clutched up out of the water. How she can handle the Mother Hubbard and the long bamboo pole is not only a mystery but comes mighty near being an art. She fishes and fishes. We watch and watch. She is kept very busy between holding up the Mother Hubbard, rebaiting her hook and scolding indiscriminately the fish who steal her bait and the native passers-by who jibe at her. We understand just enough native to know what's said — so we chuckle. But the remarks can't be translated. You can say things in Tahitian that you don't dare say in French, much less English.

Papeete from the water.

boys. I've seen it before. And I'll be there again this evening. Good waterfronters are always welcome. They're generally the source of more beer.

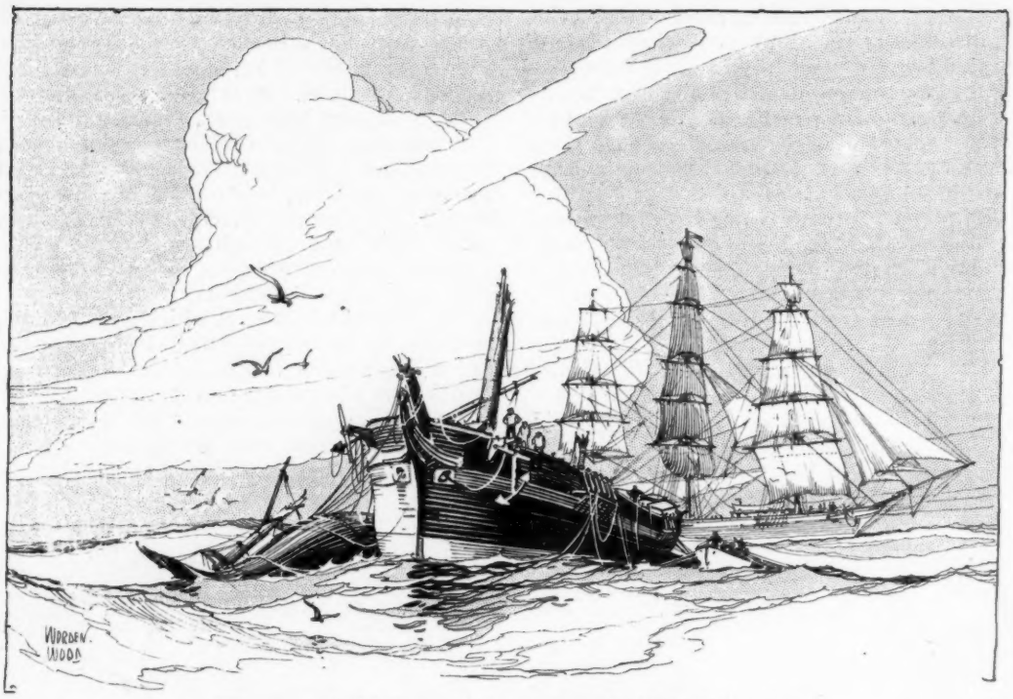
And now we're meandering past Johnny's Annex, which lies nestled in the trees on the other side of the road. Johnny will emphatically and shrilly tell you his place is not the Annex. And he'll point to a well-painted sign proclaiming it's the "Aina-Pare." But no matter. It was once the Annex to Lovaina's Tiare Hotel. Johnny is Lovaina's son and we heartily endorse his theory that life was given us to be thoroughly lived. Lovaina, of course, was that famous hostess well-known throughout the whole Pacific. Those applying for lodgings at her Tiare Hotel were well sized up. Those that seemed worthy, but not worthy of the kind of hospitality dispensed at the Tiare, were sent down to the Annex to bunk. So Annex it is and Annex it always will be.

Right now there seems to be a little excitement going on up on the upper veranda. A couple of figures in white can be seen in earnest discourse. Let's go over and see. They

She fished for two hours. We watched for two hours; that's nothing for a good seasoned waterfronter to watch. At last she went off, the three little fishes about eight inches long, the reward of her labors, dangling at the end of a string. But look at the fun she had. And look at the fun she gave us.

Further along the waterfront, past many little houses teeming with natives. Then we can go no farther. The road skirts right along the waterfront here. Only a narrow strip of beach between it and the water. Then it turns

(*Continued on page 80*)



"The masts had fallen onto the whale and held the brig to it."

Seafaring in Clippers

Something of the Life Under Sail in the Days When Seamen Were Sailors

By JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

ONE can take a score of ocean voyages nowadays — across the Atlantic, anywhere — without seeing a full-rigged ship under all sail. During the last fifty years steam has replaced nearly all of the old clippers. There are still some in the England to Australia service, and the Standard Oil Company of this country has some fine sailing ships. Perhaps as a matter of utility, as a sign of a progressive, a more swiftly moving age, it is well. But as memory brings me scenes from the long ago I cannot help regretting the passing away of these splendid vessels with their towering spars and great spread of canvas. The sight of a ship under full sail brings to most of us a thrill, a tremor of emotion. It is a picturesque, a beautiful marine picture, impossible of reproduction to its fullest extent by any artist. No skill can build upon canvas the life, the movement, the lift upon the surge of the reality.

To the old sailor who understands the craftsmanship in what he sees, who knows what seafaring is, what it involves, the passing vessel has a message of farewell. He sees in it the emblem of a dying age in which he has played his part; an age of men to whom the winds were gods, fair or foul, to be propitiated, used, fought and overcome — or stayed with, hove-to, until the violence of the wind god's wrath was exhausted and the mariner could go his way.

It was often a fight to the death, in blinding spindrift, amid the onrush of heaving seas and tumbling waters, or sometimes, as I have seen it, waters flattened and spume-clad by the pressure of that mighty hand. The memory of the old sailor dwells on his battles. It does not picture the fair winds, the trades, the baffling light airs of the doldrums, the lift of his ship to the gentle ocean swell with every sail drawing, white foam under the forefoot, a bubbling wake astern. His mind drifts as a bunch of weed in the Gulf Stream to his struggles off the great Capes, to the clawing off a lee shore, to the way his ship was club-hauled from the reef, or wore to safety from the Wolf Rock when the gale whistled through the rigging, the great white light shining within a biscuit throw, and men's hearts were in their throats, with the boom of the surf upon the jagged teeth of the rock in their ears.

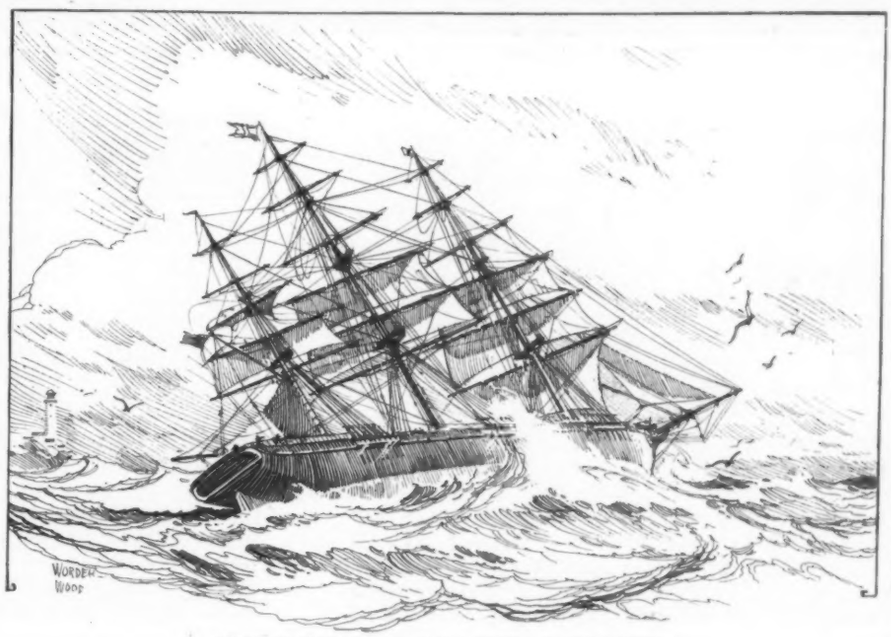
I speak of the Wolf Rock off the English Coast because it was an experience of my own, because I can visualize now that wild night following a year at sea in a voyage round the world. It was also my first experience of a Yankee sailor, the first American I had ever seen.

We were homeward bound to London when a southeasterly gale drove us past the mouth of the English Channel almost onto the outpost of the Scilly Isles. The American was our first mate. It was whispered abroad that he had been captain of a vessel in the United States but was barred from that country because he had hastened a man down from aloft with his revolver and was wanted by the police. It is nearly fifty years ago, but he lives in my memory as a mild mannered, kindly man to whom I owe my life. The captain — God rest his soul, for he has been behind the veil these many years — was a nervous wreck through drink, and went all to pieces when he realized the peril of the ship. I, an apprentice, sheltering under the weather cloth lashed to the mizzen rigging, saw the great light grow nearer as we made leeway toward the rocks. I felt the ship was doomed, and was not made any easier when I heard the captain say to the first mate: "Starkey, I don't know what to do; you take charge of the ship."

He went below. Instantly the mate roared, "Up with the helm. Hard up! All hands wear ship! To the braces, lads!" As she paid off, lying over almost on her beam ends, burying us in water, as she righted, rushed toward the light and neared the breakers, the roar of which was now quite distinct, as she rounded to on the other tack and clawed slowly toward the open sea and safety, we knew the call to Davy Jones' locker had been loud.

Given the wind in the right direction — and gales are no respecters of the points of the compass — there is no shore that cannot become the dreaded lee shore to the sailing ship master. It may take the form of towering cliffs, rocks, boulders, mud, sand bars, coral reefs, or a man-built sea wall girdling fine lawns and beautiful gardens. I once saw a schooner, or what was left of her, on top of such a sea wall. I saw a fine ship on the boulders within fifty feet of the end of the Holyhead breakwater, battered, bruised, and breaking up within a stone's throw of its sheltering arm.

In the open sea, hundreds of miles from land, is the iceberg, that awful and, in certain lights, beautiful island of the sea, a lee shore perhaps more dreaded than any. It is uncharted, bears no lighthouse, no lifeboat, no life saving station, no fog siren to shriek a warning. It has nothing to tell its nearness in the dark of night or murk of fog but the temperature of its surrounding waters; or if it is to windward or only a short distance to leeward, its smell. The smell of an iceberg is as unmistakable as it is indescribable. It is more a feel of cold dampness in the nostrils, a sense of sudden weight in the air, but it is always spoken of by deep-water sailors as the "smell of ice."



"Clawed slowly toward the open sea and safety."

A sudden shift of wind, unforeseen and unprepared for, has caused many a fine ship to be abandoned in midocean, dismasted and derelict.

In January, 1882, I rounded Cape Horn in the *Illawarra*, a fine clipper ship of 2,500 tons. For 48 hours we had run under lower topsails, with the wind over the port quarter. A strong gale blew from the northwest. The sea was high, possibly forty feet from trough to the peak of the wave. Mountainous seas only exist in the minds of fiction writers. I think no sailor will swear to having seen a wave much higher than I have indicated. About midnight, although the weight of the wind had not lessened, the sea flattened perceptibly and began to scend from the southeast. Part of the upper maintopsail had blown from the gaskets. With two men I went aloft to make it fast. Without a moment's warning the wind dropped as though a curtain had fallen behind us and cut it off. The ship wallowed in the seaway. The lower topsails slatted against the masts. I heard shouts, "All hands, swing the foreyard," and a hail to us to lay down from aloft. We made the sail fast and slid down, using the first taut rope we could lay hold upon. There we helped at our stations to swing the main and cro'jack yards.

Just in time! There was a weird moan in the southeast, which increased to a roar. The sleet-ridden blast was upon us. For a moment — though the moment lagged terribly — the ship lay over at a dangerous angle. As she gathered way, she righted, and it was not long before we were riding, safely hove-to under a goosewinged maintopsail. To the uninitiated it may be well to explain this means one-half of the sail rolled up on the yard and made snug with gaskets. The other half was the only bit of rag we showed for two days, when the gale blew itself out.

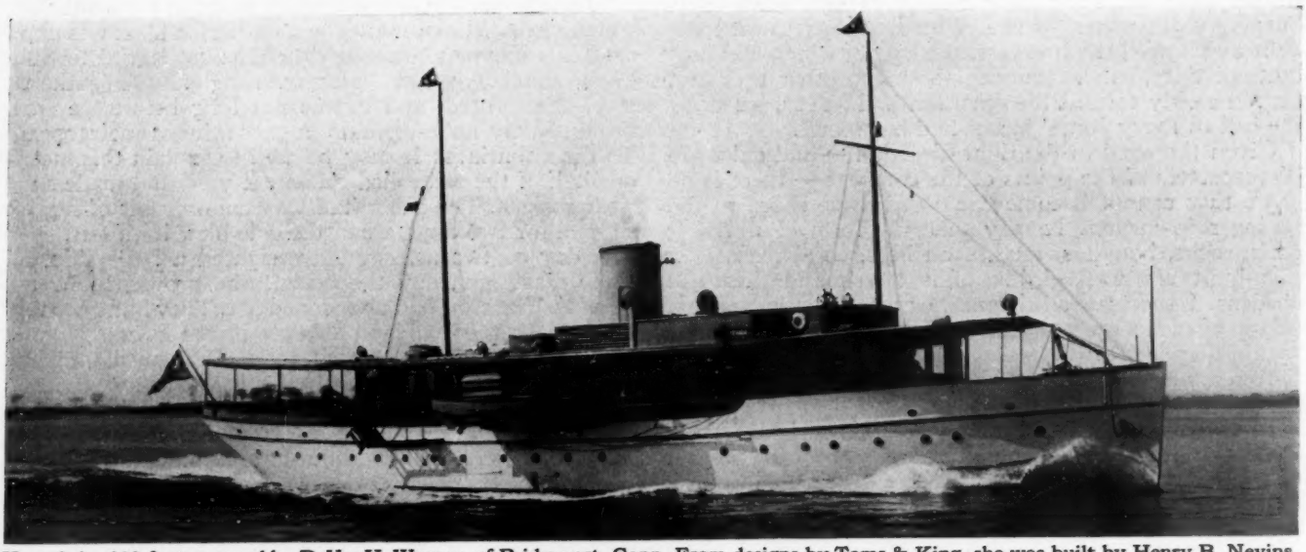
A day or two afterward we sighted a large ship, all three masts gone by the board. She proved to be the *London*. The crew had abandoned her. They had probably headed for the Falkland Islands in the boats. I never heard whether they reached there. It seemed unlikely.

Here let me relate a strange incident, one with a psychic trend, when you consider the hundreds of vessels, the multitude of magazines in England and America avid for sea material and the infinitesimal number of men it could possibly affect. It occured about fifteen years ago. I was talking to the editor of YACHTING in his office in New York. "By the way," he said, "last month we published an article that might interest you." He dug out a copy of the magazine and showed me *The Log of a Windjammer*. It had a full-page illustration, comprising several reproductions of photographs showing life on board the vessel, a sailing ship, bound for Australia. As I looked at the foot note and saw the name of the ship I — well perhaps you know how one feels when a sight or a sound floods one's whole being with memories. I could barely speak. "Why, why," I stammered, "it's my old ship." And it was. There in 1910, in an American magazine, were pictured scenes on a ship in which I went round the world in 1882. Her maiden voyage. The author of the article was Alfred Pazolt, a marine artist, who had taken the trip to get marine atmosphere. I wrote to him in England and in return he sent me many small photographs of scenes on board, a fine photograph of the *Illawarra* herself, at anchor off Southend. He sent me later a clipping from a newspaper, which told that the *Illawarra* had been sold to Sweden and on her first voyage under that flag had been abandoned, a derelict in mid-ocean. My old ship was "a menace to navigation." God rest her bones with Davy Jones.

On a previous voyage round the Horn we saw an odd sight. It sounds like a sea yarn. We had rounded in light airs and were bowling along with a fair wind about 300 miles southeast of the Falklands. In the morning watch we sighted what looked like a small island. We bore away

(*Continued on page 78*)

Nevada, the Latest in Large Power Cruisers



Nevada is a110-footer owned by DeVer H. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn. From designs by Tams & King, she was built by Henry B. Nevins, City Island.

One of the large double staterooms.

The companion stairs lead into a lobby below.

Left: The living room in the after deckhouse is simply but handsomely furnished.

Nevada is one of the recent additions to the Diesel-powered fleet, her power plant consisting of two Standard 6-cylinder motors, which drive her at 14½ miles per hour. She is 110 feet long over all, 103 feet on the water, the beam is 20 feet, 6 inches and draft 6 feet. With plenty of freeboard and good depth she is an able yacht, suitable for long coastwise trips and cruising in the West Indies. She was launched in September.

Rolling along at 165 miles a day with a quartering wind and sea.

Using the main boom as a seat for the navigator.

From Newport to Falmouth in *Primrose IV*

Part II — Variable Weather and Strong Sou'west Winds — An Average of 165 Miles per Day for Nine Consecutive Days

By F. M. GARDINER

AT midnight of June 26th, when we were about 500 miles from Nantucket Lightship, the breeze freshened, thunder clouds gathered to weather and the sea began to make up.

Noon of the next day, Sunday, saw the height of the wind, sou'west, full 5, and a rough sea. Towards evening it calmed down a bit, but we carried a good breeze all night. Pump strokes increased today, and as the leak was most evident in a following sea we became convinced that it was well aft. At 4 P.M., 100 strokes were logged, and at 8 P. M. 80 strokes, probably about 60 gallons each time. As the water has never reached the cabin floor boards, however, we're not losing sleep. As the Cook says, "By my Scandinavian ancestors, she'll float awhile yet."

Heavy rain all evening, letting up around midnight, with rising barometer and moderating breeze.

Monday, June 28th.— A new game has been invented. It is called "Douse the Skipper." All hands take part in it, the Skipper always being "*it.*" The idea is to know in advance just when the Skipper is going to pop his head through the hatch, have a nice, fat wave handy, and when his head shows up throw it all over him. It requires a nicety of judgment to do it at the right time, for the Skipper is a pretty good dodger, but the crew have acquired such accuracy that the Skipper seldom has to wet his hair to brush it.

Fair winds stay with us. Noon sights put us in Lat. 40-07 N., Long. 57-51 W., Course 95°, Distance 176 miles, Speed 7.3, and 542 miles from Nantucket. Our run by log was only 142.2. Part of the discrepancy is undoubtedly due to a strong current, for we are now in the strongest part of the Gulf Stream east of the 60th Meridian; some of it may be due to fouling of the rotor with gulf weed.

The Q. M. grabbed the pen today and passed a few remarks, such as:—"Sighted a vessel hull down astern, but as breeze freshened we left her in the rear as if she had been tied — seas really quite tremendous and for one hour the *Primrose* logged 10.5 knots. We took in considerable water at this speed — for one watch 235 strokes (180 gallons) were required before the pump sucked. Things are beginning to settle down — with the exception of the Bosun's innumerable wet socks and dungarees. Biddle threatens to throw his duffle bag overboard unless it is stowed."

Little mention has been made, as yet, of the famous phonograph. I should have given it a paragraph under equipment, for things would have been a bit thin at times without it. Hardly a day of good weather passed without its being hauled out on deck and set going, while the crew gathered around, and in bad weather it kept up its good work below. We had plenty of records, Biddle's favorite being *After the Storm*. This bit of music, while charming to listen to, and very expressive of its title, never failed to stir the Bosun and Skipper, who were becoming extremely superstitious by this time. Incidentally, whenever it was played at the apparent end of a hard blow, the barometer started to drop, and the storm swung around at us again. *Valencia* was another favorite, particularly of the Skipper's.

Our S. to S. W. breeze still holds. It is remarkable. Died down at mid-day, but freshened in the afternoon until it was blowing a 6 and the seas running high. By 3 P.M. we had to shorten sail, and ran until dark under reefed main and jib. Hard rain and overcast most of the day. Toward evening weather commenced to clear, and by midnight we had full sail on her again.

Water not so bad this evening — but night orders for the first time say, "pump her every two hours." At 10. P.M., with sea moderating got 32 strokes, and at midnight, with gentle breeze, got only 16.

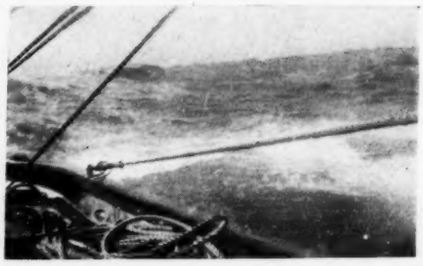
Tuesday, June 29th. — Rising barometer, moderating sea, and light breeze in morning watch. Overcast. Later the wind died out entirely and we took in log. Rolling considerably and slatting, so doused mains'l to save gear.

8.30 A.M. British Steamer *Northwestern Miller* passed close aboard, with much cap waving and an exchange of dips.

More aquatic sports were indulged in during the calm, and "perishable" food stores hauled out on deck and looked over. Surprisingly enough, practically nothing had spoiled. Perhaps the most surprising of all in the food line were the grapefruit. I had been warned that it was too late in the season for them to keep well, but I decided to take a chance and we carried a crate. We ate them until within two days of our landfall, and of the whole lot, only one went bad!

Today we set clocks ahead one hour to 45th Meridian time.

Four o'clock saw a light breeze and we stuck the rags on



Primrose reeling off the miles in the strong sou'wester which prevailed for a good portion of the passage.

Left: The skipper picking up St. Anthony's Light, at the finish.

Right: "Joby" throws her off a big fellow.

her again, streamed the log and were on our way. At noon we had found ourselves quite a bit to the south'ard of our reckoning. On investigation this was found due to the heavy following seas of the night before, which kept her yawing to starboard so that we were actually running about one half point south of our magnetic course. Owing to the danger of jibing, the man at the wheel could not counterbalance this to the north'ard. In spite of the calm and light airs of the morning hours we made a good run — 160 miles.

At 7.20 P.M., we were seven days out exactly, and 702 miles from Nantucket Lightship. This was the first day on which our total run averaged up to 100 miles per day — and there was great rejoicing as we had set 30 days as our crossing time, and to do this we must average 100 miles a day. A few days later we ceased to worry, and our "average run to date" never again fell as low as 100 miles.

Barometer climbed to 30.22 — the highest we've had — fine weather and moderate breeze finished up the day for us.

Properly followed and understood, a barometer is one of the most valuable appliances on board ship, particularly on a small sailing vessel where precautions against heavy weather must be taken. Of course, one may say "If you're out in the middle of the Atlantic, with no port to run for, what are you going to do about it?" As a matter of fact, there is a good deal to do about it — even to the dodging of a storm center, which we did before the cruise was over. There are certain matters which affect the barometer, such as temperature, humidity, etc., which must be taken into consideration for close analysis; but at sea, with an aneroid machine, which is the type we carried, and which is compensated for change of temperature, the direct rise and fall is an astonishingly accurate indication of coming weather conditions. There is one extremely important element to be taken into consideration, however, and as I do not remember having seen it mentioned in any accounts of ocean cruising, I emphasize it here. I am speaking of the change of "gradient" — *i.e.*, the change in one's relative position to isobars (lines of equal pressure), as one's position on the ocean changes. On the pilot charts issued by the Hydrographic Office (which, incidentally, I consider the most valuable collection of marine data published) are shown inserts giving the isobars for each month. For example, leaving Newport the normal barometric height for July is between 29.90 and 30.00 inches — approximately 29.95 — and as our course lay toward the 30.00 gradient, if all conditions had been normal and the weather fixed we would have experienced a gradual rise in the barometer with no appreciable change in weather.

On the other hand, in that portion of the Atlantic, near the Azores, the region of the well-known "Azores High," the normal pressure is 30.25. Approaching it, therefore, a very slight fall of the barometer might indicate considerable disturbance, whereas hauling away from it a slowly falling barometer might not indicate any disturbance at all.

Applying this to our own case, we sailed from 29.95 to 30.00, then, turning east, we crossed successively 30.05, 30.10, 30.15, 30.20; came close to the gradient of 30.25 and, in turn, crossed again 30.20, 30.15, 30.10, 30.05. When we entered the English Channel we were again in 30.00. Knowledge of these gradients, the diurnal movements of the barometer, and the general state of the Heavens were of immense value in deciding when to, or not to, heave to, and in determining the carrying of sail at night. It was both interesting and remarkable to see how closely the actions of our barometer (which had been calibrated, *i.e.*, checked against a standard barometer, before we sailed) followed the dictates of position and weather.

The most striking example of this was our northeastern track, when we were heading for the English Channel, and away from the "Azores High." Day after day we had a gradually falling barometer, starting with 30.25 and slowly dropping to 30.03 on the day we crossed the 100 fathom curve. There were, of course, "bumps" in between, as notably when it fell in 24 hours from 30.26 to 29.88, and we were presented with our one dose of really severe weather — but the most interesting point is that with a steadily and slowly falling glass, moderately good weather and steady breezes stayed with us, and the gradual fall did not indicate the proximity of a disturbance.

Referring to the drop from 30.26 to 29.88, the latter is not, in Atlantic coast waters, a very low barometer. But in a portion of the ocean where the normal pressure is over 30.20, it is about equivalent to 29.62 on the Atlantic Coast, which is plenty low enough, if the barometer has been high, to start small boats in our waters scuttling for port. And for those who try to read a barometer by the words on the face — "Fair, Change, Rainy, etc." — it may be well to point out how little these words actually mean.

From the quartermaster's notebook: "This sou'west wind is certainly a great institution. Having had it most of yesterday, it stayed with us all today — not strong enough to kick up much of a sea, but strong enough to

give us 6 knots on the log. In a 3 to 4 breeze like this the balloon stays'l works wonders, and saves considerable slatting which works havoc with our gear, and keeps our Bos'n busy in his spare hours."

Thursday, July 1st. Here start our big days' runs which, with two exceptions, lasted until we reached the hundred fathom curve — July 1, 173; 2, 174; 3, 63; 4, 174; 5, 184; 6, 145; 7, 163; 8, 109; 9, 168; 10, 176; 11, 185; 12, 192.

We might just as well talk about the 63-mile fiasco of July 3rd, and be done with it. What actually happened was that the breeze was moderate, but the sea running high, and both dead astern. There was a good deal of tendency to yaw, and the danger of jibing was too great to run dead before it. So it naturally developed that keeping away from the dreaded jibe was overdone a bit, and "tacking down the wind" turned out to be a bad loser. The distance over the ground proved to be 130 miles, and the distance "made good," of only 63 miles, was a hard blow to all of us, but a good lesson, for thereafter we checked up closely, and made sure we were sailing as far off the wind as safety would permit.

Bosun got the writer's cramp out of his fingers for a few moments today, and burst out with this:

"Our sou'west breeze stays with us, freshening during the day and easing up at night. Everyone getting frightfully superstitious and any mention of storm starts us snooping around knocking on wood."

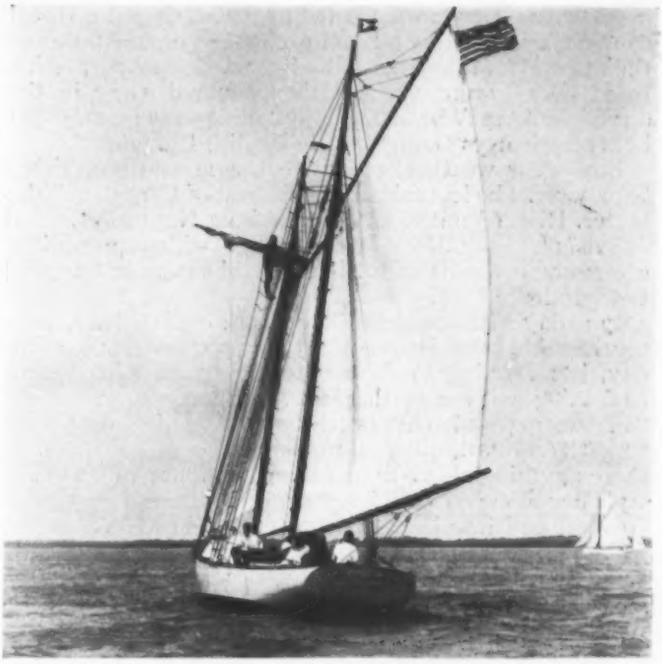
Noon position: Lat. 40-07 N., long. 49-02 W., course 95°. Dist. 173, 963 miles from Nantucket.

Friday, July 2nd. Our first taste of a whole day of poor weather — drizzling and foggy, with a sharp sea, but with enough wind for a good day's run (174 miles).

This was also our first taste of fog of lasting quality — and it lasted all day with occasional "lifts" of short duration. We were by this time off the "tail of the Bank" (the Grand, or Newfoundland Bank), where fog is to be expected, and were lucky in not running into more of it. We had kept as far south of the heavy fog area as was reasonable, and even this fog was not of the thick, cottony variety that blots out everything — we were also far enough south of the steamer lane to feel comparatively secure, and slid along without worry, and without hearing or seeing any vessels.

I may be pardoned here if I say a word about the other members of the crew, to express my appreciation of the way in which they stood by me, and "turned to" with a will at any hour of the day or night, carrying out any order

The crew of *Primrose* after their arrival on the other side. Nicholas Biddle, Reginald Bishop, Joseph Roby and F. L. Ames (at wheel).



Primrose IV in English waters, with the yard she carried in the Fastnet race.

without grumbling or comment, whatever they may have thought of it. And I have no doubt that questions sometimes arose in their minds, or am I convinced that I did not occasionally issue unnecessary or ill-advised orders — one can only decide and act for the moment. There was, of course, a good deal of "give and take" — half the fun would have been out of it if I had "skippered" the cruise to the extent of never allowing an opinion except my own. In fact, except for the responsibility which fell on my shoulders, we were a crew of five, not a crew of four with a fifth in command.

Here, then, were four college men, none over twenty-one, who voluntarily put to sea in a 50-foot schooner for an unattended voyage which all hands expected to last four weeks at least, and possibly eight, and with a laugh and a great spirit underwent all the hardships (which did not in our case turn out to be very severe), fell in with the necessary ship's discipline — night and day driving on, night and day "on the job" — and each one capable at the job to which he had been elected. There are plenty more like them — and yet we hear still the old cry reiterated, "No more American sailors; we're not a seafaring race!" Bunk!!

I musn't make the picture too rosy, however, nor too sombre. We had a "whale of a good time," taking it all in all — a clear evening on deck, sloshing along seven or eight knots, with the wind on the quarter and the combers hissing alongside; all hands on deck with the phonograph; a good "splice," a good smoke, and a few yarns. "Ye canna beat it!" Or down below in dirty weather, with Mr. Bogey whooping it up full blast, and the man at the wheel reminding us of his existence by an occasional wave down the hatch. Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?

But we are still, supposedly, talking about July 2nd. There's not much left of it but position, run and weather, and we'll close up for the night with that.

Noon position: Lat. 40-38 N., long. 45-14 W., course 79°. Dist. 174 miles, 1,137 miles from Nantucket. Breeze and sea moderate. Misty to foggy; light rains and overcast sky, barometer 30.21, and rising toward midnight, with light airs and clearing weather.

Saturday, July 3rd. Crossed eastbound Mediterranean

steamer lane this morning, and at 9 A.M. passed a Royal Mail Steamer eastbound and exchanged dips. At almost the same instant sighted a three-masted schooner, which stood over toward us, and then squared away in the direction of the Azores. The only sailing vessel we sighted between Georges Bank and the English Channel.

Fine clear weather, moderate breeze and sea, rising barometer. The less said about the rest of the "data" the better. Dist. 63 miles, 1,200 miles from Nantucket.

Sunday, July 4th. Made colors with appropriate ceremony at 8 bells and flew them till sunset in honor of Independence Day.

Fine day with moderate breeze, but confused sea, with considerable swell from SW running. Barometer high all day, but starting to drop toward evening with breeze freshening and sea getting up. At 9 P.M., the log reads: "Freshening and overcast, heavy quartering seas." At sunset, 7.33 P.M., all hands mustered to make colors. Is there anything closer to one than the honor to his country's flag alone on the high seas?

Noon position: Lat. 42-18 N., long. 40-42 W., course 57°. Dist. 174 miles, 1,374 miles from Nantucket Lightship, 1,490 miles to go to Scilly Isles. By our reckoning, we passed the half-way mark, from Nantucket Lightship, to the Scilly Isles, our expected landfall, at almost the moment we made sunset colors.

Our leak has been in evidence again. Apparently she only leaks at all seriously when following or quartering seas make up under her counter. We got after it again but could find nothing definite, except enough evidence to make us certain that the leak was well aft. As we had no trouble keeping ahead of it, however, we kept on pumping and whistling.

Barometer continued to drop, and wind and sea to rise, all evening, following a ghastly looking sunset. Night orders read: "Under present wind and sea she will hold what she has, but if breeze freshens or seas get heavier, call me; also if barometer falls below 30.15, call me. Pump her every two hours." This, although we did not know it for certain at the time, was the beginning of our only real gale, which lasted, with a lull of several hours, from the night of July 4th to the night of July 7th. We were now well in the "roaring forties," and it soon became evident that we were going to hear a couple of roars. Straight extracts from the log will, I think, give a better idea of what went on than a narrative.

4 P.M. Wind SW, 4. Barometer 30.25. Fine, partly cloudy, moderate breeze, and large following sea. Pumped, 60 strokes. 8 P.M. Wind SW, 5. Barometer 30.24. Freshening, overcast. Pumped 59. Midnight. Wind SW, 6. Barometer 30.20. Weather clearing. Pumped 65. Large quartering sea. Carrying reefed main, jib and jumbo.

Monday, July 5th. 4 A.M. Course 64° true. Wind SW, 6 to 5. Pumped 43. Heavy following sea, breaking; wind puffy; clear to cloudy. Barometer 30.16.

Noon position: Lat. 43-28 N., long. 36-51 W. course 67°. Dist. 184 miles. To go 1,306 miles. Wind SW, 5. Barometer 30.14. Clear, wind and sea moderating slightly. Pumped 35.

6 P.M. Wind SW, 6 to 7. Barometer 30.06. Doused mains'l and jib, set reefed fores'l and jumbo. Ship making good weather, some water coming over weather quarter.

Midnight. Wind WSW, 7. Barometer 29.98. Wind stronger, sea about the same. Pumped 56. Night orders read: "Keep a close watch on the wind. If it shifts, note its change in direction, and call me. If, at daybreak conditions seem right to set mains'l, call me. Pump her every two hours. If barometer is still dropping at 2 A.M. let me know. If seas continue to board her, take off the jumbo and we'll heave to."

Tuesday, July 6th. 2 A.M. Wind SW, 7 to 8. Barometer 29.95. High seas, moderate gale. Pumped 46 strokes. At 3.10 A.M. hove to under reefed foresail, starboard tack, ship's head S. Vessel riding easily.

8 A.M. Still hove-to. Wind WSW, 7. Barometer 29.88. Light rain; wind and sea moderating. Pumped 25.

9.30 A.M. Wind WSW, 6. Barometer 29.88. Got underway under reefed fores'l and jumbo. Course E½S.

Noon. Wind WSW, 5 to 4. Barometer 29.88. Crew working at repairs to mains'l, etc.

Noon position: Lat. 44-09 N., long. 33-38 W., course 73°. Dist. 145 miles, 1,161 miles to go.

4.00 P.M. Wind WSW, 4. Barometer 29.88. Breeze commencing to freshen — large seas and occasional breakers. Pumped 40.

6.00 P.M. Wind WSW, 4. Barometer 29.89. Set double-reefed mains'l. Pumped 45.

8.00 P.M. Wind WSW, 5. Barometer 29.91. Seas large. Wind freshening. Pumped 43.

Midnight. Course E, conditions same. Pumped 43.

Night orders read: "If seas get heavier, or commence to board her frequently, stand by to heave to and notify me. Keep close check on log and barometer. Pump her every two hours."

Wednesday, July 7th. 4 to 6 A.M. Frequent rain and wind squalls. Pumped 60.

8 A.M. Wind W x S, 6. Barometer 29.91 and rising. Clear and cool. Wind steady. Pumped 100.

Noon position: Lat. 44-56 N., long. 29-57 W., course 73°. Dist. 163, 998 miles to go.

12.20 P.M. Seas very steep. Hove-to under reefed mainsail and jumbo on starb'd tack. Wind, force 8 in the gusts — about 7 average.

4.45 P.M. Got underway under double reefed main and jumbo. Wind moderating. Seas not quite so steep.

8 P.M. Wind W x N, 6 to 5. Barometer 30.08. Wind and sea moderating. Pumped 75.

Midnight. Wind WNW, 4 to 5. Barometer 30.13. Weather moderating.

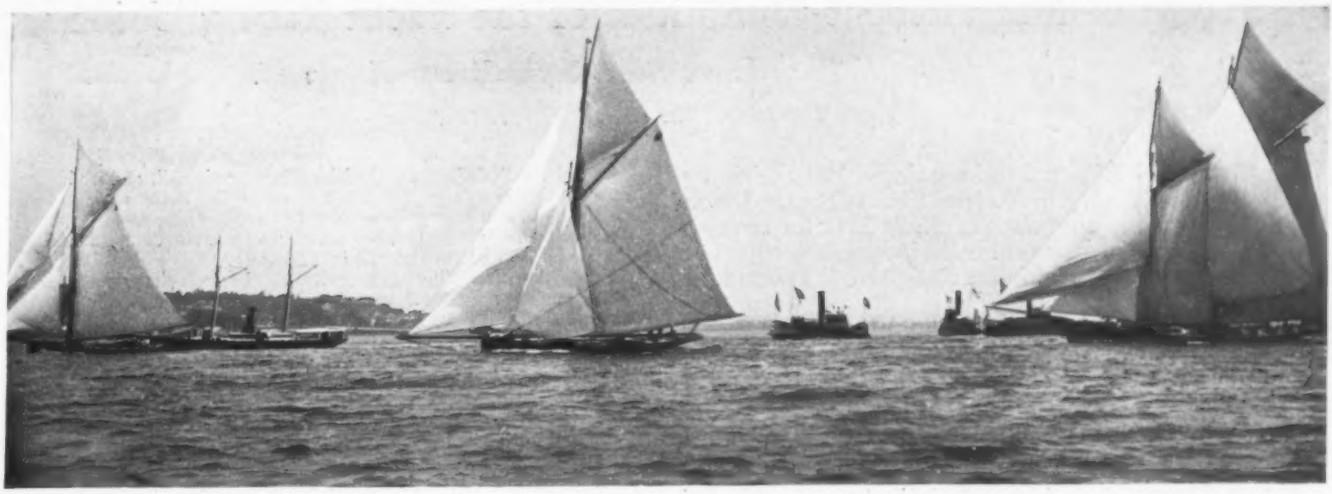
There is not much to add. The track of the storm had been plotted as early as possible, and as it appeared that we were not far from the track of the center (which was to the north of us, and moving eastward), we had borne more and more to the eastward; and now, with the seas still high and running under short sail, we took the course, which happened to be SE, on which the *Primrose* would sail best and at the same time put as much distance as possible between us and the storm track, for in northern latitudes wind and sea are apt to be as high in the wake of a storm as in advance of it. From the action of the barometer, and the general state of the weather, it was evident at least that the storm center had passed, and by noon of the next day we were well out of it, with fine weather and the barometer reaching for the roof again.

It is always dangerous to talk about the height of waves at sea, particularly as seen from a small vessel, for it is easy to be deceived, and they are apt to seem much larger than they actually are. Had it not been for the enterprise of the Chief Mate I would hesitate to mention it here. During July 7th, however, when we were hove-to, he went aloft out of curiosity to see what he could see. He kept on going until he reached the crosstrees with his hands, and it was not until then that, with the *Primrose* in the trough, he could see over the crest of the average waves — the big fellows, which came at nearly regular intervals, still towered above him. It seems safe to say, at least, that the waves at the height of the storm were running something over 35 feet from trough to crest.

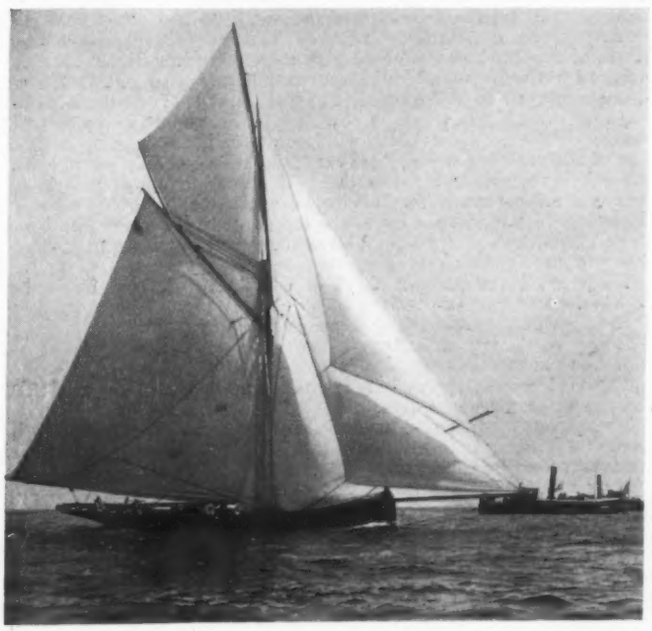
It is remarkable that a man could go aloft with any assurance with waves running like that, but due to her hull design, and her ballasting, the *Primrose* was excep-

(*Continued on page 82*)

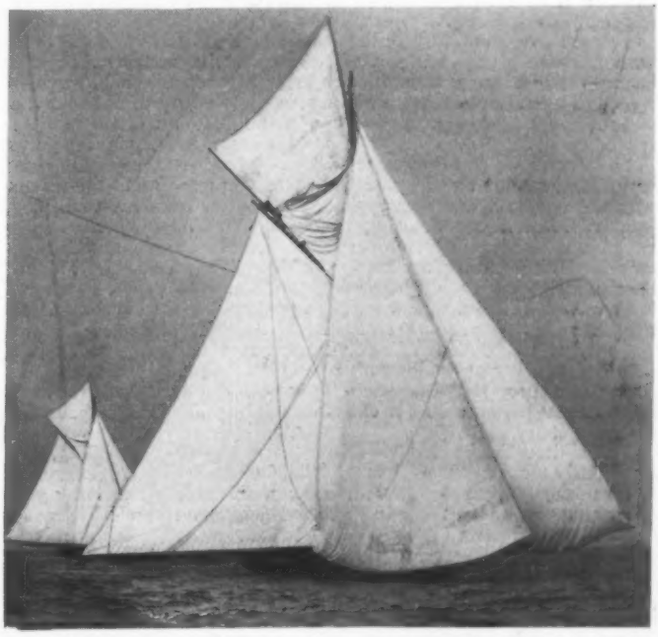
Yachting in the Roaring Eighties



When yachts raced on New York Bay. A start off Owl's Head, Bay Ridge, in a N. Y. Y. C. regatta. The yachts look like the sloop *Mischief,* the cutter *Wenonah* and the schooner *Montauk.*



The cutter *Bedouin,* owned by "Archie" Rogers, a famous yachtsman of the late eighties.



The famous *Fanny-Gracie* match. Running for the finish line, *Fanny* leading.

Umbrella Point and Larchmont Harbor, as they looked in 1885.

The photographs are by Edwin Hale Lincoln, one of the early marine photographers.

Report of Measurement Committee of the Yacht Racing Union

The Adoption of Three International Rule Classes Advocated. Real International Rule Advisable

THE Committee appointed last spring by the North American Yacht Racing Union to submit recommendations for changes in our present rule of measurement, made its report to the Executive Committee of that Association recently and the matter came up for discussion at an open meeting of the Union in November. The Committee went into the whole matter of the measurement rule so thoroughly and so painstakingly that the report, which is signed by W. A. W. Stewart, Chairman, and the other members, is of exceptional value in considering this whole question of a yacht measurement rule. It is, therefore, given herewith.

This Committee has for some time past given careful consideration to the question of the possible desirability of the revision of our present rule of measurement known as the "Universal Rule." We have felt that as the North American Yacht Racing Union represents all of the most active yachting sections of the United States and Canada, with but one exception, it is of the utmost importance that any changes in measurement rule which it might propose, should be designed to meet the conditions which prevail generally throughout the various yachting centers represented in the Union, and not to meet special conditions which might be found to exist in one locality only. It has, therefore, endeavored to ascertain whether there is any general dissatisfaction throughout the districts represented in the Union with the type of boat which our measurement rule has most recently produced. As a result of our inquiry, we find that dissatisfaction with the rule in its present form does exist generally throughout Canada and the United States, except only in Marblehead, and that, fortunately, the grounds of this dissatisfaction are, in the main, the same.

In view of the fact that it is the earnest desire of this Committee that the result of its recommendations, if adopted, should bring about not only an improvement in our existing rule of measurement, but should also bring about, or at least tend to bring about, a uniform racing rule throughout the yachting world, it is desirable to review the yachting situation as it exists in the various yachting centers today.

The United States and Canada have a Measurement Rule, euphoniously termed the "Universal Rule," which has been in existence in its present form since 1913, and has never been adopted by any other country, and which is now the subject of adverse criticism in Canada and throughout the United States, except at Marblehead. Every other yachting country in the world races under a rule known as the "International Rule." Both rules have been tested. Both rules were adopted with the same object, namely, to encourage the building and racing of seaworthy types and not mere racing machines, useful for no other purpose. With that object in view, both rules have encouraged displacement—the International Rule by requiring a certain displacement and the Universal Rule by giving so great a premium for displacement up to the limit required by the International Rule, that the same result is accomplished by indirection which the International Rule accomplishes directly.

It may not be out of place to point out that this displacement factor, now a most important part of the "International Rule" was adopted from the "Universal Rule" and is an American feature of both rules. It is the fact, therefore, that both rules have been evolved with the same object in view, and that both rules have one most important and fundamental feature in common, namely, the same displacement factor.

The objections to the present measurement rule expressed at your last meeting by the representatives of the Great Lakes, were that it tends to produce vessels of too little freeboard, of too little beam and of too large hulls in proportion to sail. They felt that the present day "R" boat is practically as large as the "Q" boat of a decade ago built under the same rule, but owing to its smaller rig, caused by the exigencies of the measurement rule, the "R" of today is not as lively as the old "Q" and is not as satisfactory and pleasant a boat to sail. All of these criticisms are, we believe, entirely justified.

It is evident that under the Universal Rule, *which practically taxes only sail area*, and in which length is only an incidental factor, important only in connection with displacement, the hulls of our boats have been enlarged to an extraordinary degree with no increase of sail. The 20 rater measures up to 27′ 6″ on the water line, a 25 rater measures up to 32′ 6″ and no one knows whether the limit has yet been reached. The proportion between sail and hull has greatly altered. The hull has become longer and longer with too little freeboard and too little beam and with no increase in sail, and we believe that from the effort to drive a hull through the water with less sail than it should reasonably have to give that hull the speed of which its size is properly capable, has arisen many of the complaints as to the type of hull which the rule is producing.

That there should be some limitation in the rules calculated to produce racing between boats of at least approximately the same size, and with sufficient sail to give them not only the speed of which their hull is fairly capable but also to make them more lively, and, therefore, more desirable to sail and race, is, we believe, indisputable. Having reached this conclusion, the question arises how best to remedy the situation.

The suggestion has been made that this particular difficulty might be overcome by providing that the load waterline length of a yacht shall not exceed 125% of her rating. This suggestion undoubtedly has merit. The Universal Rule would, we believe, be a better rule with such a limitation in it, but it does not go to the root of the matter, and as we have no reason whatever to believe that it would be accepted by the New York Yacht Club and Marblehead, the only result of its adoption would be that thereafter there would be three measurement rules in existence instead of two, with no real prospect of an ultimate agreement. Such a solution of the present situation would be most unfortunate and would not give any real feeling of permanence either as to the Universal Rule or as to that rule as so amended, and in order to encourage the building of yachts, it is of the utmost importance, that if a new rule is now adopted, it should carry with it the conviction not only that it will be in force in the largest possible part of the yachting world, but that it will be reasonably permanent.

We believe, moreover, that the best course to adopt now is to evolve a measurement formula to be applied only to the smaller classes, so that it will not cover the larger vessels in which the New York Yacht Club is primarily interested, and as to which we have no desire to interfere with its complete freedom of action.

There are three possible ways in which the problem might be approached:

1. Strike out in the dark and evolve a new formula.
2. Use the Universal Rule as a basis for modification.
3. Use the International Rule as a basis for modification.

The first proposition we believe to be entirely out of the question for reasons that are manifest.

The second proposition is entitled to serious consideration. It would be possible to insert the length factor into the formula of the Universal Rule by basing the displacement maximum formula on the sum of $L + \sqrt{S}$ (L representing length and S representing sail area); but the formula itself, being a multiplication formula, is mathematically unsound, as it is highly impracticable to change the ratio of any of its elements, which experience may prove should be altered. Moreover, its method of controlling but not measuring ends has been the target of much adverse criticism. It is also the fact that in New York waters, the Universal Rule, except in the "R" class, has produced and seems likely to produce, little but stagnation.

As to the third proposition, we find on examining the International Rule that it is, in the main, a length and sail area rule, and in this respect is based on the old Seawanhaka Rule. The formula of the International Rule is as follows:

$$\frac{L + \frac{1}{4}G + 2d + \sqrt{S} - F}{2.5}$$

In this formula, L represents length, G represents girth, d represents girth difference, S represents sail area, and F represents freeboard.

The same formula may be expressed as follows:

$$\frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2.5} + \frac{\frac{1}{4}G + 2d - F}{2.5}$$

The right-hand part of this formula, made up of three minor elements, namely, girth, girth difference and freeboard, normally gives only about 2% of the entire rating. In other words, if a normal yacht be measured by the left-hand part of the formula, she would rate approximately 98% of what she would rate under the entire formula. We believe that for all practical purposes, this formula would offer a sound basis for a rule combining, as it does, length with sail area, which we believe to be of great importance, with the added advantage that since the formula is an addition formula, its component parts are easily susceptible of correction, if that should prove necessary. Several questions naturally suggest themselves as to this formula.

(a) Is the formula mathematically sound?
(b) What, if any, elements and sub-formulas should be dropped?
(c) What, if any, elements and sub-formulas should be added?

(d) How would such a Rule be received on the Great Lakes?
(e) How would such a Rule be received on the Coasts?
(f) Would it be advisable to accept it as it stands without modification?

The formula itself is an addition formula and as such is a readily perfectible one and therefore mathematically sound. We are inclined to believe that the Rule would be improved by omitting therefrom the girth and "girth difference." However, they do little harm, so that their retention is at least debatable. The freeboard factor is unquestionably highly desirable, though it might be slightly reduced with advantage. This also is debatable. As to adding new elements, only one seems at all urgent. This is the encouragement of beam. This could easily be accomplished by subtracting the beam or some portion of the beam from the rest of the elements in the formula. The very fact that this can be so easily accomplished under the addition formula used in the International Rule shows the advantage of that type of formula over the multiplication type of formula used in the Universal Rule. It is quite possible, however, that if the girth factor should be eliminated from the formula it would be unnecessary to provide a premium on beam. As to sub-formulas, it is doubtful if any of them could be dropped to advantage. However, a few might carry riders to meet North American conditions. The height of mast under the Universal Rule could be added to the International Rule with decided advantage for North American use. Also the "forward girth difference" should have a minimum measurement so as to discourage sharp bows like those of the American six-meters, *Lea* and *Romany*.

We realize fully that it is a difficult matter to change an existing measurement rule and adopt a new one, but we believe that the most serious opposition to carrying out the suggestion we are about to make will not be based upon the respective merits of the formula used in the Universal Rule as against the formula used in the International Rule, but upon the feeling that the Union should not adopt any formula which carries the "European" label. As a matter of fact, as we have shown above, the combination of length with sail area in the measurement formula is a purely American conception, which, on its merits, was later adopted by the Europeans, while the next most important factor in both rules is the displacement factor, which is also derived from America. The only European elements in their formula are the girth measurements and the freeboard. That the last element is a desirable element is admitted everywhere in this country today. Whether or not the girth elements should be retained is, as we have said, debatable but, as we have shown, their effect on the rating is trifling.

(*Continued on page 128*)

**"Bring along them clams, old man, this minute.
Can't have no chowder 'thout clams to put in it."**

Home Is Where the Yacht Is

AN old man delved along the strand
And flicked the sweat with his clammy hand.
"Can you wreak," I asked, "from the stony shore,
A living fair, now that prices soar,
When rents are high, and pockets bled.
What is your answer?" The old man said:
"No landlord pesters my wife and me,
We're from tax returns as the gulls are free.
So what care we for the H. C. L.?
We go to sea in the 'Hat and Nell,'
H'ist the old mains'l, — blow high, blow low;
Thar's a two-horse kicker to make her go,
Thar's just as good fish, and lawbsters too,
As ever came out of the ocean blue.
From May to November a-cruisin' 'round,
In most any port we may be found,
And when we beach her — comes the fall —
Go right on livin' aboard, — that's all.
Whether ashore, or whether afloat,
We hang our hats in that old boat."
Thus spake the clammer. And on his ear
A clamorous voice smote loud and clear:
"Bring along them clams, old man, this minute.
Can't have no chowder 'thout clams to put in it!"

H. J. PECK.

The Water Cure for Carbon

By S. S. Pierce

OF all little accessory gadgets that have been applied to the internal combustion engine, the water drip, or water injection, is probably the least known and by far the most useful. There is nothing new about it. It is as old as the gas engine itself. Unfortunately, like all really serviceable mechanical contrivances, it is not entirely fool-proof, and if carelessly handled may result in serious injury to the bearings. But as the same is true of a neglected lubricating system, we need make no further apologies.

When properly applied, and intelligently operated, this simple little device practically eliminates the bugbear of carbon formation. Its use means that an engine will run *several* seasons without the necessity of removing cylinder heads, grinding valves, or even cleaning spark plugs, to say nothing of smoother, quieter operation resulting in less vibration and longer life to the bearings.

As applied to gasoline engines it functions as follows: The intake manifold is connected to a fresh water supply which is carefully regulated as to flow. Suction in the manifold draws this water in the form of spray or mist, much as gasoline is drawn through the spray nozzle of the carburetor. This spray enters the cylinders with the gasoline vapor. As soon as the charge is fired, the intense heat immediately converts the water into steam. This steam has a cushioning effect on the sharp impact of the explosion and continues to expand till the bottom of the stroke is reached while softening and breaking up the carbon at the same time, and, during the exhaust stroke, lowers the temperature of the burnt gases, thus preventing undue heating or warping of the exhaust valves.

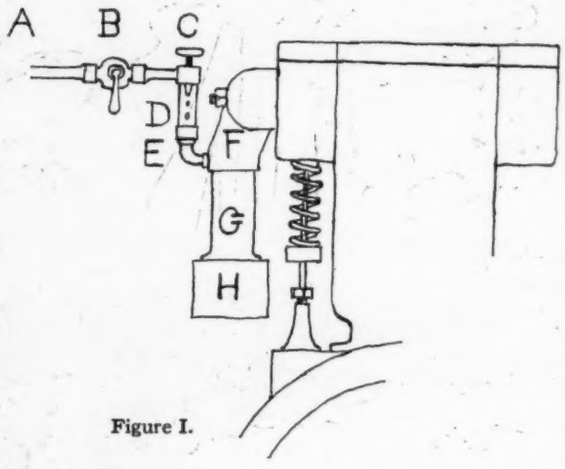


Figure I.

In Fig. I is sketched an installation as applied to a T-head heavy duty engine, in which A is a copper tube from the fresh water tank, B a shut-off cock, C the sight feed regulating screw, D the sight feed glass, E the elbow containing a reducing nipple which is screwed into the cast iron intake manifold, F G is the intake riser and H the carburetor.

In making such an installation the following points should be observed: It makes no difference how far the fresh water tank is below the sight feed, as the suction is of course just as strong as that which operates the familiar gasoline feed vacuum tank. The size of tubing is immaterial and had best be governed by the connections of the sight feed and shut-off cock. The most convenient sight feed is what is commercially known as a "motorcycle adjustable sight feed lubricator," and is about three inches high, calling for one-quarter inch tubing. To connect the elbow to the intake manifold it is best to get a reducing nipple made in a machine shop as the commercial pipe fittings are too big, that is to say, require drilling too big a hole through the manifold. The nipple should be made of a solid piece of brass having a one thirty-second inch hole drilled through it. When drilling and tapping the manifold, plenty of grease should be used on drill and tap, the greatest care being taken not to allow any chips to fall inside. If sufficient pains are taken the manifold need not be removed from the engine. The nipple must not protrude inside of the manifold as it would otherwise cause unnecessary friction to the passage of the gases. The top of the fresh water tank must be below the level of the sight feed, otherwise, in case of the engine being stalled unexpectedly some water might find its way into the carburetor.

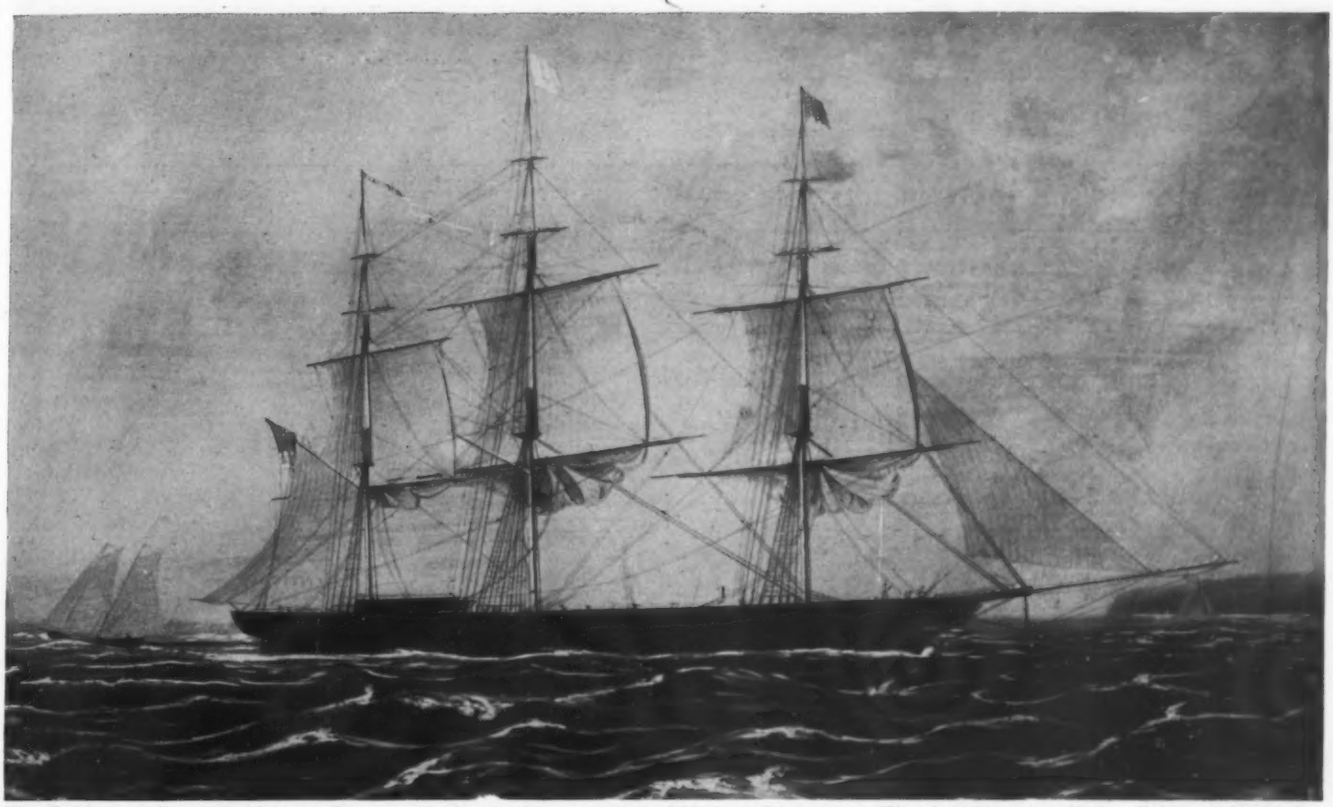
When first installed, the system should be adjusted as follows: See that both shutoff-cock and regulating screw are closed. Start engine and let it get thoroughly warmed up. When under way, with engine turning at its normal revolutions for cruising speed, open shutoff-cock wide. Open regulating screw one turn. (Water will not begin to drip at once as the air in the line must be exhausted first; it may take anywhere from a few seconds to five minutes for the water to appear, depending on the diameter and length of piping and the amount of suction in the manifold.) Gradually increase the amount of water until revolutions fall off. (Revolutions will sometimes increase slightly when water is on.) The instant that the revolutions show a tendency to fall off, reduce the flow of water by two or three drops a minute. Once assured that the engine is turning up at its proper r.p.m. (or better) mark the regulating screw, which need never be touched again.

Once properly installed and regulated, the operation is very simple: always wait for the engine to be thoroughly warmed up, then open shutoff-cock wide. Always close shutoff-cock tight *several* minutes before finally stopping engine. That's all there is to it.

Of course, *theoretically*, an engine should be given less water on a very damp day and more on a very dry day, but, from my own experience I have always found it best to regulate the water so that the engine gets a little less than it can handle on an average day and let it go at that. In my own boats I have always fitted the regulating screw with a lock-nut and left it severely alone from one season's end to the other.

As an emergency makeshift measure the water drip will sometimes keep a badly overheated engine running long enough to reach port. I well remember one hot breathless August day a few years ago on Peconic Bay. We were in an open runabout which was supposed to do fifteen knots. Some eel grass or other flotsam had found its way into the cooling system. The engine got so hot and the pre-ignition knocks were so violent that we could barely make two or three knots with frequent stops to let the engine cool off. We had no tools, no food and no water aboard. The intense heat of the sun, the blinding glare from the glassy water, and the propinquity of an almost red hot engine, added to the fact that one of us was trying to catch a train at Greenport, called for drastic measures. There was a small rusty tin can in the bilge, probably used for bailing; with this we dipped up sea water and let it trickle into the air intake of the carburetor. With a little

(*Continued on page 132*)



The Baltimore clipper *Architect*. From a painting in the possession of Herman Livingston. The *Architect* is called a clipper yacht on the original painting, though she was always used as a commercial vessel. Owned by Herman T. Livingston, of New York, the *Architect* was a famous vessel of her day and made some fast passages in the tea trade. She was of 573 tons register, 140 feet long and 30 feet breadth of beam.

The North Coast. From a painting by Victor Petry.

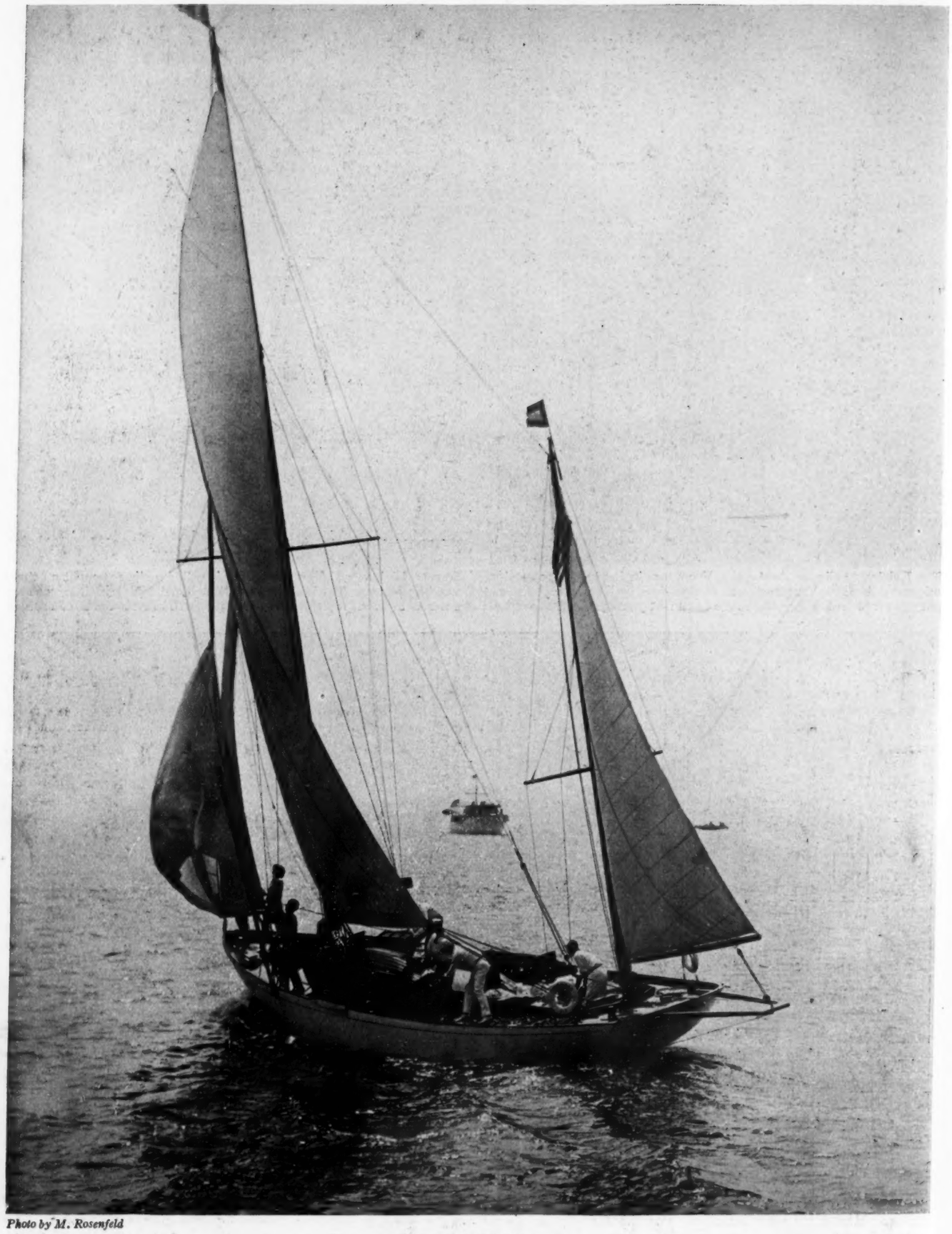
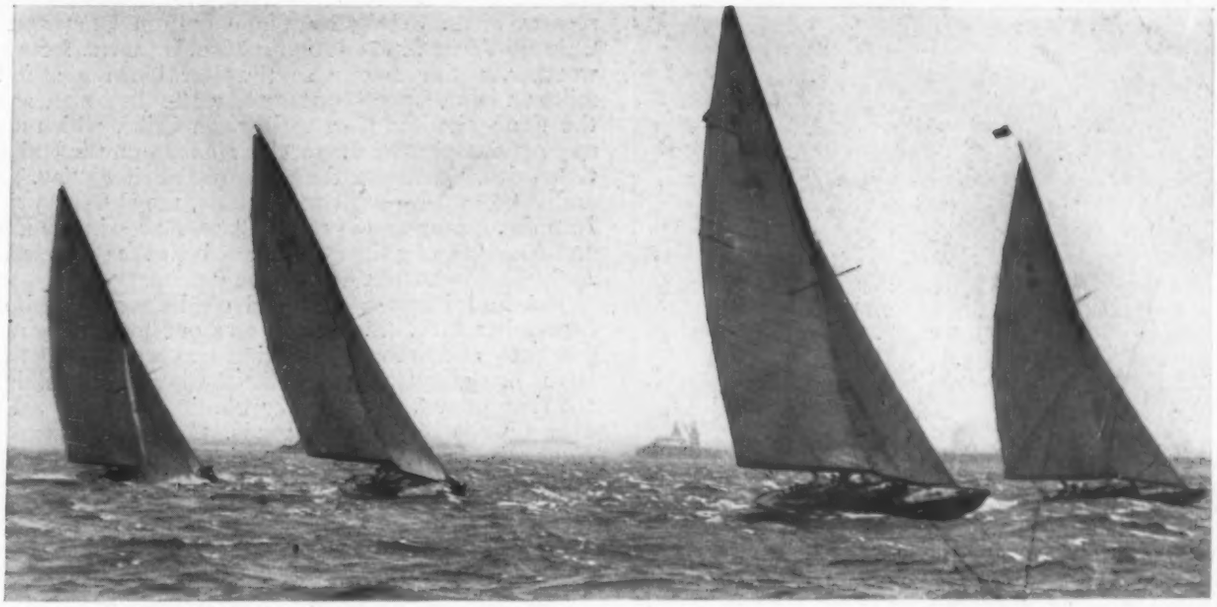


Photo by M. Rosenfeld

Breaking out the light stuff.
***Sequoia*, an auxiliary cruising yawl owned by Donald Durant, of New York.**



A close finish in the 20-rater class off Chicago. Left to right the yachts are: *Ariel, Mitzi, Nancy, Calypso.*

The Racing Season on Lake Michigan

The 20-Rater Class, and Many Long Distance Races, Add to the Interest of a Busy Season

By SAMUEL DAUCHY

THE racing season on Lake Michigan during the past summer naturally divides into four classes of events. These are: long distance cruising races; open events over short courses; the club championship series held by the individual clubs, and special class events.

The Mackinac Race naturally holds pride of place so far as distance goes, and always claims the interest of the cruising skippers. The barring from this race of the Class Q boats caused some complaint and the never-ending difference of opinion as to types of craft to be encouraged caused a warm discussion. Handicaps have been changed frequently in an endeavor to keep the continued interest of the owners of strictly cruising boats, but no method has yet been devised to keep the racing craft from carrying off the coveted trophy each year. This year was no exception and Tuesday morning, July 27th, found *Intrepid* and *Dorello* far ahead of the rest of the fleet and so close in corrected time that the slightest error in the rating of either boat would have materially affected the result. *Intrepid*, owned by Prather, Brosseau, *et al.* was, however, declared the winner by ten seconds in a race of over 300 miles! These two boats were within sight of each other during most of the daylight hours. *Privateer*, owned by R. P. Benedict, Jr., won in the schooner class, and Ben Carpenter's *Freya* was first among the yawls.

Perhaps the Michigan City Race, held June 19th, may claim a place close to the Mackinac Race in importance, and certainly so if its record of 35 years running be considered. *Nancy*, flagship of the Columbia Yacht Club, the organization which has held the race during all this period, "cleaned up" the fleet in a glorious ride across the lake, making the 36 miles in the remarkably fast time of 3:36:12 in a fresh northerly wind which held throughout the race. *Springtime* won the Seawanhaka time prize. *Falcon* won in the Eagle Class and *Naiad* in the Chicago Yacht Club One-Design Class.

The Sturgeon Bay race, held July 24th, was designed to care for boats which were ineligible through lack of tonnage to compete for the Mackinac Cup. It was sailed in two legs, the first leg to Milwaukee and the second to the pier-heads of the Sturgeon Bay Canal. There were ten entries, six Universal Rule sloops, of which four were R boats. *Fantome* won the time prize among the Universals, *Rogue* the Seawanhaka time prize. In Class Q, *Chaperon* beat *Siren*, one reason being that *Siren* did not stop at the entrance to the Sturgeon Bay Canal, but kept on to Bailey's Harbor, 20 miles beyond.

The last of the cruising races, and a most successful one, was the triangular race to St. Joseph, to Michigan City, and back to a finish line off Jackson Park. It was sailed Sept. 3rd, 4th, 5th. The first two legs were run under the auspices of the Chicago Yacht Club alone, and the last leg jointly with the Jackson Park Yacht Club. A wet, rainy night across the lake were the conditions of the first leg, and plenty of wind all the way around the course. The first night out was a particularly nasty one, rough water, a close reach, and many changes in position throughout the night. *Calypso*, owned by Dr. Hollis Potter, won the Universal time prize, *Springtime* the Seawanhaka time prize. In the schooner class, *Fame* was first and *Elizabeth* second. In the yawl class, *Kayoshk II* won and also carried off the Hamilton Club Challenge Trophy, with a total of 18 points. In the Class Q, *Siren* was successful.

In the open events, the annual regatta of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, held on August 14th, called out a fleet of 63 starters. *Fantome* won the Universal time prize, *Columbia* won the Seawanhaka time prize and *Katydid* won the time prize in the one-design classes. Other winners were:

Calypso, owned by Com. Hollis E. Potter, of the Chicago Yacht Club.

Class Q	*Intruder*
Class R	*Fantome*
30-foot sloops	*Columbia*
25-foot sloops	*Springtime*
35-foot yawls	*Freya*
25-foot yawls	*Beaver*
Schooners	*Nokomis*
Eagles	*Falcon*
Stars	*Katydid*
Pups	*Naiad*
Jacks	*Boob*
Kittens	*Al-Lee*

Nancy, a last year 20-rater owned by Samuel Dauchy.

Another race, held off the city proper, was the annual regatta given jointly by the Hamilton Club and the Chicago Yacht Club on August 28th. It was perfect racing weather, a fine smoky southwester blowing a full 20 miles an hour, smooth water and a 12-mile course around the Four-mile and Carter Harrison Cribs, which served as most conspicuous sea marks. *Nancy* won the Universal time prize, *Springtime* the Seawanhaka time prize. The O and P Class prize went to *Celeritas*, the Q Class prize to *Intruder*. *Nancy* won in the R Class, *Falcon* in the Eagles, and *Naiad* among the Pups. *Fame* beat the schooners and *Kayoshk II* was first among the yawls.

The Fall Regatta was held off Belmont Harbor on September 25th. The course was out to the Eight-mile gas buoy and return. The wind was west of north and fresh throughout the race. The R Class again carried off the time prize honors, *Nancy* winning on corrected time over *Calypso* by three seconds. *Calypso*, *Fantome* and *Nancy* finished in a bunch a minute apart in the order given, but *Fantome* was disqualified, giving *Nancy* second

Fantome, owned by Wm. Faurot, was at her best in light weather.

place. It was rail down all the way. *Bald Eagle* won in the Eagle Class and *Springtime* won the Seawanhaka time prize.

In the special class races, principal interest lay in the Lipton and Case Cup events for the R boats, the Virginia and Lutz Trophy, for the Q's, and the Nutting Cup, now given to the new class of one-designs, known as the Eagle boats.

The Lipton Cup races were held August 19th and the two following days, and were as fine a series, sailed in as capital racing weather as anyone could wish. Eight starters got the gun on the first day and *Colleen's* entry in the two succeeding days brought the number up to nine boats. On the first day, a moderate easterly breeze held steady during the entire race around the 12-mile course. *Calypso* did exceedingly well, worked out a considerable lead on the first leg, which she held throughout the race. She was over a minute ahead at the finish line and was followed by *Fantome* and *Nancy*.

On the second day *Nancy* turned the tables on *Calypso*,

winning by nearly seven minutes over that boat over a windward and leeward course, starting in a moderate to fresh southeaster and ending in a drifting match after a downpour of rain. *Fantome* was in third place and it was clearly anybody's cup, with the odds slightly in *Calypso's* favor.

On the last day the wind was fresh, out of the west, the course a quadrangle and sparkling whitecaps showed the strength of the freshening breeze, which was blowing nearly 25 miles per hour. A number of accidents changed the fortunes of the day.

Nancy was the leading boat and was going strong when she carried away the headboard of her mainsail and *Calypso*, making fine weather of it, again took first place and the cup.

A series of Sunday races for the Case Cup resulted in *Fantome's* final success with *Mitzi* second.

In the Club Championship races, sailed throughout the Summer, the results were as follows:

First Series: *Fantome*, 1st; *Nancy*, 2nd; *Sari*, 3rd.

Second Series: *Fantome*, 1st; *Nancy*, 2nd; *Calypso*, 3rd.

Third Series: *Calypso*, 1st; *Nancy*, 2nd; *Mitzi*, 3rd.

In the consolidated result of the three series, *Nancy* carried off the club championship with a percentage of 75.26. Below is given the complete tabulation of the season's racing in the R Class: (*Continued on page 128*)

Some interesting examples of mural decorations for yachts, done by Mildred G. Burrage. This is for a bulkhead panel of the Diesel yacht *Arcadia*, owned by Galen Stone. It is a copy of an old Dutch map and shows the routes of Bartholomew Gosnold and Pring, who, in 1602–3, explored the New England Coast in the region of Buzzard's Bay, where Mr. Stone has his summer home.

Bulkhead decoration for main cabin of the schooner *Speejacks*, owned by A. Y. Gowen. The map is done in relief, in brilliant colors. In the small medallions are shown interesting types of the people and boats of the world.

New England Yacht Building Yards Busy

More New Building Now Under Way Than in Many Years

By WILLIAM UPHAM SWAN

NOT since the clipper ship era, or the days of the great coasting fleet, have New England boat yards and New England naval architects faced quite such a demand for seagoing craft as in these latter weeks of 1926. Furthermore, many yachtsmen, with last season's experience of delayed deliveries fresh in mind, have placed their orders for new craft weeks, and even months, ahead of the usual time, with the result that blue prints, contracts and other preliminary details are flying about, and for the first time in many years the construction of the new fleet has crowded into those days which in nearly every boat yard are set aside for the hauling out and tucking away of yachts for the winter. Usually many yards have found November and December the dull months of the year, but this season scores of the building sheds from Long Island Sound to the Penobscot are hives of hammering industry.

The fall has been quite active also in those yards which fit out the southbound fleet, as the Florida hurricane seems to have no effect on the demand for pleasure craft for winter recreation in southern bayous and the Caribbean. It looks as if the number of visiting yachtsmen at Miami, Nassau, Havana and Bermuda would be double that of last year, while not a few are planning more adventurous voyages to the Leeward and Windward Islands.

The leader this autumn to go the Pacific was L. A. Norris' 80-foot schooner *Navigator*, which sailed out of Gloucester late in September for her owner's fourth visit to Tahiti. This latest large yacht to fly the burgee of the San Francisco Yacht Club was built by Story, of Essex, this summer, from designs by Burgess, Swasey and Paine. She is 18½ feet beam and 9½ feet draft. Her engine was sent across the continent from the Union Diesel Company of San Francisco. It will be remembered that Capt. Norris won the 3,700-mile Tahiti race last year in his *Mariner*, also by the same designers and builder.

Up to October 15th, the largest yacht contract let for New England construction was that for a 90-foot overall gaff-rigged schooner, which the George Lawley & Son Corp. has started for Harry S. Leyman, of Cincinnati, from designs by John G. Alden. The yacht will be built in the same shed at Neponset in which the *Vanitie* saw the light 13 years ago. She will have a Winton Diesel engine.

Alden has also designed a 48-foot ketch with a Marconi rig for Paul Whitin, of Northbridge, Mass., which has been laid down by Gamage, of South Bristol, Me., as well as a 43-foot gaff rigged *Malabar*-type schooner for H. B. Merwin, of Bridgeport, Conn., which will be built by the Portland Yacht Yard, of Middletown, Conn., and which will be given an F 4 Scripps.

Two of the Alden fleet for 1927 delivery were finished this fall at the George Lawley & Son Corp., one of them a 73½-foot ketch for Robert Saltonstall, of Boston, and the other a Class R boat for W. P. Barrows, of Rochester, the second for Lake Ontario competition to be designed by Alden for the same owner in the last year.

As last year, a large majority of Maine boat building yards are saturated this fall with work from the Alden office which on October 15th had no less than 37 boats of various sizes under construction along the coast, with inquiries coming in every day.

Another busy New England designer is Ralph E. Winslow of Atlantic, whose list in mid-October was an unusually good one. His largest yacht is a 68-foot twin screw power cruiser with a Hall-Scott engine which Britt Brothers are building at West Lynn for Charles S. Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y. She will be used next summer on the south side of Cape Cod. Britt Brothers are also constructing from Winslow designs a 38-foot motor boat for S. D. Forbes, of Boston, which will carry a Continental Van Blerck engine. A Great Lakes company will build a 27-foot auxiliary sloop from Winslow designs for H. H. Larkin, of Buffalo.

Winslow has prepared plans for a 67-foot houseboat and a 64-foot express cruiser for New England yachtsmen, both of which will be powered with the new Murray and Tregurtha motors, while the O. O. Miller Company, of Riverside, R. I., will build a 16-foot knockabout for a Narragansett Bay yachtsman, similar to the fleet of Winslow one-designs used last season at Stonington, Conn.

One of the most interesting naval architect's offices in New England was that opened in a two-hundred-year-old boat house at Marblehead by L. Francis Herreshoff, a son of the famous Bristol designer. Young Herreshoff, who has already distinguished himself with his Class R yacht *Yankee*, which won the Manhasset Bay and Greenwich cups last year and the New York Yacht Club cup at Newport this fall, has with him Norman L. Skene, a fellow draftsman in the Burgess, Swasey and Paine office the past three years. The first production of this office was a 47-foot web-framed double-planked power cruiser built by Britt Brothers for Charles A. Welch, the owner of the *Yankee*. This boat, which was launched late in October, has two Cross Kysor superheated motors and will be in commission as late as possible this year and as early as possible next.

Young Herreshoff has also designed for Mr. Welch another Class R boat, which will be built by Britt Brothers on the same web frame construction as the *Yankee*.

Over at Quincy the new yard of F. D. Lawley, Inc., has under construction a 50-foot power cruiser with Sterling Dolphin engines for Elliot F. Shepherd, of Miami; a 39-foot power cruiser with Speedway engine for Addison G. Fay, also of Miami; a 38-foot power cruiser with Continental Van Blerk engine for C. B. Pratt, of Florida, and a 68-foot power cruiser with two Sterling Dolphins for Charles H. Jones, of Boston. Launches for all these boats will be built at the plant. Contracts for three other new craft were signed late in October and the saturation point at the plant is in sight. An active participant in the affairs of the new yard is the veteran George F. Lawley. Eldredge-McInnis also have a yacht building here.

The J. M. Densmore Co. at Atlantic, Mass., completed, late in October, a 68-foot raised deck cruiser for William Wood Wilson of the Boston Yacht Club, with two Sterling Coast Guard engines. The company also built two yacht tenders. The yacht, which was christened the *Maya III*, is expected to leave for the south late in November.

In addition to the Leyman schooner, the Saltonstall ketch and the Barrows R boat, the George Lawley & Son Corp. started, during October, a 60-foot motor cruiser from the company's own designs for Walter S. Hammons, of Portland, Me., which will be powered by two Sterling Chevron engines. She is for April delivery.

The Saltonstall ketch, which is 73 feet long overall and

(*Continued on page 130*)

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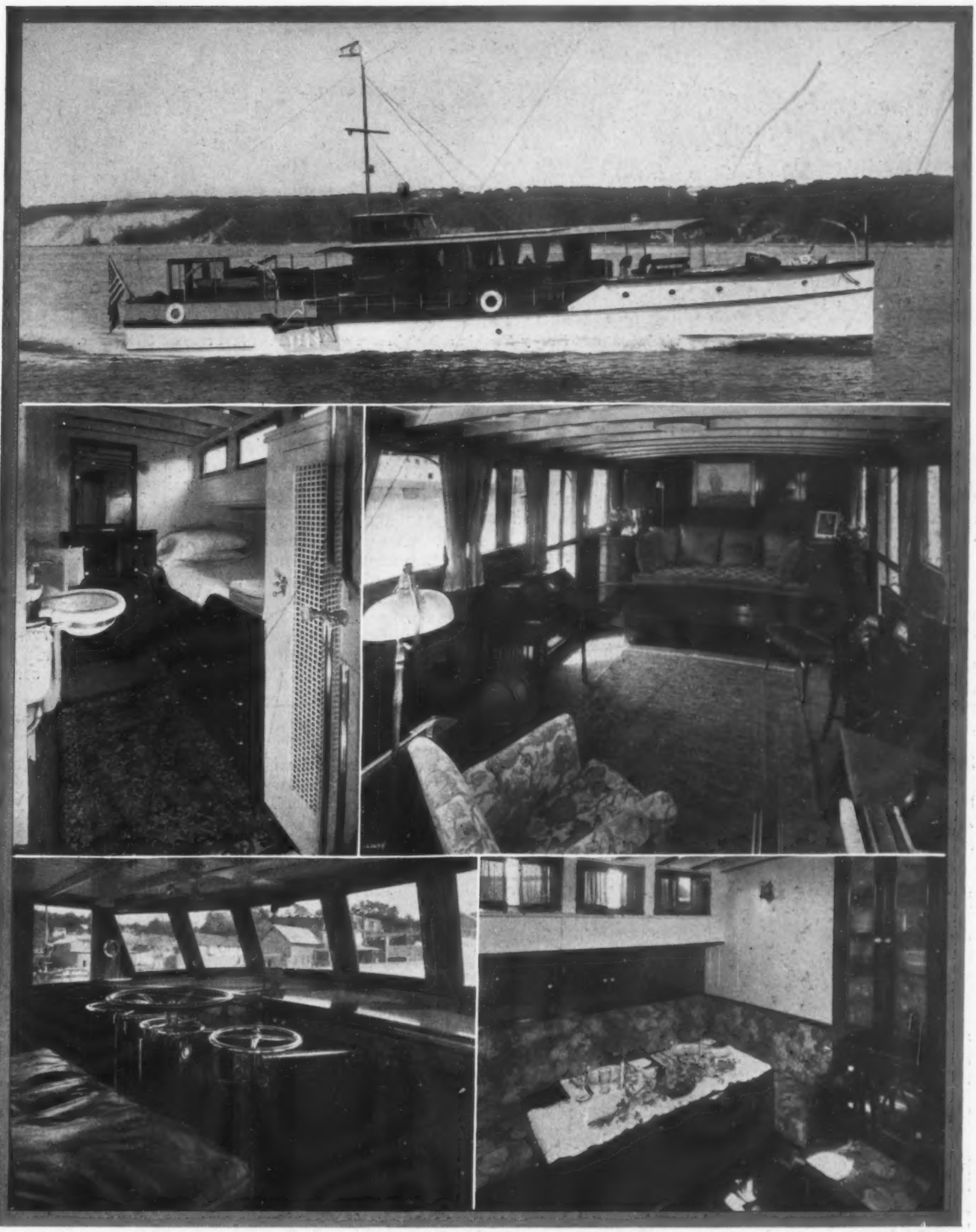
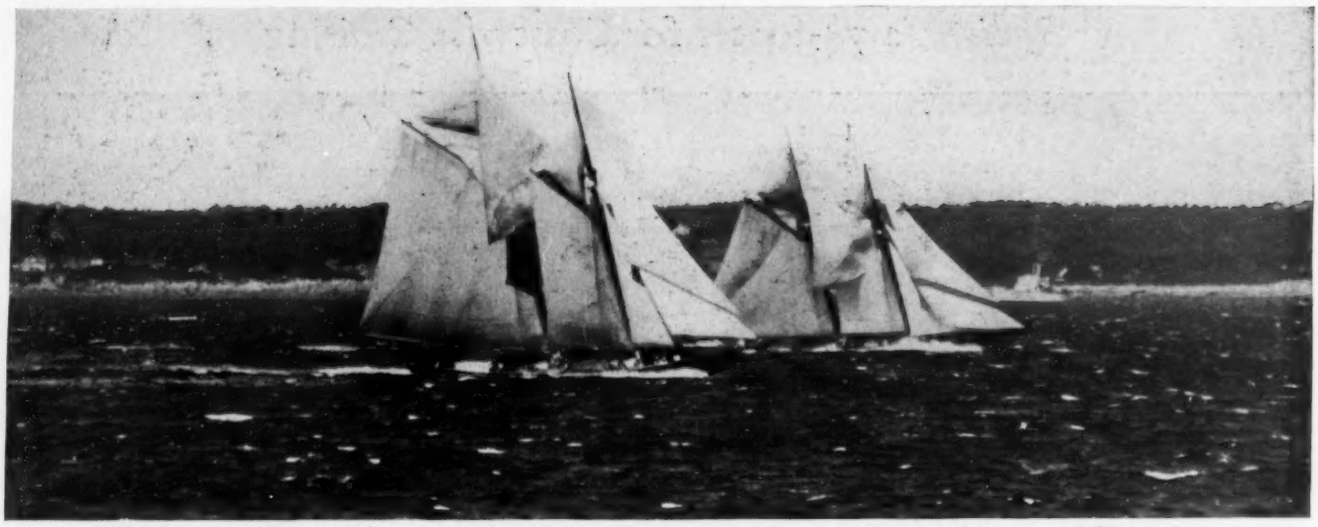
Radiant, a 74-footer for Coastwise Cruising



Radiant **is a new Alden-designed power cruiser built for Clifford R. Hendrix, of Larchmont, by the Luders Marine Construction Co. Handsome and able, her accommodations are extremely liberal for a length of 74 feet and a beam of 14 feet 4 inches. Her power plant consists of a pair of Sterling Trident Motors. Over a government course she averaged 16.796 statute miles per hour with these engines. The interior reproductions show the deckhouse living room, one of the single staterooms, the pilot house and a corner of the main cabin.**



The schooners *Columbia* (to windward) and *Henry Ford* in a fresh breeze at the start of first race off Gloucester.

The Month in Yachting

Columbia Wins Fishermen's Race

THE fishing schooner *Columbia*, sailed by Capt. Ben Pine, won two races off Gloucester, in October, from the schooner *Henry Ford*, sailed by Capt. Clayton Morrissey, and thus gained the championship title for American fishing vessels of the North Atlantic.

Both races were sailed in a fresh breeze and the schooners were so evenly matched that in the first race over a 40-mile course *Columbia* crossed the finish line only 1 minute and 4 seconds ahead of the *Ford*. In the second race, also over a 40-mile course, *Columbia* won by 4 minutes and 48 seconds. Both schooners were skilfully handled, but the crew of *Columbia* appeared to be a little quicker in handling their vessel and in shifting sails. *Columbia* proved superior in windward work, but on the reaches and runs there was little to choose between the two.

Columbia was designed by W. Starling Burgess and built by Arthur D. Story at Essex, Mass. She was launched in 1923. The schooner *Henry Ford* was designed by Thomas F. McManus and built by Story in 1921. The *Ford* is equipped with an auxiliary engine, but the propeller was removed prior to the races.

The races were sailed on October 11th and 12th from a starting line between the committee boat and the whistling buoy off Eastern Point. The first and last legs of the course were five miles long, the other three legs were each ten miles in length. On the first day the wind blew strongly from the northwest, reaching at times a velocity of from 25 to 30 miles an hour. On the second day the breeze was moderate to fresh from west-north-west.

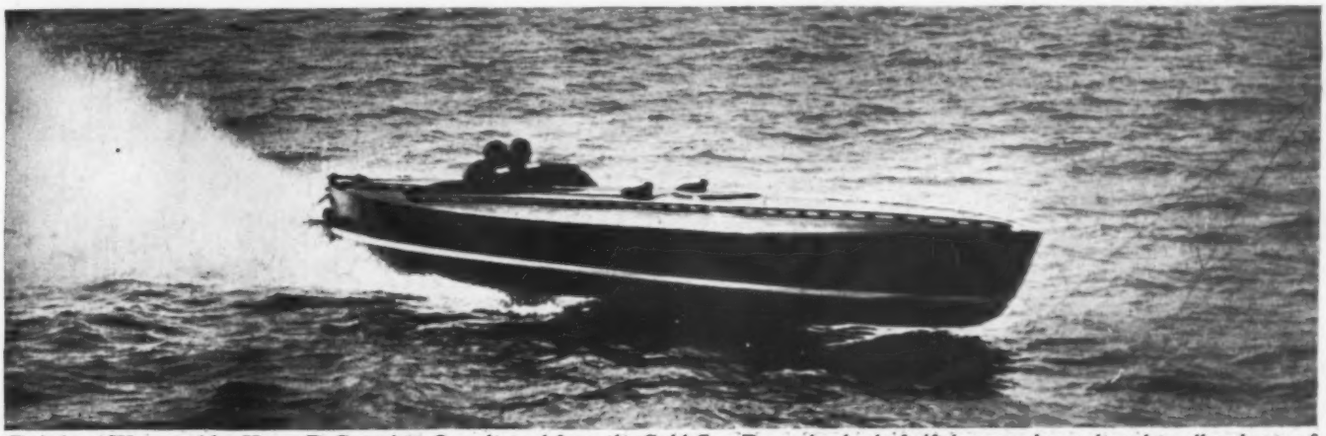
The victory of *Columbia* carried with it permanent possession of the George F. Fuller silver cup, one leg on the Frank E. Davis trophy, and the sum of $1500 in cash. The *Ford* received $1000 in cash.

Later in the month the Canadian schooners *Bluenose* and *Haligonian* raced off Halifax, but a match could not be arranged between *Bluenose*, the winner of that series, and the *Columbia*.

Winners Larchmont Junior Series

THE Juniors of Larchmont had a most successful season's racing, under the tutelage of some of the older members of the club. This year, in addition to the Wee Scot Class, the Juniors had a fleet of Herreshoff knockabouts in which the Harbor Series and the Race Week Series were sailed. These boats were known as the "Bulls-

The Larchmont "Bullseyes," used by the Juniors of the Larchmont Yacht Club for racing throughout the summer. They are Herreshoff boats, 12½ feet on the water.



Rainbow IV, owned by Harry B. Greening. Once barred from the Gold Cup Race, the deed of gift has now been altered to allow boats of this type.

eyes." They are 16 feet long overall, and are fast, able little craft. The policy of the Larchmont Yacht Club in encouraging the Juniors by providing both the boats and competent instruction is one to be commended, and recommended to other clubs. The winners of the series prizes were the following:

HARBOR SERIES, LARCHMONT Y. C.

Boys' Cup, donated by Commodore Ford.
Larry Reybine, First
Rob Reybine, Second
Ned Anderson, Third

Girls' Cups, donated by E. J. Beinecke.
Catharine McLain, First
Sarah Whiting, Second

Junior Championship for *Ross-Shire* Cups, donated by Captain Baxter.
Bob Reybine, First
Bill Merritt, Second

Race Week Series Prize, donated by J. H. Brown.
Won by J. Peter Jaffe

Prizes for Members of Picked Crews, donated by J. H. Brown.
Midget Crew:
Larry Reybine, Capt.
Ned Anderson
Peter Jaffe
} Silver penknives
Junior Crew:
Ned Anderson, Capt.
Bob Reybine
Bill Merritt
} Belts and buckles

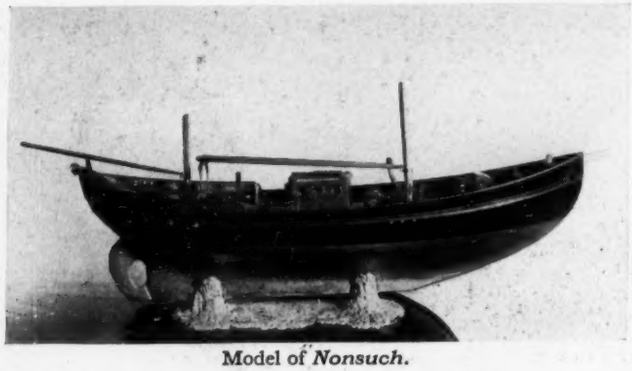
Novice Series for the younger skippers, cup donated by D. H. Sparkman. Won by Maus Darling.

A. P. B. A. Changes Conditions for Gold Cup

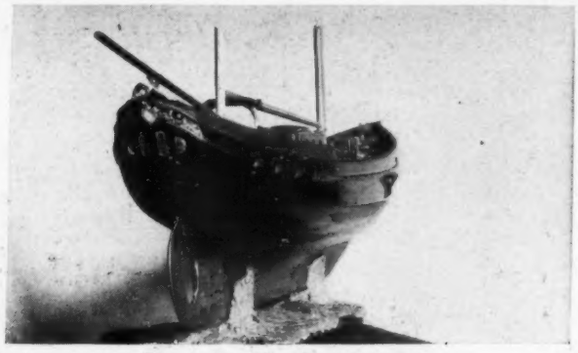
THE American Power Boat Association, at its annual meeting in New York, October 28th, ratified the suggested changes in the Gold Cup Deed of Gift, made by the Contest Board. With one exception these changes are of a minor nature. The one important revision of the rules removes all restrictions on the construction of the underbody of a boat's hull. This makes a hydroplane, or step boat, eligible for the race. The change does not, however, require that the boats be hydroplanes. Any type of underbody for the hull will be eligible, and it is not unlikely that in addition to the familiar one-step hydroplane (which has been raced for years in the Harmsworth Cup event, and which until 1922 was the accepted type for the Gold Cup) there will be seen multiple-step hydroplanes and probably hulls of the type which Commodore Harry B. Greening raced in the Gold Cup event of 1924. This was a clinker bottom construction, giving a number of steps of less than one inch in depth, each step being provided with an air or exhaust tube to get air under the hull.

The rules provide that the boats must be equipped with watertight compartments, have the engine or engines entirely enclosed with hatches, and that the exhaust must be at the stern or from the side of the hull abaft the helmsman's seat, or under water. Seating

Catch 'em young and treat 'em rough. Larchmont Junior crews. Front row, left to right, Fred Kuehnle, Jack Keeshan, Billy O'Connor, Florence Whiting, Edna Whiting, Sarah Whiting, Betty Anderson, Nan Goldschmidt, Edgar Whiting, Maus Darling, Douglas Adamson. Back row, Larry Reybine, Billy Merritt, Ned Anderson, Albert Kuehnle, Catherine McLain, Leonore Kuehnle, Bob Reybine, Eric Adamson, Peter Jaffé, Sherman Stevens.



Model of *Nonsuch*.



Stern view, showing easy run.

accommodations for a minimum of two must be provided. The Association did not in any way change the power plant restrictions. The maximum piston displacement for a Gold Cup entry is still 625 cubic inches.

None of these changes will become effective before 1928, and the 1927 race at Greenwich, Conn., under the auspices of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, will be conducted under the rules which have been in force.

The Association also voted authority for changes in the deeds of gift of the President's Trophy, the Horace E. Dodge Memorial Trophy, the International Trophy of the N. A. E. & B. M., and the Yachtsmen's Association Sweepstakes, so as to make the type of boat eligible for these races conform with the Gold Cup conditions. Authority was also given to change the hull restrictions for the Junior Gold Cup (Greening-Duff Trophy) and increase the minimum hull requirement so that the 1928 Junior Gold Cup entries will be not less than 25 feet load waterline. The officers who served last year were reelected.

The *Nonsuch* Again

READERS of YACHTING will remember the unique seagoing cruisers *Nonsuch*, 65 feet in length overall, and the *Coggette*, 42 feet long, designed by Douglas P. Urry, which appeared in recent issues. These boats were a throw-back towards the type of the 17th century, with a high poop aft, which allowed for an after cabin or cuddy extending to the very stern.

At that time the lines of *Nonsuch* were only done in pencil, and could not be reproduced. The designer now sends us photographs of the completed model, which are reproduced here. They show a remarkably well-balanced hull, with a pleasing sheer, an easy entrance and a sweet run. The model speaks for itself.

Deck view of *Nonsuch*, made to scale.

The new 10-meter class, International Rule, for Long Island Sound yachtsmen.

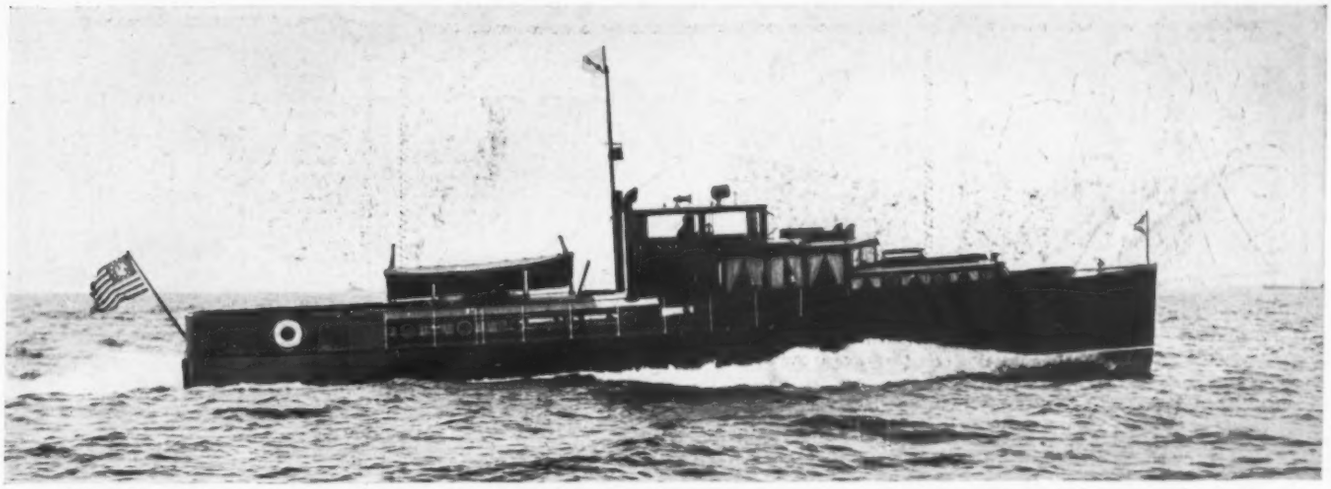
A New 75-foot Water Line Sloop Building

FOR the first time since 1920 a large sloop will be seen racing next season in American waters. An order has been placed by a well known New York yachtsman, reported to be Robert E. Tod, with the firm of Burgess, Rigg and Morgan, Ltd., for the design of a racing sloop 75 feet on the water, and the order for her building has been given the Herreshoff Company, of Bristol, R. I.

The new yacht is designed under the International Rule, as her owner intends, after a season's racing here, to take her abroad for racing in European waters, principally on the Solent, where she will meet such yachts as *Lulworth*, *White Heather*, *Shamrock III* and *Britannia*.

The dimensions of the new yacht are as follows: l.o.a. 112 feet, l.w.l. 75 feet, draft 13.6 feet. She will carry a jib-headed rig with a built-up mast and no bowsprit, and will carry 7000 sq. feet of sail. Her required displacement under the rule is 108 tons and she will rate by the International Rule 21.5 meters, approximately. Under the Universal Rule, by which she will be measured for racing here, she will rate about 72.5 feet. Her plans show a powerful boat, with good freeboard and seagoing qualities, and able to cross the Atlantic on her own bottom.

There are no large sloops racing at present in American waters, but the new yacht will have a chance to show her mettle against the existing American yachts (mostly schooners) on the New York Yacht Club Cruise and in the Club's regattas. It is also a possibility that Harry Payne Whitney, owner of the *Vanitie*, may change that yacht's rig from a schooner to a sloop to meet the new boat.



Nina II, a 65-foot express cruiser owned by J. Hall Taylor, of Chicago, from designs by the Luders Marine Construction Co.

A 65-foot Express Cruiser for the Great Lakes

NINA II is the outgrowth of the present desire for high speed with complete safety and comfort. With a length of 65 ft., a beam of 11 ft., and V–bottom model, this boat has already shown a speed on close to 29 miles per hour. During the turbulent weather on Long Island Sound at the time of the Gold Cup Races, her performance indicated a seaworthiness equal to any cruiser.

This cruiser was designed for use on Lake Michigan, and her owner, J. Hall Taylor, of Chicago, was particularly satisfied at the manner in which she was maneuvered in the short, heavy chop of an easterly blow on Long Island Sound, conditions which approach those to be found on our inland lakes.

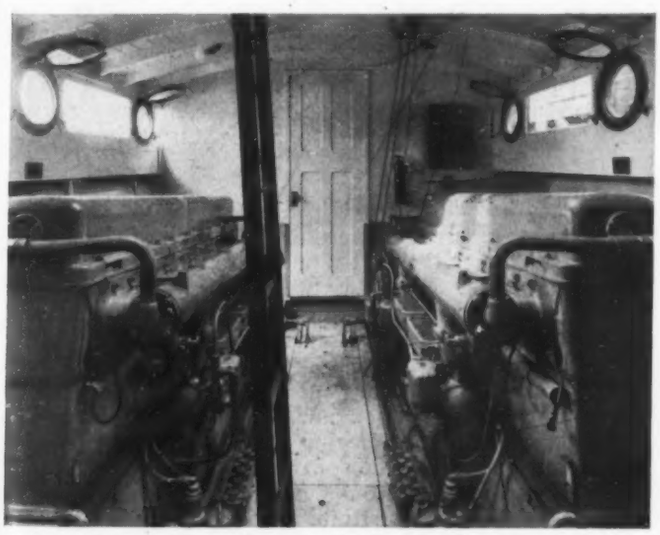
Designed and built by the Luders Marine Construction Company, *Nina II* exemplifies all that is latest in yacht architecture for a craft of this type. She is divided into numerous compartments by six structural bulkheads, four of which are watertight, and the frames are closely spaced and reinforced with web construction to give the necessary strength.

The arrangement plan is interesting and has proven most attractive. Forward, in the eyes of the boat, there is a large cockpit which, with cushion seat and three or four wicker chairs, will accommodate seven or eight people. Immediately abaft this is a day cabin with spring cushions on each side tastefully upholstered. The cushion backs are arranged to swing up so that in an emergency four people could be accommodated in this compartment.

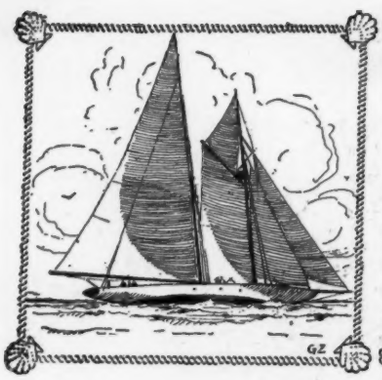
The forward cockpit of *Nina II* is one of the most popular places on the boat.

From this cabin one goes aft to a higher level on which is located the enclosed dining room, with ample ventilation from the large windows in front and on the sides.

At the after end of this room there is a heavily upholstered divan which affords emergency sleeping space for one person. Concealed in the wall on the port side is a Pullman berth, bringing the total cabin accommodations up to six. Going aft on the starboard side there is a companionway to the deck level and stairs to the galley.



The engine room, showing the twin Sterling Coast Guard Motors which drive *Nina II* at close to 29 miles per hour.



Yachting

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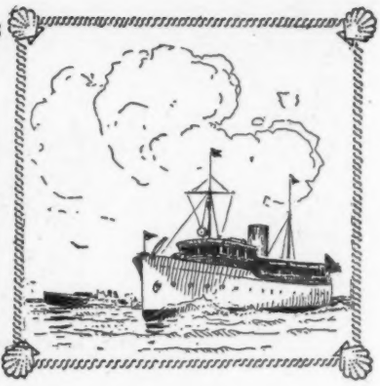


Editorial

The Complexion of Next Season's Fleet

DURING the past month plans for the next season afloat have matured rapidly, both as to the racing and cruising branches of the sport. Enough new boats, and several new racing classes, are assured to make the summer an unusually interesting one. From both the racing and cruising viewpoint the vogue of the schooner seems to be on the wane and there is a decided swing back towards the sloop rig among racing men, and the ketch or yawl rig by those whose interest lies chiefly in cruising. How much the staysail rig on two-stickers is responsible for this change of heart it is difficult to say. This rig, with its multitudinous sails between the masts and its complicated gear, has not proved altogether the easy handling rig its early advocates claimed — though it has been a highly beneficial one to the sailmakers.

Whatever the reason, there are many racing schooners now on the market, and all the talk in racing circles is of jib-headed sloops. Already one new 75-foot waterline sloop for a member of the New York Yacht Club is under way for next year. She will be a jib-header, built under the International Rule, making her the first large yacht designed and built in the United States under this rule. When she races here next season she will, of course, be measured under the Universal Rule, but her scantling will be to International Rule standards. It will be intensely interesting to see what this yacht will do against our schooner fleet and the smaller sloops, such as the "Fifties," to which she will have to allow much time. At least two more of the "Fifties" will be out next season with a jib-headed rig, which has proved most successful on Commodore George Nichols' *Carolina*.

A new sloop class to make its appearance will be a 10-meter class, also built under the International Rule, for Long Island Sound yachtsmen. Eight have already been ordered and the number will doubtless be increased before this issue of YACHTING appears. The class is of one-design. Three or more new "Sixes," another International Rule Class, will probably be added to the big fleet of 6-meters already here, in anticipation of an invasion from Scandinavia to recapture the Gold Cup, won by *Lanai* last season.

In our own rule classes, the 20-rater will again be the largest and strongest. A new "Twenty" for the Sound is being built for Junius S. Morgan, Jr., there are several under way for Marblehead racing, and one for Rochester, owned by W. P. Barrows. The Q Class of 25-raters is not growing as it should.

Many new cruising craft are under construction, a large number of them with the Marconi ketch or yawl rig, which has proved vastly superior to the old gaff-rigged ketch, and all will have auxiliary power.

The Function of a Rating Rule

There seems to be still a wide difference of opinion among racing yachtsmen concerning the much-talked-of changes in the measurement rules. Speaking at the last meeting of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association, Clinton H. Crane, than whom there is no one more familiar with measurement formulae, said that if yachtsmen were agreed as to what type of boat they wanted, it would not be difficult to make a rule that would produce that type. Unfortunately, yachtsmen are not agreed, and therein lies the trouble.

When the Universal Rule was first brought into being, in 1905 I believe it was, the desire to get away from the long-ended, flat hulls and big rigs produced under the Seawanhaka Rule, made the demand for a wholesome (a word recently worked to death), able yacht, with reasonable accommodations for its size, almost unanimous. For many years the spirit of the new rule was lived up to, until the demand for speed, which is always present, led naval architects to go to extremes not contemplated by the framers of the rule, and not guarded against. This has been the ultimate fate of every measurement rule.

In an article on this page in the last issue, I mentioned several yachts built last year that in every respect conformed to the spirit of the rule, and made the statement that the rule did not "protect" them enough to give them a chance. For this I've been taken to task by the owner of one of these yachts, who claims I am unfamiliar with her record last season. This is not the case. Against other yachts designed under the spirit of the rule she did exceedingly well. Against the extreme type — narrow, with little freeboard and an abnormally high percentage of total displacement in their lead — she did not show so well. Whenever the two types have met it has been demonstrated that the "wholesome" boat could not win consistently over the extreme boat.

Three International Rule Classes Adopted

As we go to press word comes of the action of the North American Yacht Racing Union at its Annual Meeting, November 18th. The delegates present, representing nearly every yachting association, voted unanimously to accept in principle the recommendations of the Measurement Committee (see page 44) and to instruct that Committee to confer with the International Yacht Racing Union for agreement upon such modifications of the International Rule as were suggested. This means the adoption by the yachtsmen of this country of three International Rule classes, the 6, 8 and 10-meters. It does not supersede the Universal Rule, which is still in force, but it gives in addition three International Rule Classes to which we can now build. This we believe is a step forward.

In the World of Yachting

DONALD H. COWL

AMONG the younger racing yachtsmen who have devoted their time and energy in working for the upbuilding and organizing of the sport, none has done more than Donald H. Cowl. An enthusiastic sailor who has built or owned yachts in many of the smaller classes, he has always found time to devote his energy to those organizations, whether yacht clubs or yacht racing associations, which were working for the benefit of the sport at large.

Starting in a number of years ago in the Victory Class, in which he owned the "N.A.R.," he took a prominent part in the work of the Victory Class Association, and for several years was its President, building it up to one of the strongest class organizations in the country. Prior to that he was sailing the Sound Schooner "Moira," owned by his father. In 1925, when the 20-rater class was started on Long Island Sound, he built the "Ardette," which was one of the most successful of the class on those waters. Last year he built the "Ardelle," to the same class, and in her took second place in the championship standing, losing out to "Bob-Kat" by the narrowest of margins. He also owns the power cruiser "Don Mardel."

For several years he was on the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, being also its Treasurer. When the North American Yacht Racing Union was formed he was active in its organization and was its first Secretary. He is a member of the New York, Larchmont, Manhasset Bay and Bayside Yacht Clubs and of the Cruising Club of America.

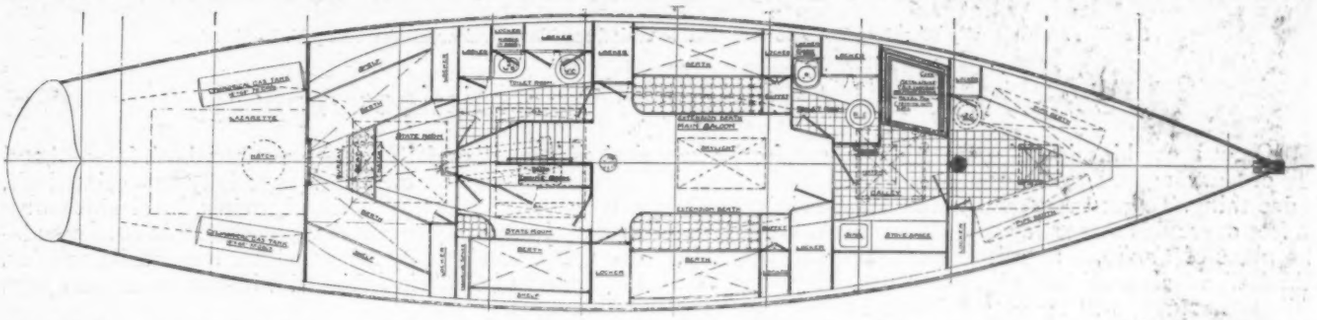
Some Handsome Interior Decorations for a Large Yacht

In turning out the 171-foot Diesel yacht *Athero II* for Jesse L. Livermore, Henry J. Gielow, Inc., her designer, has produced not only a handsome craft, but some pleasing and attractive interiors as well. In design, decorations and furnishings the owner's quarters of *Athero II* are striking and unique. In the smoking room (at the top) the floor tiling, the bulkhead decorations and furnishings strike a new note in yacht decoration. In the dining room (bottom left) the furniture is Jacobean in character, while a fireplace adds to the cheerfulness. At the bottom, right, is shown the forward end of the living room, with decorated panel over fireplace, and the well-lined book shelves.

Mytoy, **under sail. She is a new schooner designed by Ford, Payne & Sweisguth for H. R. Kunhardt, Jr.**

Mytoy, a Fast, Able and Comfortable 65-ft. Cruising Schooner

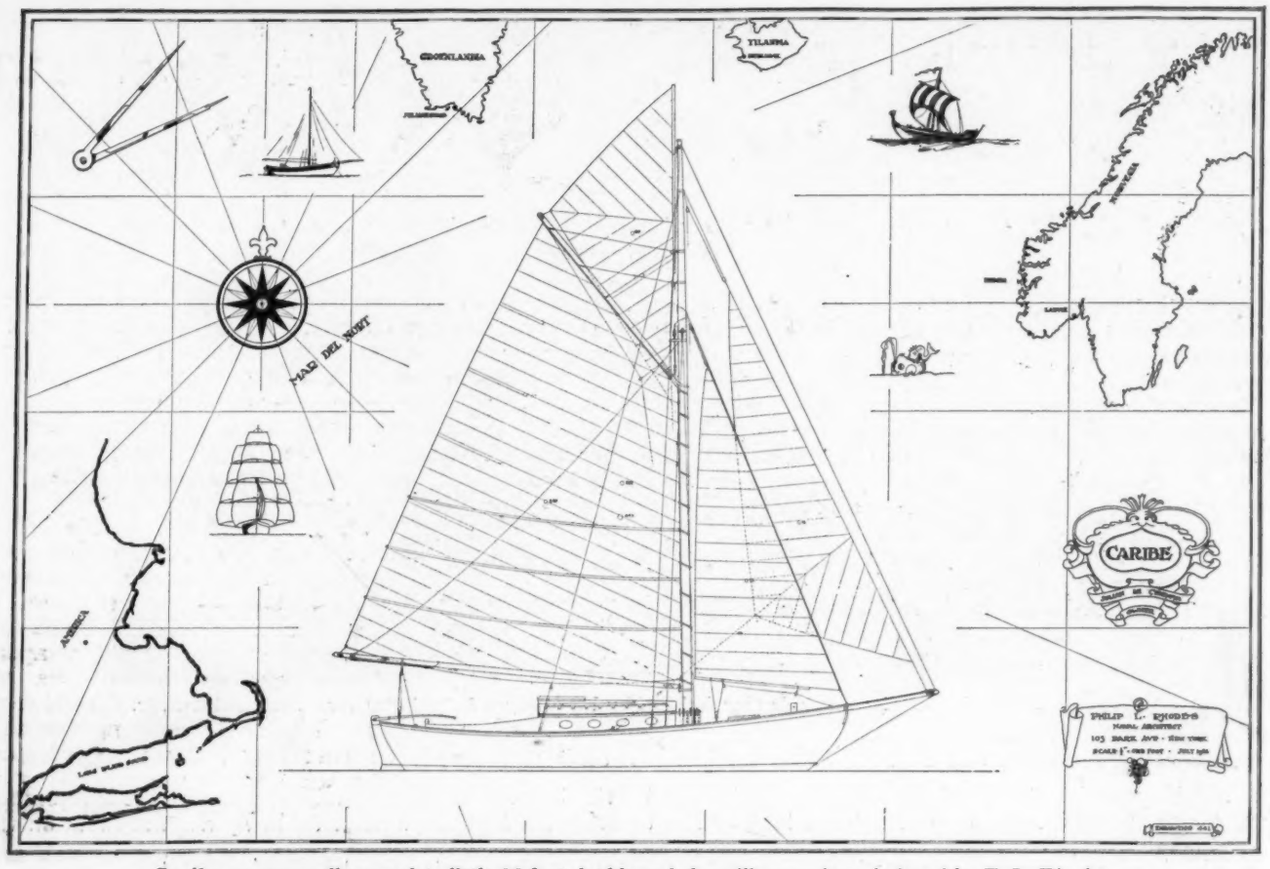
A FINE type of auxiliary schooner yacht, which should prove able, fast, and comfortable on long or short cruises, is *Mytoy*, a 65-footer recently completed at the yard of Robert Jacob, City Island, from designs by Ford, Payne & Sweisguth. Her owner, Mr. H. R. Kunhardt, Jr., has extensive business interests in South America, and had *Mytoy* built so that he could cruise to the West Indies and South America, and use her in the summer for coastwise cruising from his home port, Greenwich, Conn.



Mytoy is 65 ft. over all, 46 ft. 8 ins. water line, 15 ft. beam, and 8 ft. 9 ins. draft, with a 21,000 lb. lead keel and considerable additional inside ballast. She is a big boat for her length, high sided, stiff, and should show good speed under sail or power. Her sail area is 2040 sq. ft. in the four lowers. The power plant is a Model 65, six-cylinder Kermath motor, with a Homelite electric plant for interior lighting.

The accommodations below deck are excellent, with special emphasis placed on ventilation throughout the boat. A spacious double stateroom aft is separated from the amidships main cabin by a toilet room on the port side and a single stateroom on the starboard side, and an additional toilet room on the port side forward.

Mytoy, **on a broad reach during her trial trip.**



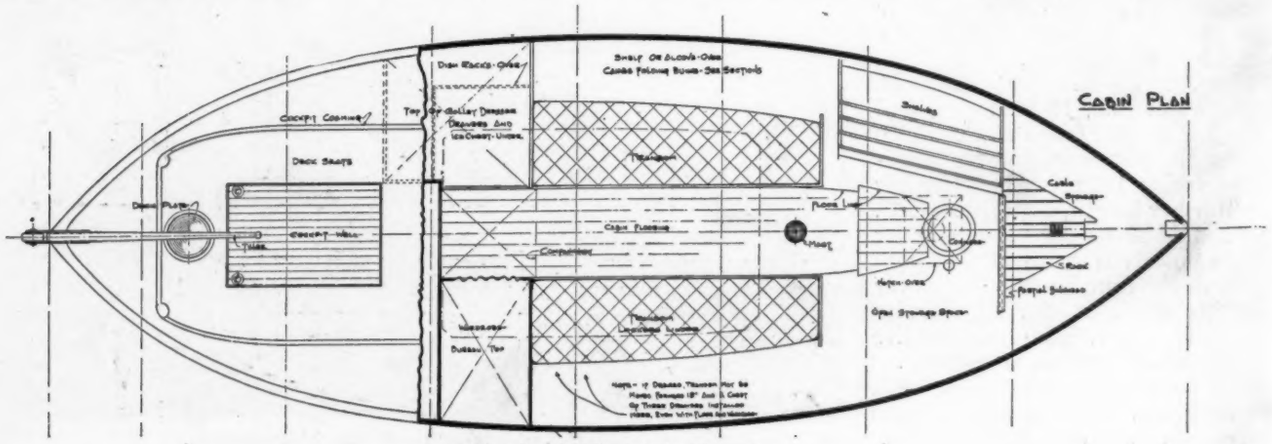
Caribe, an unusually complete little 26-foot double-ended auxiliary cruiser, designed by P. L. Rhodes.

Caribe, a Small Auxiliary with a Distinct Appeal

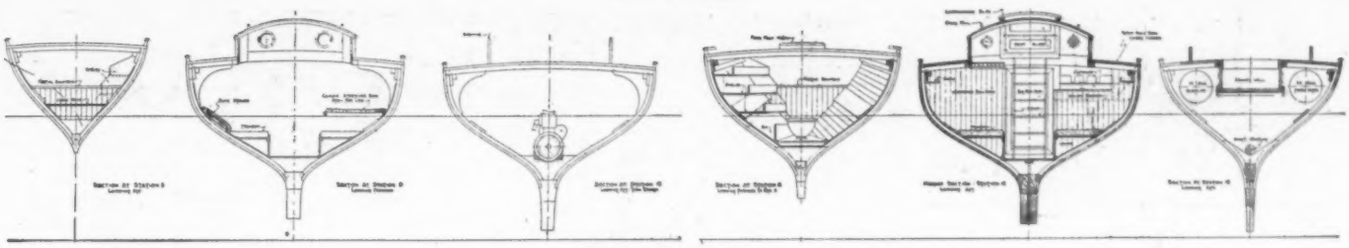
TO get a combination of seaworthiness, comfort, ease of handling and good speed in an auxiliary of fair size is one thing. To get these qualities in a little cruiser only 26 feet over all is something seldom achieved. Wherefore, the plans of *Caribe*, a fine little craft designed by P. L. Rhodes, naval architect of New York City, for Mr. Julian Cendoya, will be of particular interest, as they show a boat which comes closer to solving the problem of a satisfactory small auxiliary than any we have seen in some time.

The double-ender type of hull was chosen on account of its being exceptionally well adapted to the severe requirements. Good double-enders have proven unusually able, with easy motion in a seaway — a quality much to be desired in small craft. The deep sections, both forward and aft, give unusual room. This is especially appreciated aft, as it makes it perfectly practicable to install a sizable motor without in any way encroaching on the cabin accommodations. The hull is easily driven, either under sail or power. Headroom of 5′ 6″ is achieved without an unduly high cabin house.

Caribe, which is 26 ft. over all, 9 ft. beam, and 4 ft. 10 in. draft, is a faithful reproduction, on a small scale, of the famous 47 ft. *Redningskoite*, the successful model made famous by the late Colin Archer, who made a most thorough study of the double-ender type. The lines have not been changed in any essential, though she is designed to float a trifle lighter than the original. Because of her



Cabin plan of Rhodes double-ender.

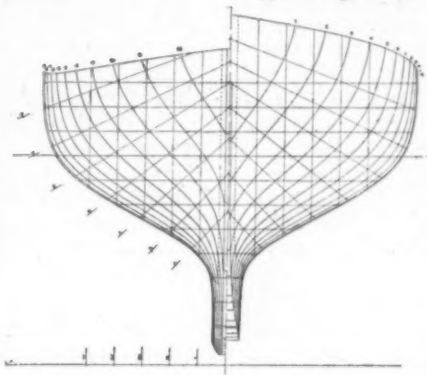


The cross sections.

greatly decreased size, the keel has been dropped somewhat, and all ballast carried outside. One refinement is noticeable, in that the rabbet both forward and aft has been faired out and not left visible, as in the original.

In speaking of *Caribe*, Mr. Rhodes says: "I want no credit for the lines in any way, though of course I had to develop the rest of the design. I hope the ghost of the late Colin Archer will look upon this perpetuation of his work as a compliment, and not as a plagiarism."

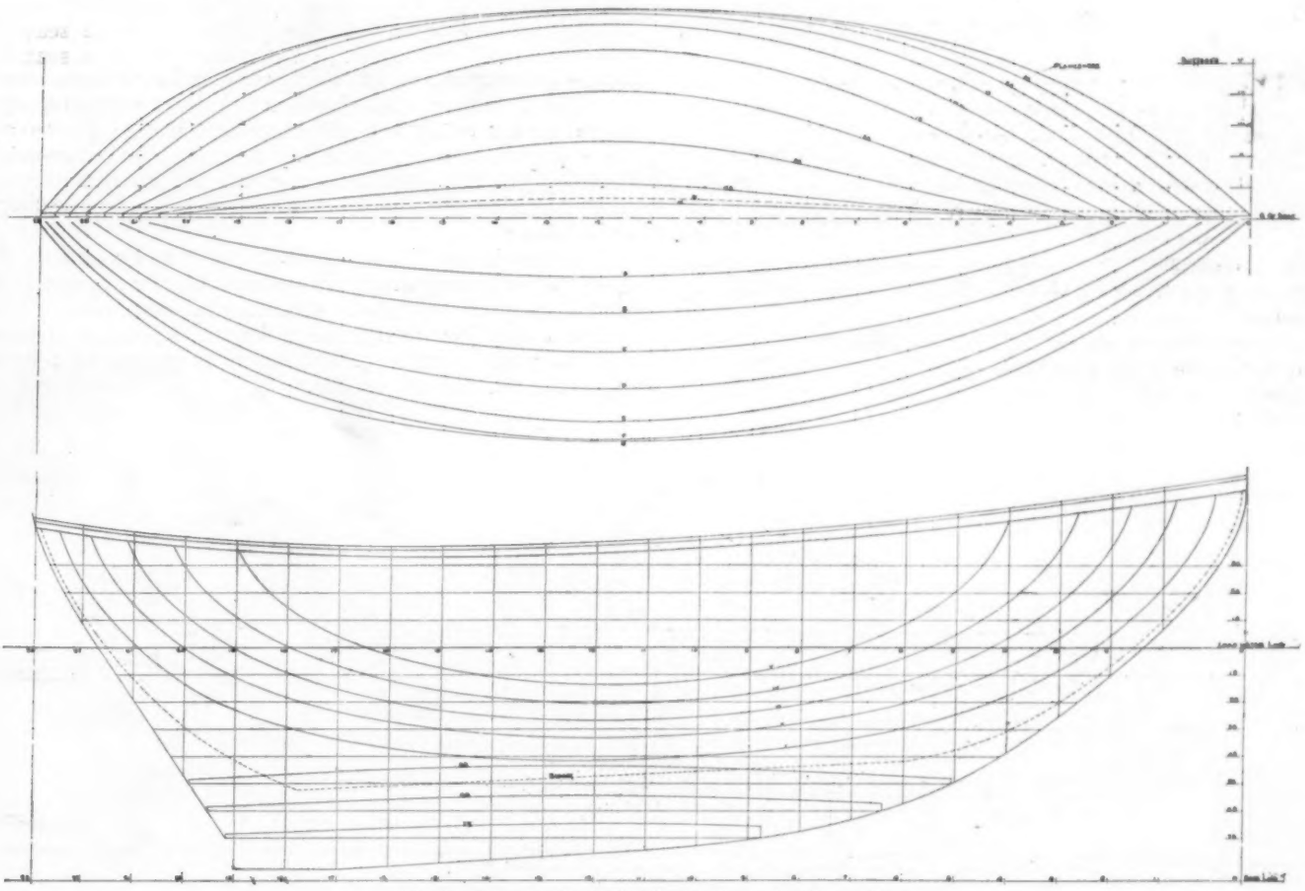
Two sail plans are shown, both being cutter rigs, with sprit topsails. The original plan shows a good sized mainsail with moderate sized topsail, while the second plan shows the mast stepped a bit farther aft, with smaller mainsail and larger topsail — a closer approach to the true cutter rig, and more desirable under certain sailing conditions. Either rig should be easy to handle at all times, and drive *Caribe* at good speed.



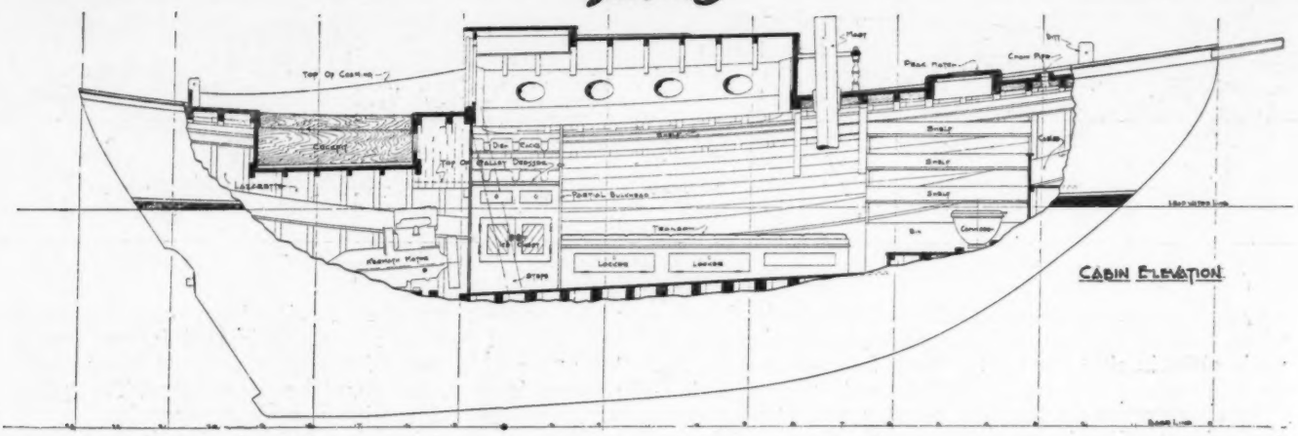
The interior has been laid out to accommodate two people with maximum comfort, no effort having been made to jam the boat full of bunks. The toilet is well forward, with a hatch over, the rest of the space forward being used for shelves, lockers, and general storage space. The galley is aft on the port side, with a wardrobe opposite.

The motor specified is a 6–8 h.p., 2 cylinder Kermath, placed well aft and out of the way, yet readily accessible. It should give a speed of 5 miles an hour or better, with very low gasoline consumption.

Various types of double ended craft have, from time to time, been developed in this country for commercial use, but few for yacht use. Of these, the Block Island boats, the Maine pinkie, and the Chesapeake Bay bugeye are perhaps the best known, and one and all made excellent reputations as being unusually seaworthy, with a fine turn of speed. *Caribe* is of the Norwegian type, which has been fully developed in the Scandinavian countries, and is there used for yachting purposes, as well as in



The lines are typical of Colin Archer's double-enders.



Inboard profile and alternate rig of *Caribe*, with the mast stepped well aft.

British waters. Its roominess, seaworthiness, and fine steering qualities make it well adapted for cruisers designed to operate in rough waters, and it would not be at all surprising to see more double-enders in American waters as their good qualities become better known.

A Fast and Comfortable 55-footer

BY permission of his client — who does not wish his name revealed at this time — Louis L. Kromholz, New York, offers for your inspection this reproduced design of a 55-foot cruiser, which represents the second boat for the same owner from the work of this architect.

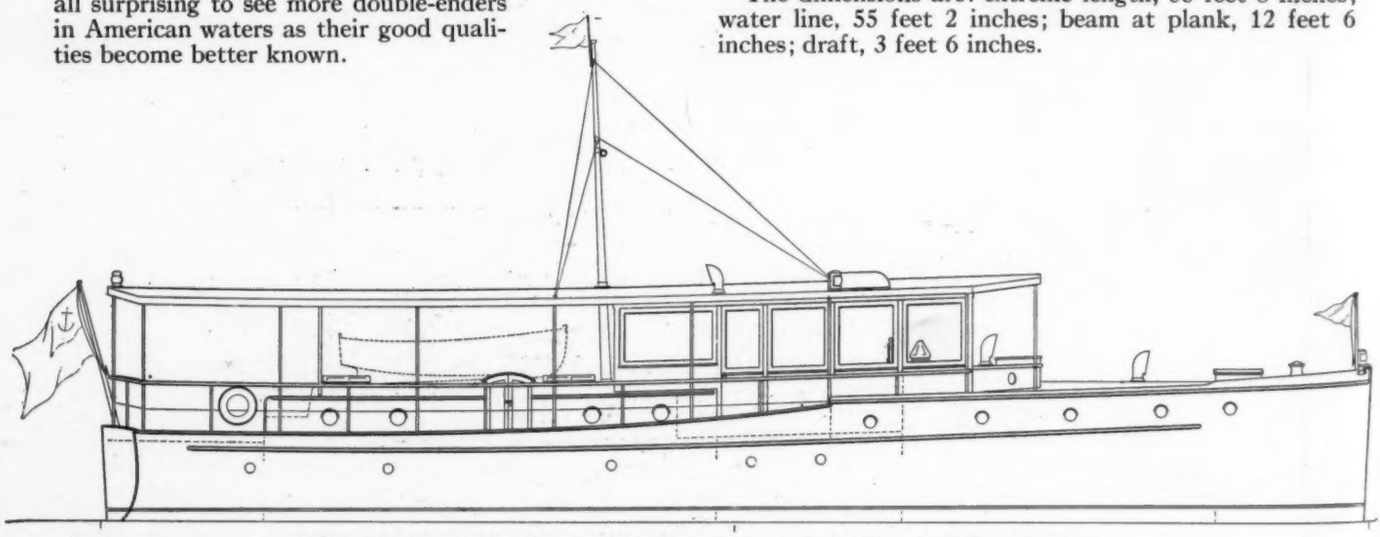
In its planning an effort was made to keep the first cost to a minimum, not by depreciating good workmanship, but rather by an elimination of non-essentials, with simplification and reduction in the amount of necessary labor, particularly in joinerwork.

The arrangement is an interpretation of the owner's requirements — which, by the way, projected into a well balanced profile criticized most favorably for its proportions — and has as its after quarters two double staterooms with single Simmons-equipped berths; these rooms being divided on the starboard by a general locker and companionway, and on the port side by the toilet room. The unusual delineation of toilet room bulkheads, (these will be made "soundproof," flanked by wardrobe bulkheads) is an arrangement entirely original with the owner.

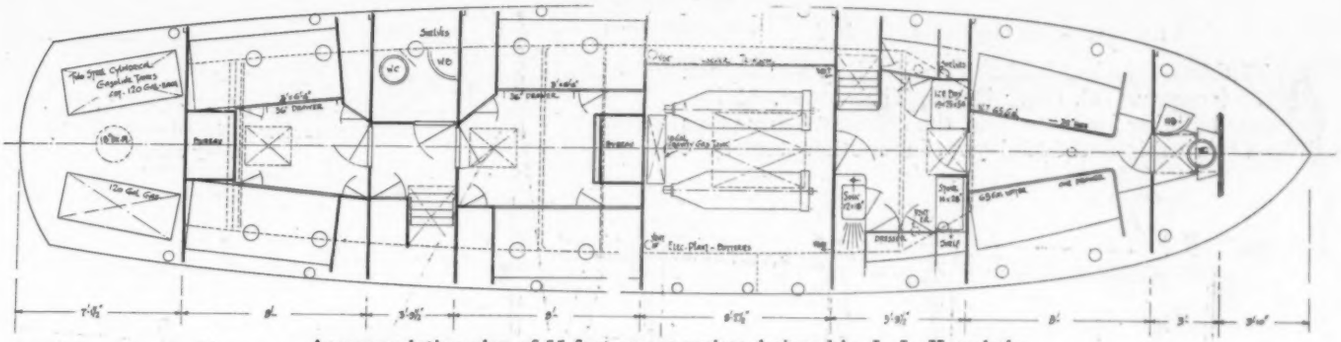
In the deckhouse dining saloon the "observation seat" placed on the cabin top increases the usable length of this compartment by about four feet, with no increase in boat length. The step directly forward of the seat is chair height, with a cushion, and will serve as a seat at the dining table.

The remainder of the plan is thought to be quite self-explanatory, except that twin medium duty engines will develop a boat speed of 14 statute miles per hour.

The dimensions are: extreme length, 55 feet 8 inches; water line, 55 feet 2 inches; beam at plank, 12 feet 6 inches; draft, 3 feet 6 inches.



Outboard profile of a handsome 55-foot power cruiser designed by Louis L. Kromholz.



Accommodation plan of 55-foot power cruiser designed by L. L. Kromholz.

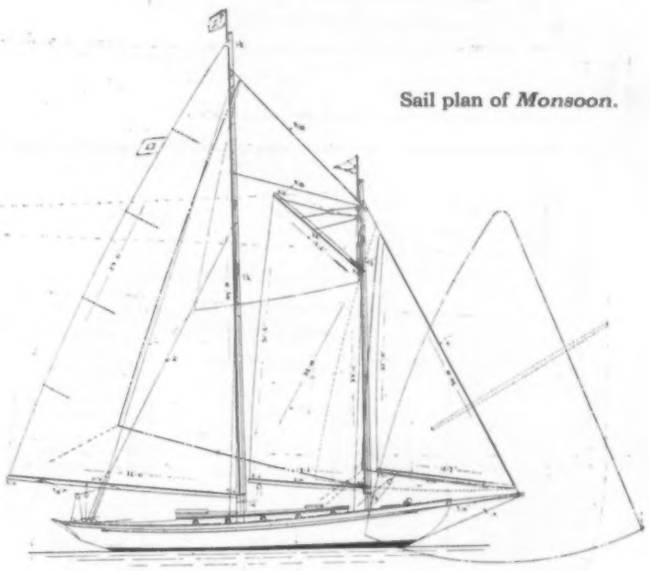
Monsoon—New, yet Famous

ANOTHER remarkable schooner from the board of Edson B. Schock, the designer of the famous *Scaramouche*, made her appearance on the Pacific Coast this summer, and proved to be even more successful than her predecessor. Besides being the champion in her class, *Monsoon* was remarkably successful in a number of long distance races, her most notable performance, perhaps, being her victory in winning the 130-mile race around Catalina and San Clemente Islands, when she not only won in her class, but defeated the entire fleet of larger craft.

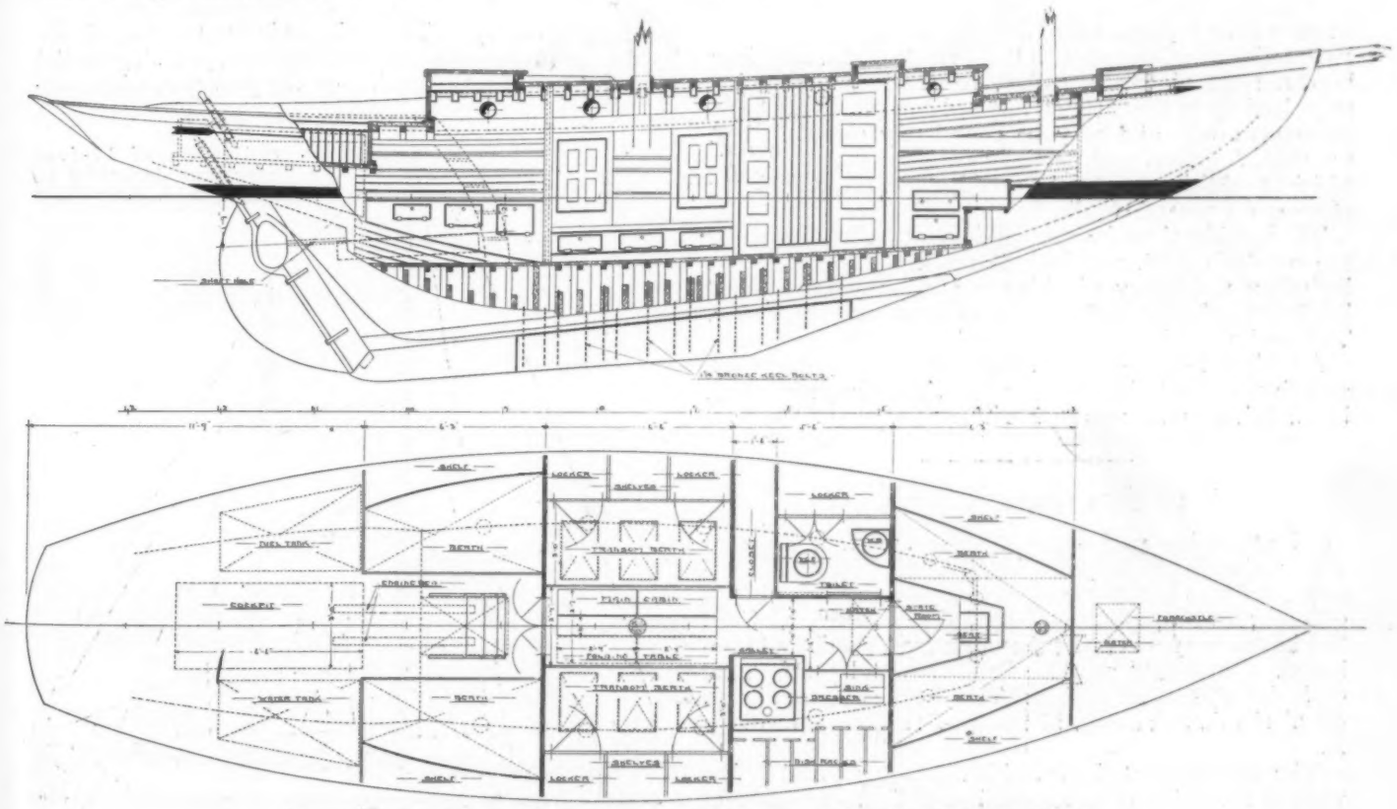
Monsoon is 44'6" overall, 32'6" water line, 12'4" beam and 6'6" draft, and was built by the Harbor Boatbuilding Co. for Messrs. Ayres and Whiffen. She carries a Marconi mainsail and regulation foresail, and has a lead keel of about 10,000 lbs. She has proven able, stiff and comfortable.

The interior layout is interesting, with a stateroom forward, followed by galley and toilet room, large main cabin, and two quarter berths. Particular pains were taken to assure ventilation throughout the boat.

A Scripps F-4 motor is installed, which drives *Monsoon* close to eight miles an hour.



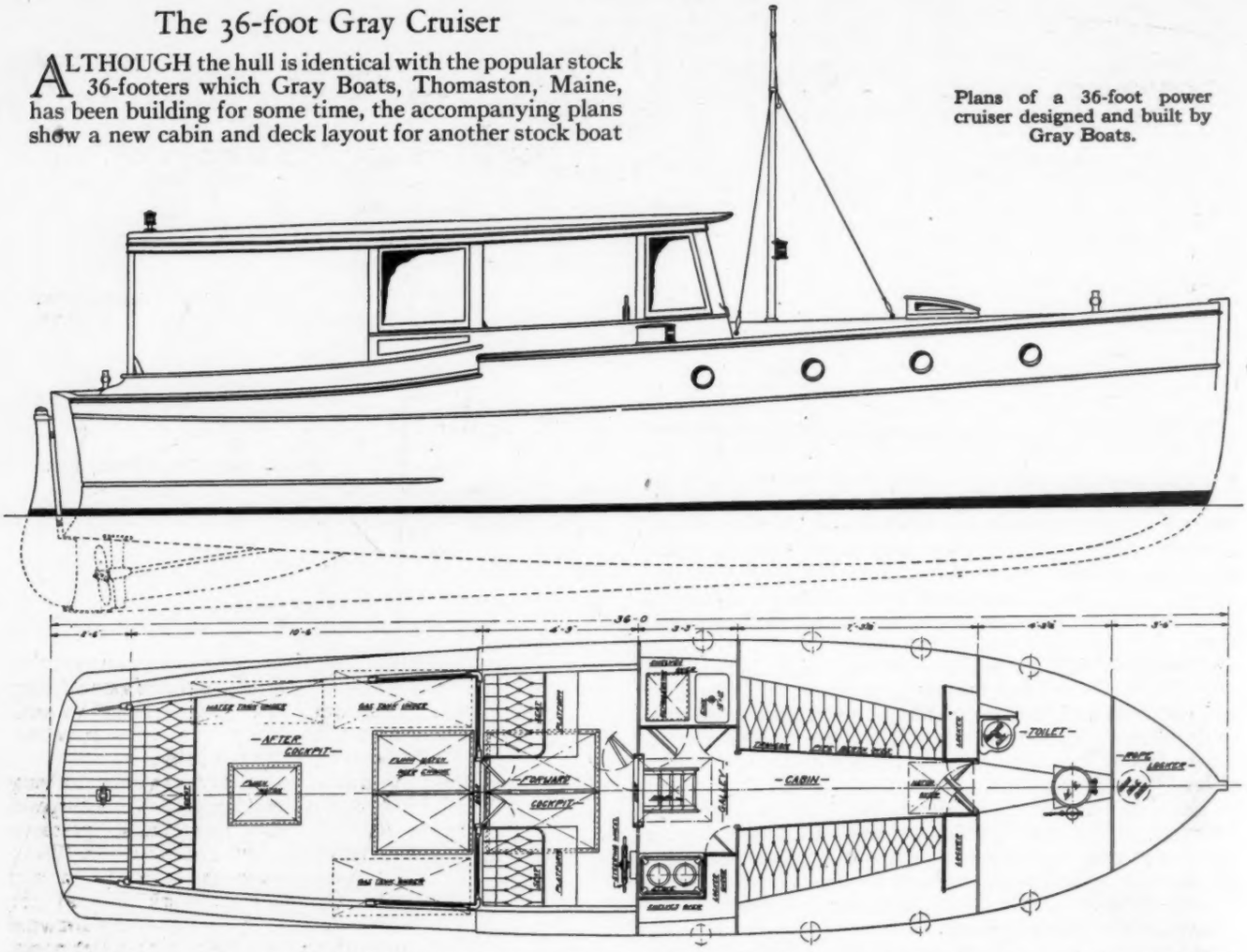
Sail plan of *Monsoon*.



Accommodation plan and inboard profile of *Monsoon*, designed by Edson B. Schock.

The 36-foot Gray Cruiser

ALTHOUGH the hull is identical with the popular stock 36-footers which Gray Boats, Thomaston, Maine, has been building for some time, the accompanying plans show a new cabin and deck layout for another stock boat



Plans of a 36-foot power cruiser designed and built by Gray Boats.

which will be known as the Gray Special 36. Forward is a large toilet room, and abaft it is the single cabin, with four berths. Next aft is the galley, from which companion steps lead up to the enclosed forward cockpit, which has a permanent top, and may be completely closed in bad weather. Another, and partially enclosed cockpit, is aft, which in addition to an athwartships seat aft, has plenty of room for several chairs.

The specifications for the Special 36 are the same as for the regular model, and include the best of everything, including mahogany planking, which may be finished bright or painted, all hardware of brass or bronze, etc. The equipment is unusually complete, and of the best.

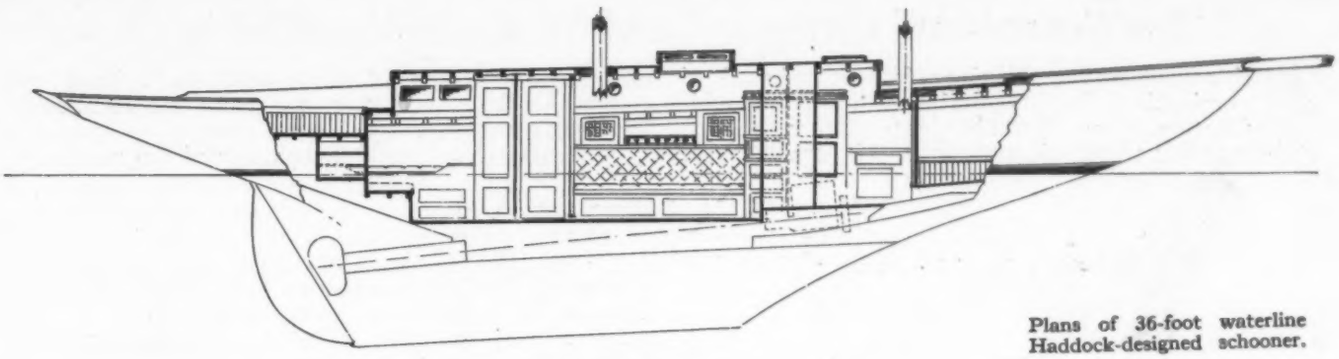
A Scripps E-6, 65-100 h.p. motor is regular equipment, and gives a speed of 15 miles an hour. The dimensions are: l.o.a., 36′; beam, 9′; draft, 2′ 9″.

A 50-foot Staysail Schooner

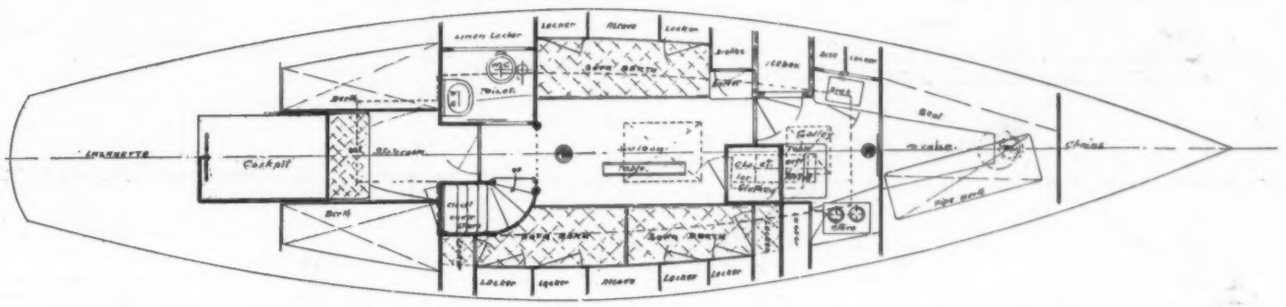
AN attractive yacht-type schooner, with a Marconi mainsail and staysails between the fore and mainmast, is shown in the accompanying plans from the board of Roger M. Haddock, naval architect, of New York City. She has an easy, sweeping sheer, moderate ends and freeboard, and should prove a fast, able and comfortable craft for all-around cruising. The dimensions are: l.o.a., 49′ 6″; l.w.l., 36′; beam, 12′; draft, 7′; sail area, 1,270 sq. ft.

The arrangement shown, with the motor boxed in forward in the galley, gives the maximum of accommodations in a boat of this type. The main cabin has three fixed sofa berths, and unusual locker and storage space. The toilet room is abaft the main cabin on the port side, with com-

Sail plan of 36-foot schooner designed by Roger M. Haddock.



Plans of 36-foot waterline Haddock-designed schooner.

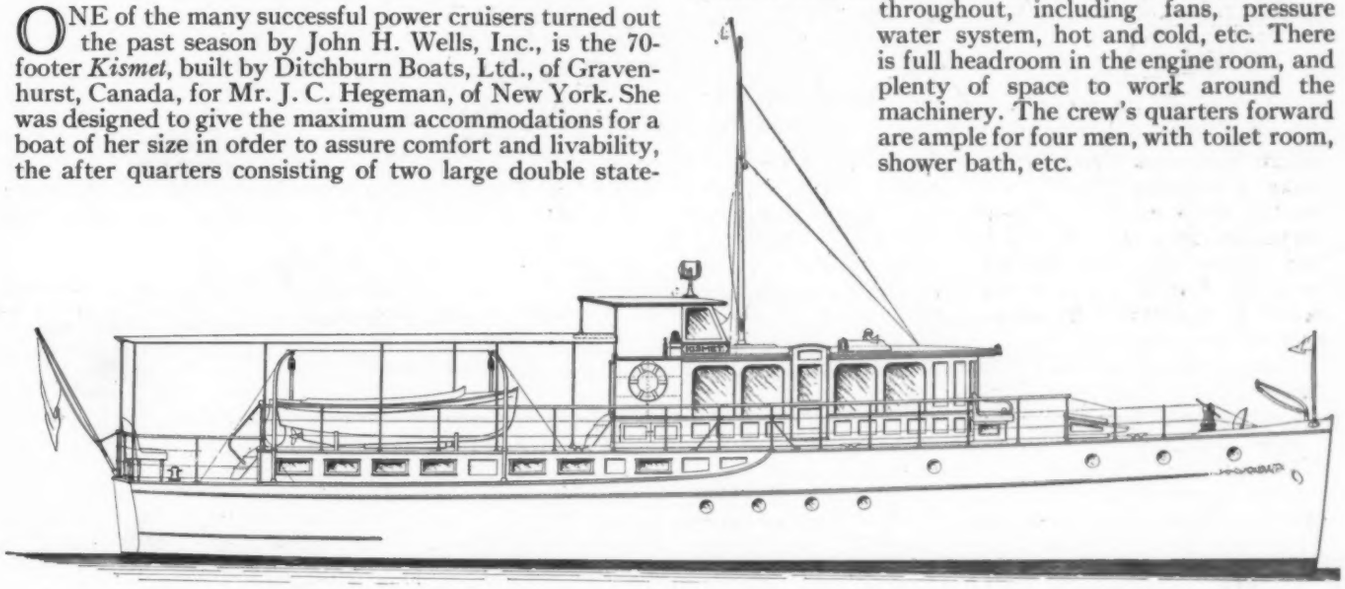


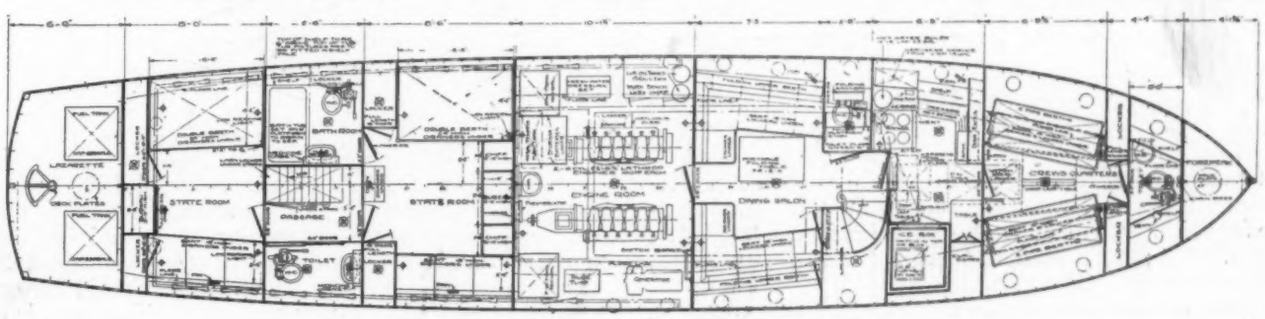
panionway opposite. A large double stateroom is well aft, a pipe berth forward, and plenty of stowage space. The forward athwartships galley is large and excellently equipped.

The 70-foot Power Cruiser *Kismet*

ONE of the many successful power cruisers turned out the past season by John H. Wells, Inc., is the 70-footer *Kismet*, built by Ditchburn Boats, Ltd., of Gravenhurst, Canada, for Mr. J. C. Hegeman, of New York. She was designed to give the maximum accommodations for a boat of her size in order to assure comfort and livability, the after quarters consisting of two large double staterooms with bath and toilet rooms between. An attractive feature is the 16-foot living room in the deckhouse, fitted with chairs, chest of drawers, and piano in the after end. Steps in the forward end lead to the dining room below, where there are four extra berths available.

Two 6-cylinder 100 h.p. Lathrop motors give a cruising speed of 13 miles an hour. *Kismet* is electrically equipped throughout, including fans, pressure water system, hot and cold, etc. There is full headroom in the engine room, and plenty of space to work around the machinery. The crew's quarters forward are ample for four men, with toilet room, shower bath, etc.





Plans of *Kismet*, a 70-footer designed by John H. Wells, Inc.

A Centerboard Cruising Yawl With Jib-Headed Rig

THE accompanying drawings from the board of Crowninshield, Burbank and Howard, naval architects of Boston, Mass., should be of interest to yachtsmen who want a fast and comfortable cruiser of the yacht type, yet capable of navigating in fairly shoal waters. The freeboard is moderate, as are the ends, while the beam is ample for stability. The dimensions are: l.o.a., 48′; l.w.l., 32′; beam, 12′6″; draft, without board, 4′; draft, with board, 8′3″; sail area, 1,190 sq. ft.

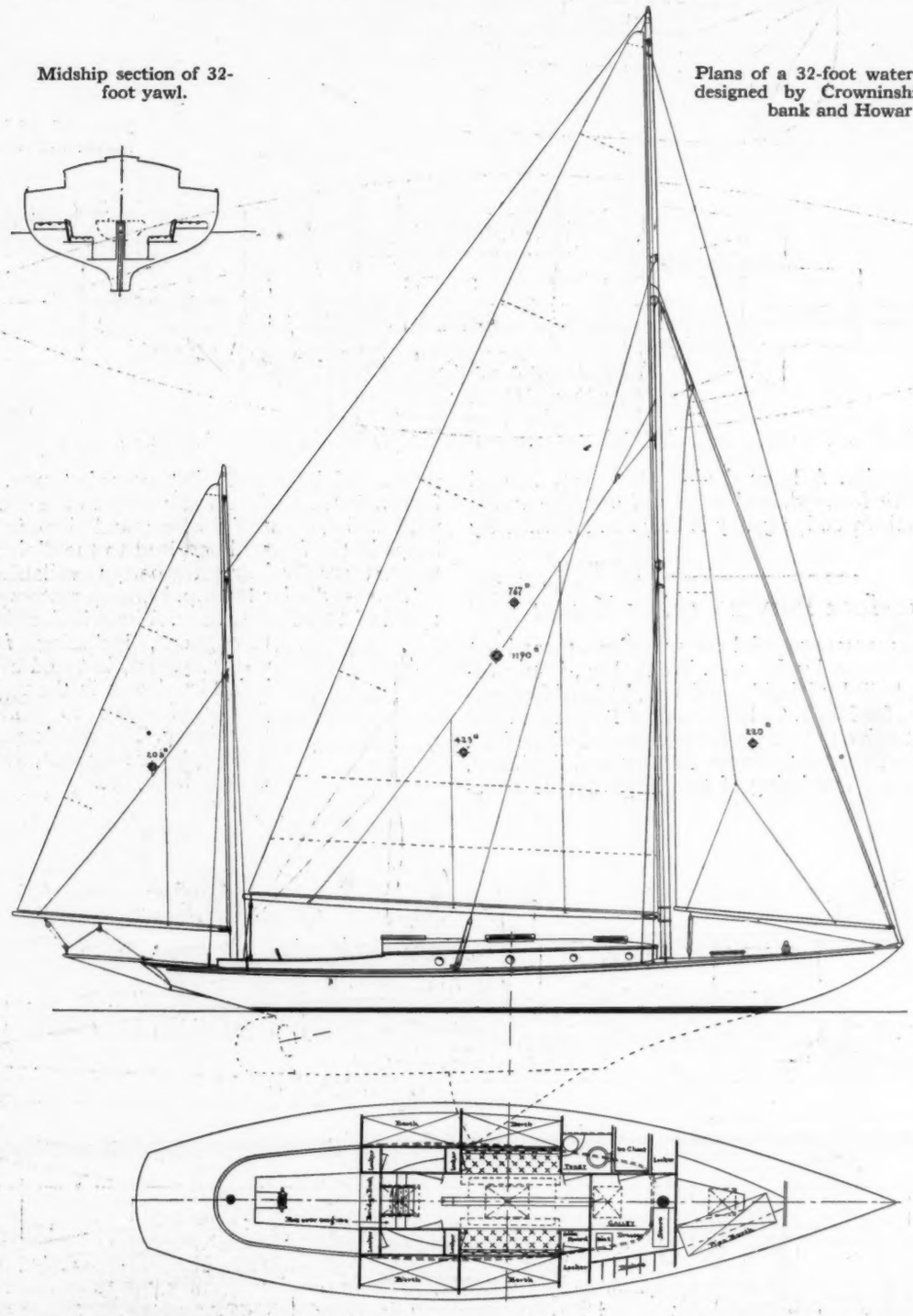
There are four fixed berths in the large main cabin, and a pipe berth in the forecastle. An enclosed toilet room is on the port side, forward of the cabin, and a large, well equipped galley is just abaft the mainmast with ample locker and storage space.

No engine is specified, though any of the modern 4-cylinder motors of moderate power should drive her at a smart clip. The motor is easily accessible from the main cabin by removing the companion steps and box over engine, or through removable panels from either side.

The jib headed rig, with no bowsprit, should be easy to handle under almost any conditions. The boat is designed to perform well without having the board down.

Midship section of 32-foot yawl.

Plans of a 32-foot water line yawl designed by Crowninshield, Burbank and Howard.

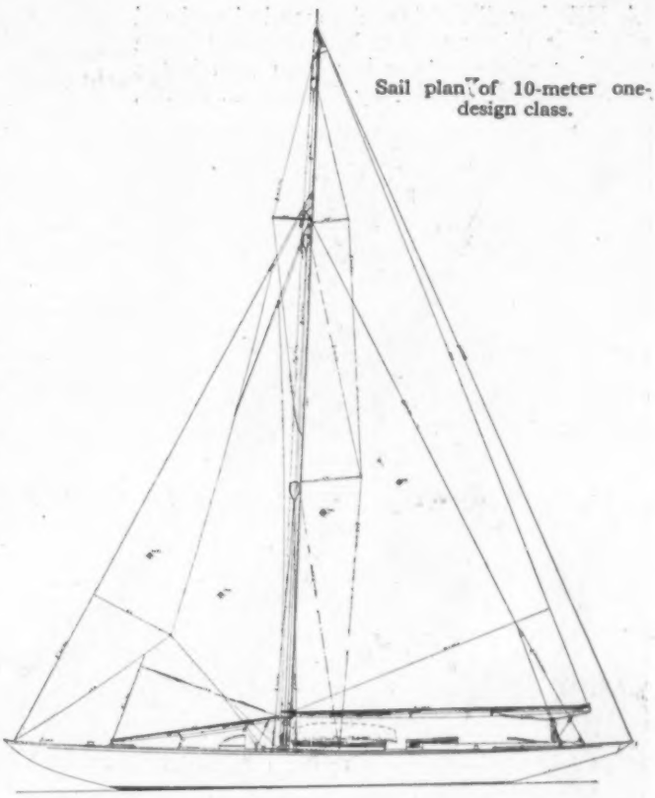


The New 10-Meter Boats Now Building for Next Season's Racing

WHAT promises to be the most talked of class of boats to be raced in this country next year is the one-design class of 10-meter boats, designed by Burgess, Rigg & Morgan for a number of Long Island Sound yachtsmen, work on which will soon be started in a foreign shipyard. These craft, the plans of which are shown on this page, are designed under the International Rule of measurement, with a few changes, such as the raising of the freeboard to give 6 feet headroom under the bridge deck between the cabin houses, and the lowering of the lead keel to offset the consequent raising of the center of gravity. The dimensions are: l.o.a., 58.85′; l.w.l., 36′; beam, extreme 10.5′; draft, 7.5′; sail area, 1402 sq. ft.

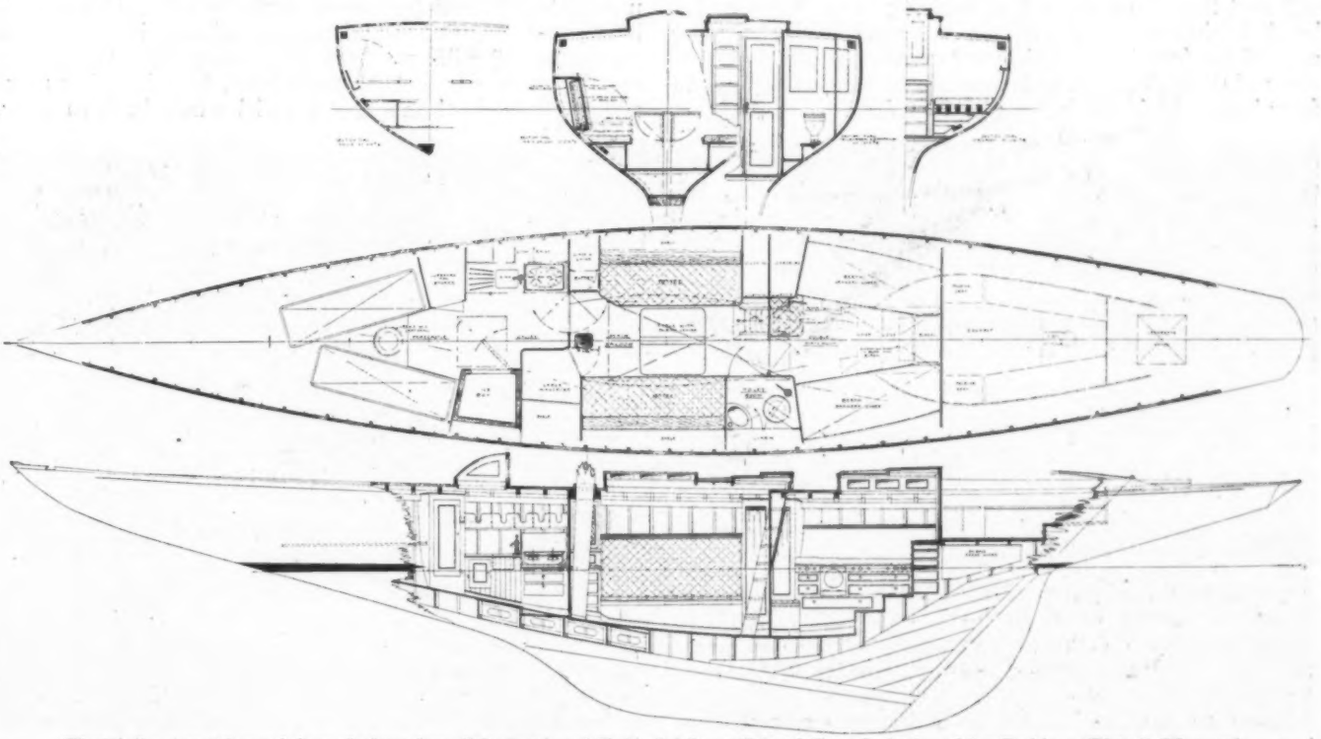
The following yachtsmen have already ordered boats, with more in the offing: Clifford D. Mallory, Philip R. Mallory, Henry L. Maxwell, Carrol Alker, Ernest G. Draper, W. A. W. Stewart, George G. Milne, and F. L. Carlisle. Lloyd's requirements will be followed in the building, which will be under Lloyd's supervision, the scantlings being somewhat heavier than customary in this country for boats of this type. The construction is composite, the main frames being steel, hot galvanized, with alternate frames of white oak. They will be single planked, of $1\frac{1}{4}$-inch mahogany, with white pine decks, finished bright.

The rig is snug and wholesome, with nothing extreme about it. The double headrig, with large forestaysail, makes it possible to work the boat in bad weather under this sail alone, a decided advantage over the single headrig, which is used on 10-meter boats abroad. The permanent preventer stay from masthead to taffrail is another help in handling.



Sail plan of 10-meter one-design class.

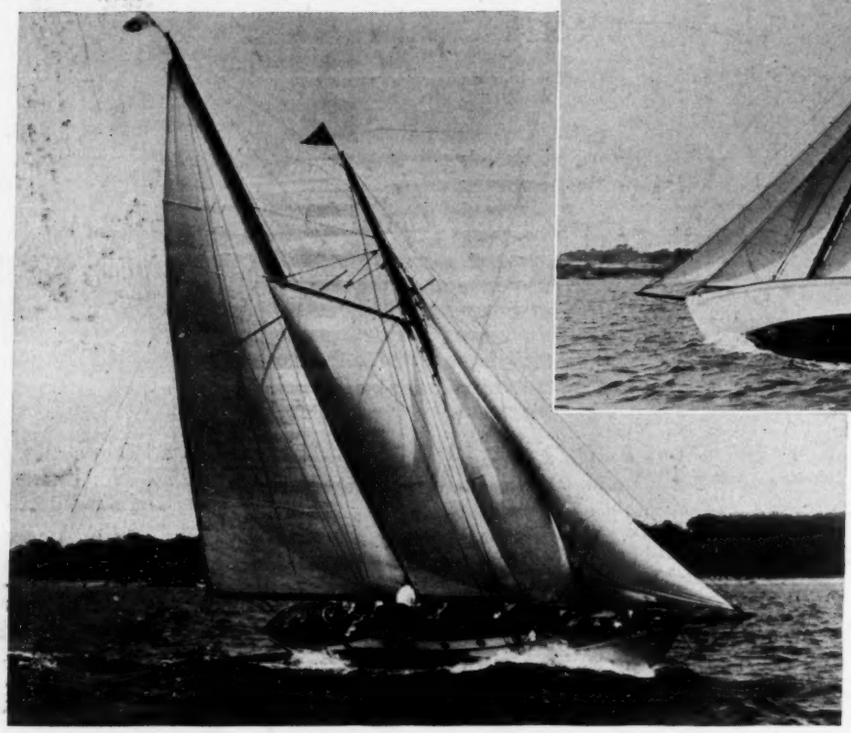
A study of the cabin plan shows that a large amount of room is well utilized. There is a good double stateroom aft, with toilet and wash basin. In the main cabin are two upholstered berths. Between the main cabin and stateroom on the port side is an enclosed toilet room, and forward on the same side is a large storage locker for suitcases, etc. The galley forward has over five feet headroom, the maximum which can be obtained on a racing boat of this size. The forecastle is large and roomy, and fitted with two berths and toilet. The cockpit arrangement is excellent for racing, with the after end raised to give the helmsman an unobstructed view.

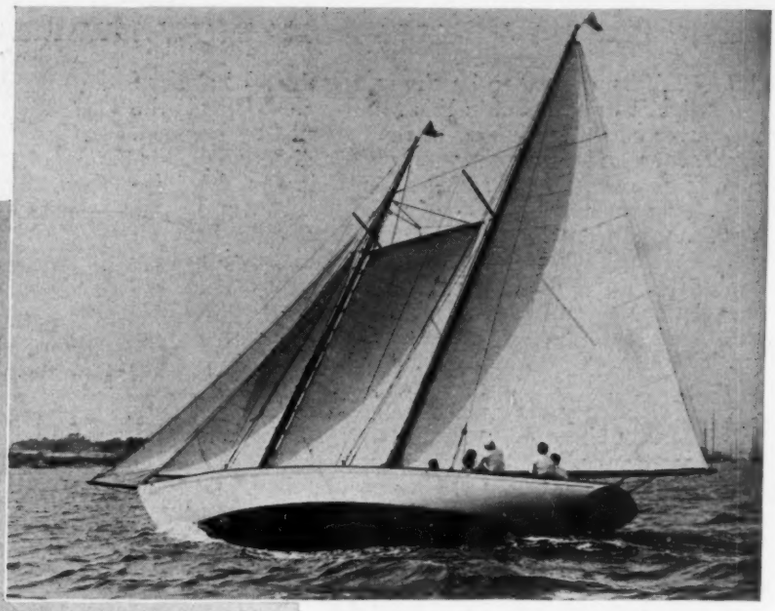


Plans of a new 10-meter one-design class, International Rule, for Long Island Sound, designed by Burgess, Rigg & Morgan.

Northern Light, a 30-foot Waterline Schooner

A NEW small cruisings chooner designed and built this year that has attracted much attention wherever she has been seen is the *Northern Light*, owned by George G. Smith, Jr., of New York and designed by C. D. Mower. Planned originally for the personal use of the designer, the yacht was sold before completion, and during the past season she has proved able, comfortable, smart under sail and has made some fast cruising runs. With a jib-headed schooner rig she is easy to handle under sail, the area of her four lowers being 942 square feet. The dimensions of the hull are: length over all, 43 feet; waterline, 30 feet; beam, 10 feet 6 inches; draft, 6 feet.



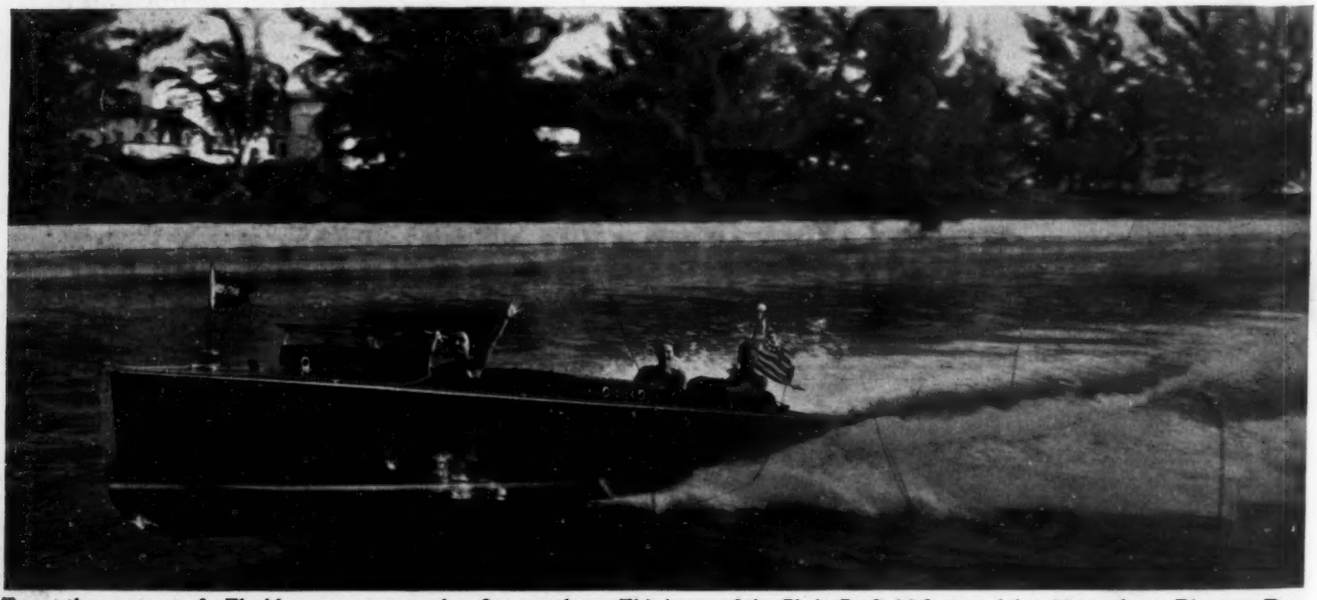


The new 30-foot water line auxiliary cruising schooner *Northern Light*, designed by C. D. Mower for George G. Smith, Jr.

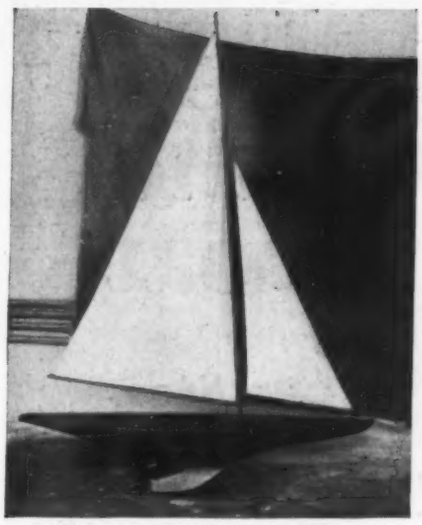
A 26-foot Chris-Craft

FOR use in the South, and particularly in the shallow waters of Florida, the fast runabout is rapidly getting the call over other types. This is largely because the waters are particularly adapted to those boats, and because speeds of 30 miles per hour and upwards are very much in demand. No one who winters on the Florida coasts is getting the most out of what Florida has to offer without a fast boat of some kind.

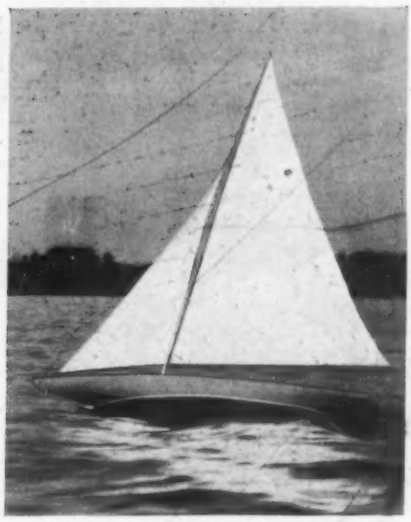
The new 26-foot Chris-Craft has achieved great popularity for this use by reason of the fact that it is a well-built, well-designed model capable of sustained speed of from 30 to 40 miles per hour, depending upon the power, and because it is a stock-built boat, thus insuring more prompt delivery than is the case with a boat built to order.



To get the most out of a Florida season one needs a fast runabout. This is one of the Chris-Craft 26-footers doing 32 m.p.h. on Biscayne Bay.



Thistle, owned by John Black.



Adieu, A. R. Brown's "R" model.

Bunny, James A. Potter, owner.

The New Class R Model Yacht Growing in Popularity

FOR several years past there has been a general feeling among model yachtsmen that there should be a class adopted by the Model Yacht Racing Association of America that would be a true scale model of our larger rating yachts. After a lengthy discussion at a meeting held in New York City, December, 1925, it was finally agreed to adopt the R Class, Universal Rule, on a scale of 1½ inches equal 1 foot. This will give a model approximately 60 inches long over all.

In adopting this class it was felt that the models that were being built and raced under Association rules were not bringing out the best in design or in sailing qualities. The Class B model of the Association was large in size, with excessive draft and sail area. With a smaller model, built to the same general restrictions as full size yachts, the expense would be much less and the convenience of handling and transporting would insure a larger number being built and better sport would be obtained than with the comparatively few "B" boats now used.

The one great advantage of adopting this R Class is that any one can select a design from among those that have been published in YACHTING, or some of the other boating publications, and build from it. This fact alone should make the class popular.

To a few of the regular Class B sailors this change did not appeal, but the sport is growing, and if the Association does not encourage the younger model yachtsmen, progress will be slow.

The Boston Model Yacht Club, which took up this new class immediately, began to build several new boats to prove that a real scale model could be built to sail, and that there was just as much sport in this class of models as there was in the Association classes. Memorial Day found three new R's ready for the start of the season's racing. In a fresh breeze these boats proved that they were to become popular. While they did not carry their sail as well as the larger boats, they showed they had good speed and were much easier to handle. One fact was clearly brought out, if we are to build models to scale we must have more than one suit of sails, or else have a reefing gear to reduce sail, as on a large yacht.

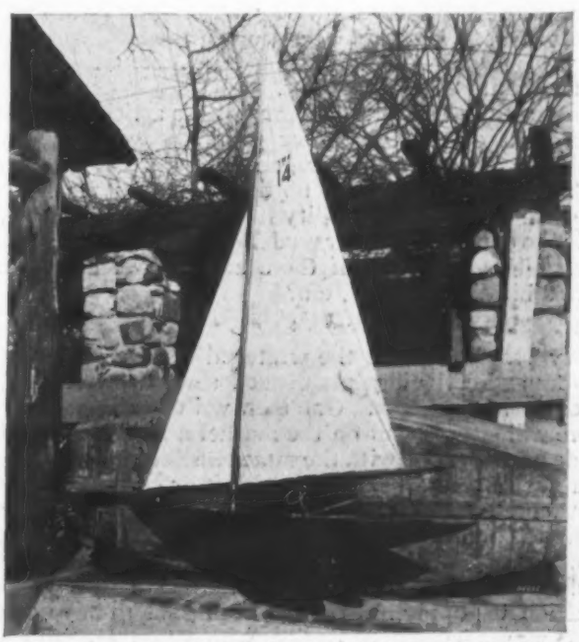
As the season advanced other models were added to the class. In all about eight boats were built. Everyone who has sailed the new models has been enthusiastic about them.

The models built by the Boston Model Yacht Club members were similar in dimensions to the local R boats, which gave a model of the following approximate dimensions: l.o.a., 60 in.; l.w.l., 37½ in.; beam, 10 in.; s.a., 1344 sq. in.; disp., 21 lbs.

There is at the present time, a marked increase in model yacht sailing throughout the country. Schoolboys are building models by the score and weekly races are being held. What is needed to increase the sport is a class of R models that will satisfy those who do not wish to build a large, cumbersome boat, and also an advanced class for junior model yachtsmen.

The accompanying pictures show the *Thistle*, owned by Com. John Black, with a short keel; the *Bunny*, owned by Vice Com. James A. Potter, and the *Adieu*, owned by A. R. Brown.

The R Class models have also been sailed in some of the other sections and clubs near Boston. The class should be encouraged.



Vanity, an English model built to the rule under which the international races at Gosport are sailed.

In the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

ADVOCATES of the centerboard boat should thank Commodore Munroe for the article which he wrote last month on the *Presto* type of centerboarder, the forerunner of Mr. Howard's *Alice*, which stirred up so much comment pro and con. After reading about what the *Presto* boats actually did, in fair weather and foul, it will behoove the keel crowd to scratch their heads and ponder a bit whether, after all, there may not be more in this shoal draft business for deep water work than they have been willing to admit.

One thing which struck me about *Presto* was her sail spread — she seemed to be swinging a lot more canvas than *Alice*. And a few days ago I got the explanation in a conversation with Wirth Munroe, the Commodore's son. It appears that Mr. Howard materially reduced the sail plan of *Alice* from what was shown on the original, which accounts for many of us sizing up *Alice* as being unable to carry enough canvas to drive her. Judging by the performance of previous boats of the same type, *Alice* could easily have carried more sail than shown in the published plans, but Mr. Howard didn't want so much sail, so he cut down the rig without mentioning the fact, so far as I know, wherefore the impression that *Alice* wasn't much better than a "50-50" cruiser.

Interesting though the Commodore's article was, I was just a bit disappointed. For though he described the evolution of the *Presto* boats, and told of their sail-carrying ability, he didn't clear up the mystery of where they got their stability — stability far greater than one would be led to expect from their moderate beam, light draft and slack bilges. I wonder if there aren't some others who were a bit disappointed, too?

* * *

My protest against the wretched quality of our present-day wire rigging has evoked several interesting, if inconclusive, answers. One man writes in and says that there will soon be put on the market a new kind of wire, made from an alloy with the same tensile strength as steel, and guaranteed for life against rust or corrosion. It will cost more than ordinary rigging. So far, I haven't heard from the manufacturer of the new stuff. Another man blows in with the dope that it *is* possible to get the real stuff, of excellent quality, and that he'll soon be in a position to supply it. Still another claims to have talked to a manufacturer, or dealer, who says there isn't any good rigging made these days, as the manufacturers no longer use the proper grade of wrought iron from which the steel strands are made. Still another man claims that good rigging could be made if each strand of wire were galvanized separately, and so on.

Well, so far I haven't heard from any manufacturer or individual as to just where I can go in order to procure wire rigging guaranteed for a reasonable time against rust and corrosion. The man who can produce such rigging should be in a fine position to reap a nice profit if he'll just let the yachting world know about it.

* * *

Further experiments with the "brushing lacquer," about which I wrote some time ago, prove that it makes an excellent racing bottom for small craft. One of the Sound interclubs had her underbody covered with it in midseason, the application being made right over green racing paint of a popular brand. The resulting surface was as smooth, hard, and glossy as anything I have ever seen. After one week, there was no sign of fouling. After two weeks, a brown scum appeared, which instantly disappeared when a long-handled brush was used from a tender alongside. The same operation produced a clean, slippery hard bottom the third week, after which the boat was hauled out and given a rubdown. The same brushing treatment was kept up weekly until the close of the season, some four weeks after the rubdown. When the boat was finally hauled out, I examined the bottom carefully. The lacquer had held firmly all over — no chipping, peeling, cracking, or checking. And the surface was just as hard and glossy as when the lacquer was first applied.

I am still dubious as to its lasting qualities above water, as the one test I made didn't show up so well. But under water, it certainly is fine. For a racing bottom on small craft, which can be easily scrubbed every week, I believe it is unequalled. Beyond that — well, further tests will have to be made before I would be willing to venture an opinion one way or another.

* * *

As there will be no Bermuda Race in 1927, and as the ocean racing devotees are sure to set up a howl for some sort of a long distance contest, I'm going to reiterate the suggestion for a race over a course which I suggested some two years ago — start somewhere in Long Island Sound, to and around Montauk Point, down the coast to

(*Continued on page 127*)

Books for the Yachtsman's Library

The Cruise of Diablesse

By Frederic A. Fenger,
Yachting, Inc., 1926

IT is not often that the ability of a first-class sailorman and a delightful chronicler of things nautical are combined in the same person. Happily for those interested in the sea and the adventure still to be found on it under sail, Frederic A. Fenger, who has just brought out *The Cruise of Diablesse*, combines these qualities to a high degree. Seldom has a story of a long cruise in a small boat held more of interest for sailors; never has one been better told.

The readers of YACHTING have, during the year 1925, seen a portion of this cruise in the magazine, in some articles describing certain parts of the long voyage to the West Indies and the islands off the Venezuelan Coast. But that series at best only touched the high spots of the adventure. In the book just published the whole story of the voyage of twenty months, from the buying of *Diablesse* and her outfitting for the trip to the time her anchor splashed in home waters once more, is told. Sailing for most of the time short-handed, with only the skipper, his wife (an able mate), and one other hand aboard, they worked the little schooner over 7,000 miles of sea and visited many ports and islands of which little is known to the cruising man.

There is an introduction by Winfield M. Thompson. As an appreciation of what Fenger did in *Diablesse*, his introducer says:

"Fenger did more than cruise: he lived a life of high adventure in his three-and-a-half years on *Diablesse*, with the gracious companion of his wanderings whom he introduces to us as The Mate — years that are chronicled in those days afloat, with intensity, and a downright belief in what he was doing, which is inseparable from any work that is destined to influence the imagination of others.

"The cruise of the *Diablesse* is first-class narrative — human, moving, rollicking in turn; but it is more than that to the lovers of boats and the sea, for in its lines is the sum of experience that answers many questions for the ship's husband. In this connection the chapter descriptive of the careening of *Diablesse* at Grenada — an ancient process of which most yachting men know nothing beyond the suggestions of old prints and musty voyages — is to be specially commended. One need not read far in this intriguing book to discover that Fenger is a dissenter. He is also an inveterate jester, employing his jokes as an edge to satire, usually directed toward some stodgy, respectable convention."

It is a book every yachtsman will want to read — and to keep in his library.

H. L. S.

The Yacht "Alice"

By Henry Howard, Alice Sturtevant Howard and
Katharine Howard

Chas. E. Lauriat Co. 1926

READERS of YACHTING are familiar with the ketch *Alice*, which precipitated such a lengthy discussion relative to the merits of shoal draft yachts for seagoing purposes. *The Yacht Alice* is a book which not only gives a history of the designing, planning and building of Mr. Howard's craft, but describes at length two cruises which she took. The book is really in three parts, the first being by Mr. Howard, in which is described the planning, building and equipping of the boat, with many detail plans and complete specifications. The cruise from New York to Miami is delightfully described by Alice Sturtevant Howard, and the West Indies cruise by Katharine Howard.

Mr. Howard's contribution will be of interest particularly to those who crave knowledge on the design of shoal draft craft, and of the hundreds of details connected with the construction and equipment of a cruising yacht. The two cruises depict the wanderings of *Alice* to the southward, in waters of more than passing interest. The cruise stories naturally reflect the views of the ladies, and besides being decidedly interesting on this account, are enthusiastic and well written contributions sure to be appreciated by anyone interested in cruising or travel.

Yacht Cruising

By Claud Worth, Third Edition
(Yachting, Inc., 1926)

IN the third edition of *Yacht Cruising*, now brought out in America by Yachting, Inc., Claud Worth has collected more information of value to yachtsmen than can be found in any other volume. Not only this, but it is also a delightful account of the many cruises made by this foremost of cruising yachtsmen — voyages that took him both north and south from the British Isles and embraced the whole Atlantic coast of Europe. Several of the author's yachts are from his own design, and in them went the accumulated experience of years of open water cruising. He was thus able to get the desired qualities in his later boats which could be had in no other way. The result of this experience, and the plans of many of the yachts he owned or had built, are to be found in this book. In summing up what was necessary for the ideal small cruiser, when building the *Tern III* he says:

"The qualities sought in designing a vessel which may be at sea for days or even weeks at a time were — easy motion, so that the crew may not be unduly tired and may be able to get regular meals. She must be able to lie-to safely and certainly in bad weather. She must run safely and steadily before any sea in which it is reasonable for a good vessel to run at all. She must be as fast as is compatible with these qualities, especially to windward, for it is hateful to be hung up by head winds. She must be handy and easily managed by a very small crew. She must be very strongly built of durable materials. She must have good accommodation and ample room for stores and gear. And she must be a good-looking vessel, for, as an Irish yachtsman once remarked, 'An ugly yacht is no more attractive than an ugly woman, however fast she may be.'"

Other chapters of especial value to the seagoing yachtsman are: Seaworthiness; The Management of Yachts in Bad Weather; Sails and Rigs; Ground Tackle; Single Handed Cruising, and the like. The technical matter has again been carefully revised and several additions made to the third edition, which make it a book that no one who wants the most authoritative data possible can be without.

H. L. S.

Letters and Correspondence

Says Cap Stan to Cap Dingle

THERE is no one who will doubt Captain Dingle's knowledge of seamanship, and boats — we all know his record, which is bullet-proof. And I enjoyed reading his little article on "Happenings" in the last issue — they are the reflections of a seasoned seagoer. But I can't work up much enthusiasm over the Captain's idea of a self-steering boat. He opines that there are few real cruising craft which cannot be trimmed to steer themselves. Admitted. Continuing, he denies emphatically that it is *not* exceptional for a boat to hold her course untended. I heartily disagree with this statement, for the simple reason that I have very, very seldom seen cruising boats go about their business with no one at the helm; and what is more, I have very, very seldom seen this "happening" mentioned in the many cruise stories I have read, nor have I heard it mentioned but a few times in discussing steering with many cruising men.

The Captain's experience with his old sloop *Gauntlet* would seem to prove that he had what is my idea of a real self-steerer. But his description of his "Manila Mike" on his schooner *Gauntlet* causes me considerable grief. To quote the Captain: "It took several months to get the hang of her. . . . Not always will she make her best course and speed . . . she may want a half point, or perhaps a full point of freeing in order to steer at all and move." He later on gives instructions on how to fiddle and fool with sheets and "Manila Mike" until you finally get your ship to steer herself unaided, haltingly, perhaps, and a point or so off the course. In other words, you may get somewhere, some day.

I'll agree with the Captain to the extent of admitting that his method will work — providing you are satisfied with the results, which I am not. Frankly, I don't consider that Captain Dingle has a self-steering schooner. I have taken a sloop, flattened the jib and eased the main, and she went along by herself — after a fashion — wobbling, uncertain, and slow. I have made a balky yawl hold a course, of sorts — by flattening the jib and easing out the mizzen sheet. But that isn't self-steering, in the true sense of the word. As Fred Fenger described it to me in a recent letter, "I want a boat which fairly *yearns* to sail along with no one to guide her." Righto, Fritz! That's my idea, too! Just put her on her course, with sails trimmed for real efficiency, lash the helm, and let her go about her business — on the proper course, not a point off — and reeling off the knots as per usual, not wabbling along at half speed.

It can be done, Captain. For I once owned a boat that would do it. With sails trimmed for efficient sailing — no monkeying whatever with sheets — she would sail to windward like a witch. Or she would sail on a beam reach. Or she'd sail on a quartering reach, too. And — though you may doubt it, it's true — she'd sail dead before it, wing and wing, until a heaving sea, or a contrary puff of wind, caused one of the sails to jibe, when she had to be put back on her course again, wing and wing.

Others have had this experience, too — but they are few and far between. But, like the Captain, they don't know just why — and neither do I, despite the fact that the investigation of self-steering qualities of boats has been a hobby of mine for upwards of four years. I even built a boat which I fondly hoped would be a self-steerer — but she wasn't, unless I adopted the captain's methods for getting results. Some day, perhaps, I'll buy, build, beg, steal, or otherwise procure my idea of a self-steering cruiser — and I'll invite the Captain out to take a demonstration. Perhaps it will help him to get my viewpoint.

CAP STAN.

What the Hurricane Did to Coconut Grove

THE following letter from Commodore R. M. Munroe of Coconut Grove, Florida, has come to us telling of conditions during the recent Florida hurricane of September. As it is interesting to see what a 130-mile wind can do, it is printed here.

Our house stood the gale in that, aside from the wire screens in the front upper piazza, four panes of glass, two-thirds of the gutters, a few ridge roll tile, and quite a number from the eaves, there was no other actual damage to the building. The attic remained dry but the two floors below were flooded with salt and rain water, equal parts, but we managed to protect the furniture and pictures fairly well, and the library was all right.

A wind of at least 110 miles to 130 miles in gusts blew the horizontally flying water through every crevice and half way across a room. Hitherto our piazzas have usually fairly protected us from such attack, but this time, nix. Our glass fell to 28.10, but 27.75 is claimed by many.

Now comes the tale of woe: But one palm tree shows little signs of the disturbance. The *Phoenix Canariensis*. Nearly every other tree and palm is stripped completely of foliage and fully fifty per cent. are blown down or broken off. Not a house on the waterfront but what was completely destroyed; by waterfront is meant the low land. All the filled lands were from four to six feet under water. The water line here was just up to the Tranzipani tree or the old well.

As the last of the wind was about S.S.W., all the wreckage was distributed northeasterly along shore and is piled up in an inextricable mass, which after a week's work with four men to reach the main road in a car, we are now slowly mining into, to salvage what we can of necessary tools and household goods.

Melody rode out the gale with a damaged foremast caused by the chain of a drifting craft being picked up by *Melody's* bowsprit which carried away her jib stay and then sawed into the mast, and then in some way got clear. *Sunset* parted all her fasts, went over the new bulkhead and fetched up in front of the old Peacock Inn grounds. With quite a patch of port bilge to make good, she is apparently uninjured. My pier, built low for such blows, didn't lose a splinter. It's the only one standing on the Bay south of Miami.

Upwards of 400 craft are listed as stranded as far south as Point View, just below the Miami River. From there to Cutler there are fully a hundred more, and so it goes.

I could write of the various incidents, but it would fill a book. While securing a fair amount of my tools, which are in most cases practically ruined, I've lost my fifty years' collection of valuable, and of course some useless, material.

Have been trying to hear about *Ion* [Dr. L. H. Baekeland's cruiser] from Tracey but have not succeeded yet. I hear that *Alice*, at Pilkington's, is uninjured, though the buildings suffered.

The draft war goes merrily on, so it seems. Fortunately I mailed a bunch of MS. to YACHTING the evening before the gale, which I presume reached them. *Presto's* model and sail plan were lost with the others in the boathouse, but I have her mid-section and sail areas and have salvaged some of the best of the models from the wreckage.

R. M. MUNROE

Takes up the Cudgels for Shallow Draft and an Open Mind

CAPT. STAN:

You old water-logged salt, warp yourself out from the lee of your long boat and take a squint at the horizon — belay your musty yarns for a watch or two and look the Seven Seas over, there may be much to write in your log.

Now, Capt. Stan, first let me tell you I would not own a centerboard yacht. Next, my *Alice* is a deep keel boat and she does not possess an engine. I wouldn't have an engine aboard — I hate engines from their smell to the vagary of their starting — so we are agreed as to what we like. But, you old salt wreck, Captain Henry Howard may be right in his shallow draft contentions — I believe he is, for mountainous seas and hurricanes met with in ocean cruising. Personally, I prefer to keep away from such cruisings and keep my keel yacht, rather than cruise on the Seven Seas and own such a yacht as his *Alice*.

You refer to the venturesome voyages of Capt. Voss, the complete "turn turtle" of his keel boat, and the immediate righting of same. Suppose, Stan, Capt. Howard's *Alice* had met the same storm, do you think she would have "turned turtle"? Was it not the keel itself that turned Voss's yacht turtle? It could not "slide" ahead or go to leeward with the wave. She probably got the wave on the beam and had to stay right there and take its full force. Was not this very keel the basic cause of Capt. Voss's summersault? I admit, if not too badly broken, the keel boat would right itself.

But why arrange to take chances of "turning turtle" or "nose diving" if shallow draft will avoid them?

The Japanese use a sampan for typhoons and such zephyrs — the shallowest draft and heaviest built boats I have ever seen. Look them up, Stan, you dear old Sea Dog, and be more merciful to opinions of us youngsters. I owned a fine centerboarder 50 years ago, and now you couldn't get me back into one — my purposes and cruising grounds suit a keel boat. But a shallow draft may have its good points. Open up your caulked old mind and think it over again — here's a pint o'grog to warm the cockles of your old sun-baked heart.

STUART D. LANSING.

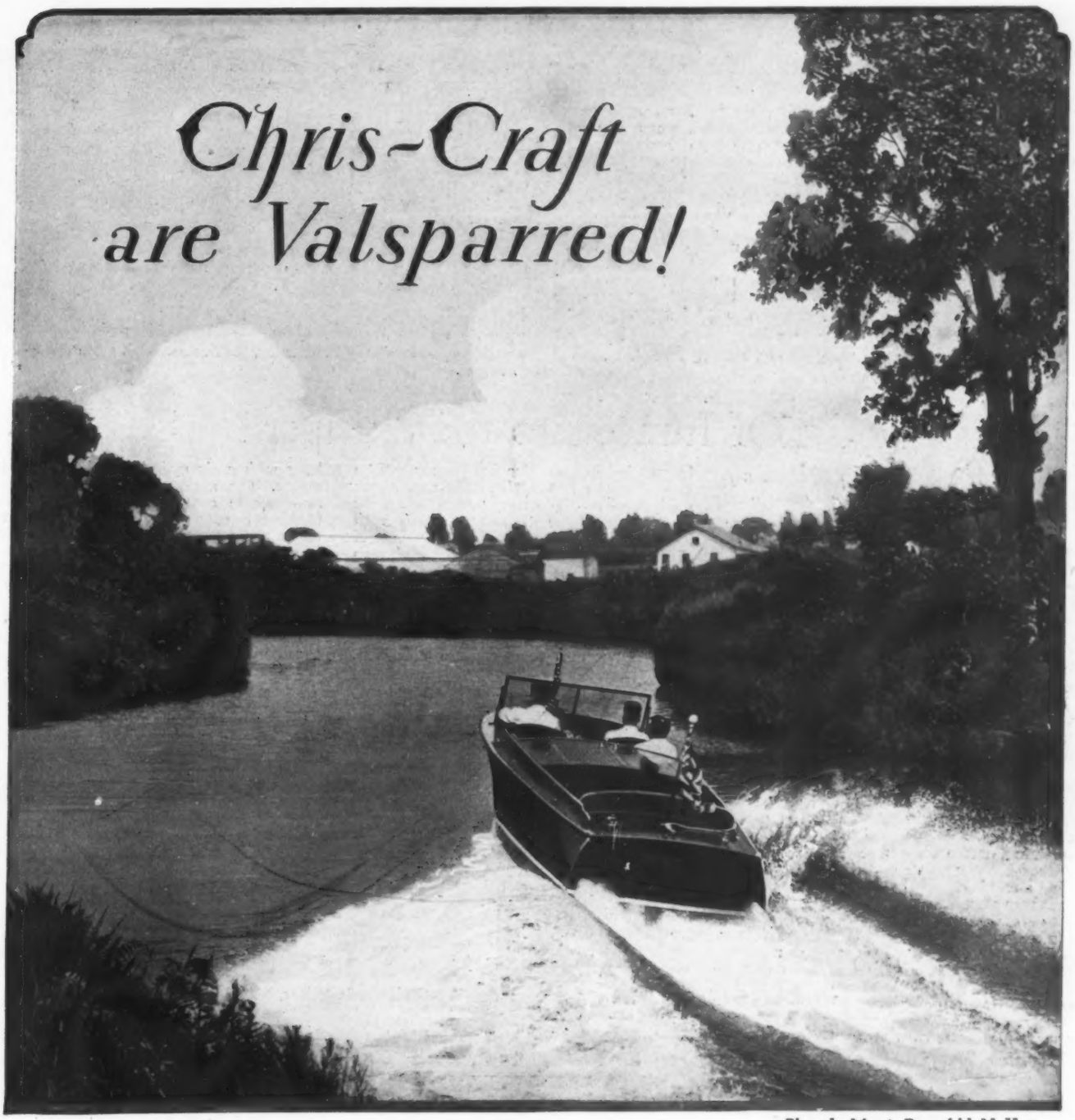


Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, N. Y.

SWIFT, practical runabouts — thrilling to drive, comfortable to ride in and a pleasure to look upon—such are Chris-Craft!

Their sleek, all-mahogany hulls glisten and shine in the sunlight. And small wonder, for they boast a rich, lustrous finish of Valspar.

From long experience in building champions, Chris Smith knows Valspar. He knows that Valspar is the one Varnish that will give thorough protection from water, weather and vibration, from gasoline, oil and grease. He knows that Valspar alone, meets *all* of the exacting demands of marine service.

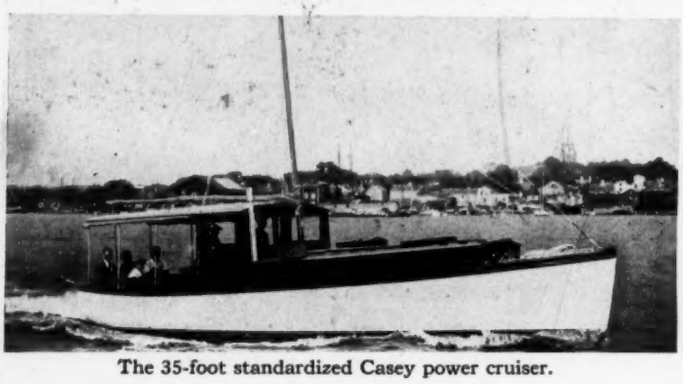
VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

An 18½-foot fast runabout designed and built by Hacker-Fermann, Inc., and owned by Percy F. Chaplin, of London. With a Scripps F-4 she reels off 27 m.p.h.

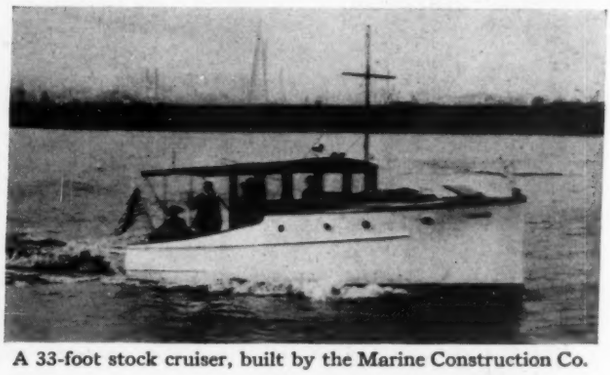
Of Interest to the Skipper

English Yachtsman Chooses American Boat and Motor

THAT American boats and engines are thoroughly appreciated abroad is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Percy F. Chaplin, of London, has recently had built on this side of the pond a snappy tender, powered with an American motor. The photograph at the top of the page shows the little craft on her trial trip. She was designed and built by the Hacker Boat Co., and powered with a Scripps F-4 motor, easily reels off 27 miles an hour. While only 18′ 6″ long and 5′ 6″ beam, she has a 3-passenger forward cockpit and a 5-passenger after cockpit.



The 35-foot standardized Casey power cruiser.



A 33-foot stock cruiser, built by the Marine Construction Co.

New Red Wing Four

So great has been the success of their 4½ x 6 BB-SIX cylinder Red Wing Thorobred motor this season that the Red Wing Motor Co., of Red Wing, Minn., decided some time ago to bring out this engine in four cylinders also. The new motor will be known as the BB-FOUR. It is now about ready, and will be shown at the New York Motor Boat Show in January, along with its counterpart, the BB-SIX, and the rest of the Thorobred line from 7 to 150 h.p. Orders are being taken for delivery the first of the year.

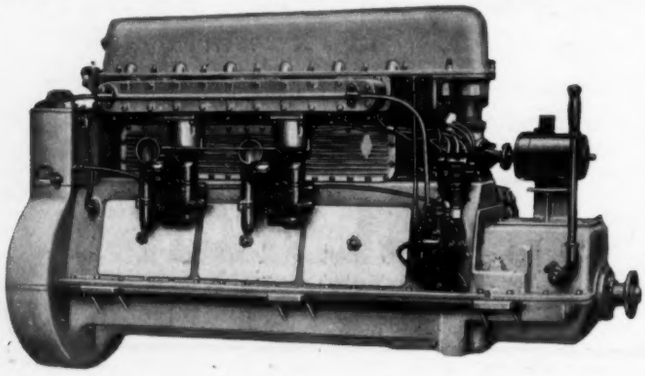
Two types of the model will be made — medium duty, with cast iron base, and high speed, with Saltax aluminum base, the latter being impervious to salt water corrosion. Both types will be substantially built and conform to the usual high standards always associated with Red Wing products.

A Snappy Stock Cruiser

The accompanying illustration shows an attractive standardized cruiser of the raised deck type built by the Marine Construction Co., of Wilmington, Delaware, now in full production. She is 33′ over all, 8′ beam and 2′ 6″ draft, and makes close to 15 miles an hour with a six cylinder 65 h.p. Kermath motor. The main cabin amidships sleeps four people comfortably, and the galley forward is roomy and well arranged. Between the cabin and galley is a toilet room on the port side, and two large lockers to starboard. The cockpit is 12 feet long, making the boat well adapted to day trips. The motor is installed under the cockpit floor, leaving cabin floor and cockpit clear. The materials and construction are first class throughout, and the equipment unusually complete.

An Attractive Casey Cruiser

The accompanying photograph shows one of the new 35-foot standardized power cruisers turned out by the Casey Boat Building Co., of Fairhaven, Mass. She is substantially built and carries about two tons of ballast, yet makes 11 miles an hour with a 35 h.p. Kermath motor.



The new 6-cylinder 150 h.p. Kermath motor for fast runabout service. These engines are being used in the new Chris-Craft runabouts now in production.

New 150 h.p. Kermath Motor

Having for some time felt the need of a motor for use in fast runabout use, the Kermath Mfg. Co., of Detroit, are now in full production on their new 6 cylinder 150 h.p. engine, after having spent nearly eight months of consistent effort and experimental work towards perfecting the new piece of machinery. The development of this 150 h.p. motor is a distinct step forward in marine motor design, as it embodies features which have long since passed the experimental stage, but have not heretofore been adopted as standard practice in marine installation until now, except on very high priced motors.

The accompanying view of the motor shows the clean, substantial appearance and

(*Continued on page 127*)

A More Impressive Standard of Excellence

MANY of the wealthiest men in this country have discriminated in favor of Chris-Craft. They selected Chris-Craft above all others for very definite reasons. Chris-Craft assures absolutely reliable engine performance, a perfect obedience to throttle and wheel, a beauty and luxuriousness of appearance tempered by judicious design and a speed of 40 miles an hour. With these attributes, Chris-Craft imposes an almost irresistible obligation to buy. The new model now available for immediate delivery has set a new and more impressive standard of superiority and excellence.

Inspect the Chris-Craft on display in our New York Show Rooms, 393 Seventh Avenue, opposite the Pennsylvania station.

Chris-Craft

Chris Smith & Sons Boat Co.

ALGONAC, MICHIGAN

Rainbow III
Designed and built by Consolidated for Mr. R. P. Joy of Detroit, Mich., and is powered with two 180 h.p. Speedway Engines

TO THE grace and beauty of line, and the charm and comfort of the interior arrangement, is added, in Consolidated built boats, the wonderful dependability of Speedway Engines, built to meet the grueling grind of the long cruise.

Write for descriptive booklet containing interesting information, not only on Speedway Engines, but on Consolidated built boats, from the celebrated Play Boat to a sea-going yacht.

Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation
Morris Heights New York

Seafaring in Clippers

(*Continued from page 37*)

for it and found it to be a dead whale. Fast to it, bow and stern, was the hull of a small brig. Both masts, jibboom and bowsprit were gone. We hove-to and lowered a boat. There were six men on board the brig. They told us they were sailing with a fair wind and all sails set two nights before. It was very dark and they had run into the dead whale. The impact had carried away everything and the wreakage of the masts had fallen onto the whale and held them to it. Fortunately no one was hurt, although the watch below had been buried in the forecastle for some hours. They had cleared away the wreck and made fast to their destroyer. Three men had gone to the Falklands for help. They wanted nothing from us.

More dreaded by the sailing-ship master than a gale and a lee shore is fog. To be going along at five, ten, or fifteen knots and not to be able to see ahead is as nerve racking as the young husband's wait for the announcement of his first born. She may come through all right and then again she may not. It is a matter of life, with death hanging in the balance. It is the unusual man who can still his imagination from dwelling in either case upon what may be ahead, what can happen.

Many persons, if they have crossed the sea, will have experienced fog. They will recall the tremor that comes with the first blast of the siren. Those anxious moments when the engines, slowed down, stopped altogether, and perhaps reversed. If you are in your bunk you lie with eyes open and ears straining for some reassuring sound. The hoarse voice grows louder, more insistent, more questioning; then from somewhere, it seems almost just outside the portlight of your cabin, comes the answering call. Your ship forges slowly ahead again; that danger, sensed or seen or heard by the officers on the bridge, has passed. But the siren blasts a warning all through the night. Or perhaps it is daytime and you are on deck looking into the grey wall surrounding the ship when the action indicated above takes place. It is an uncanny feeling. High winds at sea are often exhilarating. Fogs never. Damp. Dismal. Disagreeable. Dangerous — ugh! And the sailing vessel cannot slow down, stop, or reverse. I know one captain who carried all the sail he could in a fog. His theory was that there was greater safety to his vessel in speed. If he hit anything his would be the mailed fist; if a glancing blow his vessel would clear quicker and be sooner under control, and the more speed he had the quicker his ship would answer her helm and avoid a collision, if the object was sighted in time. The theory is right. The practice may be questioned.

Many years ago I was senior apprentice in a ship outward bound for Australia. We were off the Eddystone Light, staggering down channel in half a gale from the northeast. The night was murky and dark. The lookout could not see a hundred yards ahead. Yet we carried all sail except the royals. About midnight we ran into a Swedish bark laden with salt. Our speed carried us through to the further side of her main hatchway, and over her. She sank at once, although her main shrouds caught in our oaken cathead and held her from going to the bottom as she did, like a stone, when the cathead snapped off and released her. There were eight men on board. We saved six with our boats, and as our cutwater was bent, jibboom and fore to'gallantmast carried away, we put into Plymouth to refit.

Another time the tables were almost turned. We were crossing the Bay of Biscay. It was blowing hard. A nasty sea running. Starlight above, but a low lying mist over the water. Suddenly out of the vapor loomed a big ship bearing right upon us. But she saw us. We heard orders given. The rattle of blocks and running gear, the slatting of her great sails, the creak of her yards. She missed us

STUFFING BOXES — STERN BEARINGS

Dependable Fittings That Have Proved Their Worth

Fig. 865

Fig. 8651

STUFFING BOXES

865 regular. Sizes ½ inch to 2 inches. 8651 Heavy, furnished plain or babbitted. ¾ in. to 2 inches. Both solid bronze.

ONE set of dependable bearings is worth a dozen of the untried variety. No risks can be taken with the vital parts of the power transmission and the recognized quality of these Wilcox fittings account for their wide use among designers and builders of sound judgment. You make a real investment in buying high grade bronze stuffing boxes and bearings where dependability is measured in years of proved performance. Used in all good power boats just as any of the 1001 well made Wilcox products.

Fig. 864

Fig. 8641

STERN BEARINGS

864, regular, in sizes ½ to 2 inches. Solid bronze. 8641, heavy, with two fastenings, plain or babbitted. ¾ to 2 inches. Solid bronze.

Fig. 8652

Heavy stuffing box, rectangular flange, four fastenings, plain or babbitted. Sizes 1 inch to 2 inches. Solid bronze.

A book you should have

"Sea Craft Suggestions and Supplies" a useful handbook with 294 pages of facts interesting to boatmen. Gives hints on steering gear; proper ground tackle for mooring or cruising; correct use of flags. Tells how to box compass; how to make knots, splices, bends, etc. Illustrates Wilcox line of Marine Hardware, shows uses. Sent only on receipt of 50c.

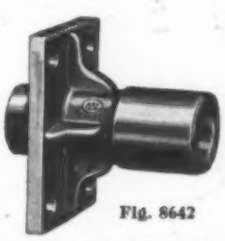


Fig. 8642

Heavy stern bearing, rectangular flange, four fastenings, plain or babbitted. 1 inch to 2 inches. Solid bronze.

Buy Wilcox Fittings at your dealer, or ask us for his address

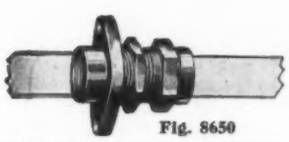


Fig. 8650

THREADED STUFFING BOXES

For pipe connection. Sizes, ⅝ inch to 2 inches. Solid bronze.

WILCOX

Marine Hardware

Standard for 80 years

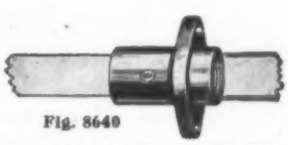


Fig. 8640

THREADED STERN BEARING

For pipe connection. Sizes ⅝ in. to 2 inches. Solid bronze.

WILCOX, CRITTENDEN & CO., Inc., Established 1847

10 South Main Street, Middletown, Conn., U. S. A.

Kilowatts Afloat

WHETHER whim or search of romance charts the course, take along the same electrical comforts and convenience, you enjoy at home. Of course, they will be Westinghouse. Just as Westinghouse appliances are chosen for the finest homes in many lands, so aboard the finest yachts you see the familiar trade-mark, in galley and cabin, saloon and deck—everywhere, on appliances that bring comfort and convenience far out of proportion to their small cost.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company
East Pittsburgh Pennsylvania
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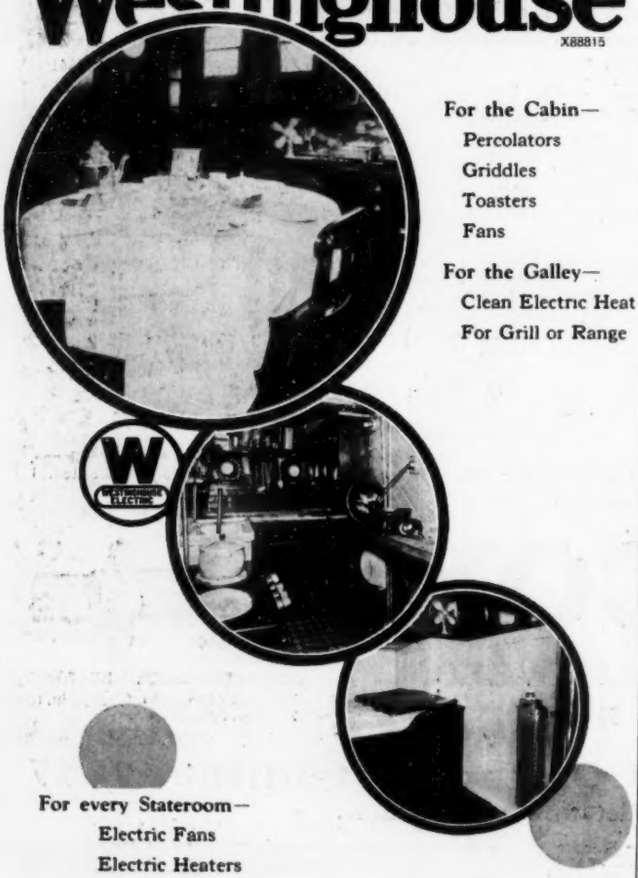

For the Cabin—
Percolators
Griddles
Toasters
Fans

For the Galley—
Clean Electric Heat
For Grill or Range

For every Stateroom—
Electric Fans
Electric Heaters

by 50 feet, and a voice roared to us from her quarter deck, "It's all right, sir." She was a Yankee. We knew that by her cotton canvas. European nations had hempen sails. They have a yellowish tinge. Cotton sails are white.

No sailor will admit there is more danger in a seafaring life than in any shore career. Full of hardships and privations, yes, but danger, no. He simply does not think about it in its relation to himself. It is a life full of charm. The spirit of adventure, the romance of the sea in story and song, takes a boy to sea. A sheer love of the life keeps him there. In a sailing vessel there is never ending variety of wind, weather, sky and sea — and always work. For the watch on deck there are repairs to be made to sails and rigging, painting, holystoning decks, and cleaning brightwork, sennit and mat making, and odd-jobbing of all sorts. It is a poor officer who cannot find something for the crew to do.

The apprentices and midshipmen — the ships I was on carried both, the former being bound for four years at a premium of 200 dollars for the term, while the others paid a premium for each voyage, 300, 250, 200 and 150 dollars respectively, and in addition 50 dollars a voyage mess money — all lived together in a house on deck, came from the same social strata on shore and were treated the same on board, the only difference being that one or two midshipmen were invited to dine in the main saloon with the officers and passengers on Sunday in fair weather, which they cordially disliked doing. Why? Because they had to dress up, which included an extra wash and a clean shirt, and they did not feel at home.

To the boy and young man there is a fascination about seafaring in a sailing ship. As one gets older it may pall somewhat, and the old sailor often would quit if he could. But unless he has saved a competence — and the money of the average sailor burns his pocket when he reaches port and inclines him to a spendthrift tendency — he cannot. He has learned to discipline himself and others, to exercise quick judgment in matters pertaining to his career, to obey orders unquestioningly, to face death calmly. But no one seems to have use for such capability on shore. No; he is rarely fit for anything but seafaring. Yet sailors of the old clipper days were men, every inch of them.

Along Papeete's Waterfront

(*Continued from page 35*)

abruptly inland and abandons us. But this little beach is a pleasant place to rest. Not much of a beach, but there are burau trees which give very pleasant shade.

A number of canoes are drawn up out of the water. There is a bench under one of the trees. A bunch of small children are bathing and playing in the shallow water. They're just like little water rats. They duck and splash one another and shriek with laughter as only Tahitian children can. They jump around on the stony bottom on feet as tough as a whale's back. The sun glistens on their wet, sinewy, brown little bodies. Here's something well worth any good waterfronter's attention.

Suddenly we become aware that the shouting has stopped. The children have gone. We sit up with a start and look about us. The sun is high and it's hot even in the shade of the burau trees. We're hungry. Must be noontime, at least. We get up, blink our eyes and shake the ants from our clothing. We've been asleep. How long doesn't matter. It's *déjeuner* time, anyway; our tummy tells us that. It's been a pleasant morning. As pleasant as any good waterfronter could wish for. And then there's the afternoon and evening yet to be lived — and oh, yes — that party down at the schooner from the Paumotus, with good Aorai beer. And then there's tomorrow and the day after. But that's too far away to think of. Looking beyond tonight's party is rather difficult. Being a waterfronter is not such a bad life at that.

Hackercraft

Worthy of Its Name

Mr. E. F. Strong, General Sales Manager of the Buick Motor Company, enjoys speed on the water as well as on land. The picture below shows his Hacker-Dolphin "PEP", doing a job eagerly with evidently plenty of speed in reserve.

The Servant of Your Water-Pleasures

Increase the pleasure of your southern season by having Hackercraft at your instant command; either the DOLPHIN seating 10 people or the BABY DOLPHIN seating eight.

Nowhere else can your boat-dollar buy as much genuine beauty, sea worthiness, reliability, safety, comfort and economy; for these are the cardinal principles of Hackercraft. You will find them at any moment eager to leap to your command either at idling speed or with the dash of a racer, in salt water or fresh, even when the going is rough. Yet they are so simply operated that a woman or child can pilot them safely anywhere.

Anticipating your desires, we have a few of them ready for immediate delivery. If you want Dolphin hours on the water this winter, write us for full details at once.

Baby Dolphin, 22 ft. long, $2590 — $3095
Standard Dolphin, 26 ft. long, $3900 — $4625

HACKER and FERMANN

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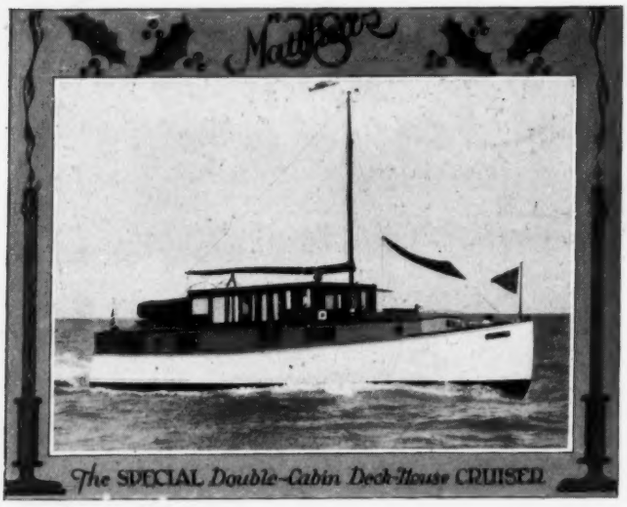
6300 E. Jefferson Ave.

INCORPORATED
Detroit, Michigan



A CHRISTMAS GIFT *to the family that will be an* EVERLASTING REMINDER *of your* THOUGHTFULNESS

A MATTHEWS "38" as a Christmas present to the family suggested itself to two thoughtful purchasers last year and the idea is so unique and yet so commendable that we pass the thought on to you.

What could be more acceptable? What could bring greater happiness and health giving recreation to those whose well being concerns you most?

Matthews "38"s are sturdily constructed, seaworthy cruisers. Their ability in heavy seas has been proven to the entire satisfaction of many of their owners. Matthews "38"s weigh from 16,000 to 18,000 pounds.

Comforts and conveniences are provided for parties of from four to nine on extended cruises. The one-man control and practicability of design and arrangement eliminates the necessity of anybody aboard outside of your own party.

A very large production program on Matthews "38"s, each year, guarantees a perfection in construction and detailed finish which is highly improbable of attainment on boats of individual order and permits of a price approximately 35 per cent lower.

A trip through our plant would convince you of the many superior features of Matthews "38"s and we cordially invite you to call at your convenience. In any case, have a talk with our nearest distributor of Sales and Service.

Within our five models there is a Matthews "38" for every cruising requirement. Send for illustrated descriptive literature.

THE MATTHEWS COMPANY

Designers and Builders of Boats of Distinction — Since 1890

PORT CLINTON OHIO

SALES *and* SERVICE

New York Show Rooms — 50 West 17th St., New York City

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W. V. Masson — 421 Munsey Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

Boston Show Rooms — Walter H. Moreton Corp. — 1045 Commonwealth Ave., Boston and 42 Franklin St., Providence, R. I.

Stephen F. Murphy — Alexander Bldg., San Francisco

Seaboard Ship Brokerage Corp. — 212 S. Olive St., West Palm Beach, Fla.

From Newport to Falmouth in Primrose IV

(*Continued from page 42*)

tionally easy hove-to, even during the worst, and Ames reported no alarming "whip" up the shrouds. The occasional crash of a comber coming aboard would make us sit up, but they were rare.

Heaving to under double reefed mains'l and jumbo worked out all right, but did not prove as satisfactory as reefed fores'l alone. She rode as easily and pointed as well under the former sail, possibly a little better, but it was much harder on the gear.

Evening saw us logging between 7 and 8 under our shortened sail, pumping between 70 and 80 every two hours, but with rising barometer and promises of fine weather to cheer our souls. The night orders sound a note always acceptable: "If breeze and sea moderate sufficiently, put the fores'l on her when the 2 A.M. relief comes on."

Thursday, July 8th. At 1 A.M. our log notes "Wind WNW, 4. Barometer 30.13. Overcast and cool, sea flattening rapidly."

Nowhere is it easier to be led astray as to changing conditions than at sea. If you have had calm weather and wind and the sea starts to get up, you soon think the wind strong and the seas heavy, when, in all probability, you have a moderate breeze and a sea which, from the bridge of a steamer, would appear smooth. When *vice versa*, after being tossed about in a storm, any change for the better is magnified both by your desires and by contrast. However, there was no doubt but that things were "mod'ratin'." By sunrise it had "mod'rated consid'rable," and all plain sail was set, although we still left the reefs in the mains'l; these, too, came out before 8 bells, and by 10 o'clock there was only a light breeze and the sea appeared almost benign.

We had been running on the port tack, with the wind WNW, but shortly before noon the wind died out, backed into the SW and we jibed over and stood along on the starboard tack once more.

Noon position: Lat. 44-25 N., long. 27-32 W., course 107°. Dist. 109 miles.

Considering that we had been hove-to for several hours and had been favored with light breezes all morning, we had no complaint on the run.

Had it not been for the cook our run would have been less. While hove-to we had been watching the weather and sea for a chance to get going again, but had not decided conditions were ripe, when a tremendous racket broke out in the galley and a blue cloud of good old-fashioned Billingsgate whirled up through the hatch. I dashed below to see what was up, to find both cabins full of smoke and the galley invisible in the cloud. Eventually, I made out the doctor, thrashing around and wiping his streaming eyes. I located him first without difficulty by sound.

"What's the matter, Doc?"

"Oh, I can't start the damned fire. Every time I get the thing started a puff comes down the stack and puts it out."

I stuck my head up through the hatch, glad to get a breath of air, decided it was worth while to take a chance for the sake of a hot meal, and we squared away again on our course, immediately giving the galley stove a draft that threatened to lift the lids. The man at the wheel watched the still breaking waves with some apprehension, got an occasional ducking when a vicious one climbed over the counter, and bailed the cockpit pretty steadily with his free hand. But she took it well, and raced along under reefed mains'l and jumbo, while the log sang a tune of "Eight knots, eight knots, eight knots!"

(*To be concluded*)

Scripps

— and Now Gar Wood

GAR WOOD, INC.
BOATS AND ENGINES
DETROIT U. S. A.

November 1, 1926

Scripps Motor Company
City

Gentlemen:

We wish to advise that we are in receipt of the confirmation of our order #7955 for 150 H. P. Model G-6 Scripps engines and trust that you will be able to fill this order as scheduled.

While on this subject we wish to advise that we have decided on the Scripps motor for our twenty-six foot standard WOODCRAFT runabout after due consideration of every other make now on the market. We have selected your engine owing to your financial status and also the exceedingly good service that has been reported from these engines. We also feel that your engine can be classed along with the quality of a Gar Wood boat.

Trusting the above will be of interest to you, we are

Very truly yours,
GAR WOOD, INC.
J. S. Smith
General Manager

WSS-JB

THE decision of Gar Wood Inc. to embark on a program of real quantity production of a high class runabout is just another evidence of the growth and popularity of motor boating. With thoroughness and foresight the selection of power equipment demanded a dependable source of supply coupled with a product of unquestioned quality.

¶ The choice of SCRIPPS is particularly gratifying and an endorsement of the highest nature, because no organization has had wider experience in the development of high speed craft and power plants than Gar Wood Inc.

¶ Among the best boat builders the SCRIPPS stands first in popularity. It is appreciated most by those who know it best.

¶ *There is a complete line ranging from 10 to 150 h.p., 2- to 6-cylinder. All with a single standard of excellence — the highest attainable.*

SCRIPPS MOTOR COMPANY

5833 Lincoln Avenue ... **Detroit, Michigan**

Model G6
150 Horsepower
$2000

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Other Sizes
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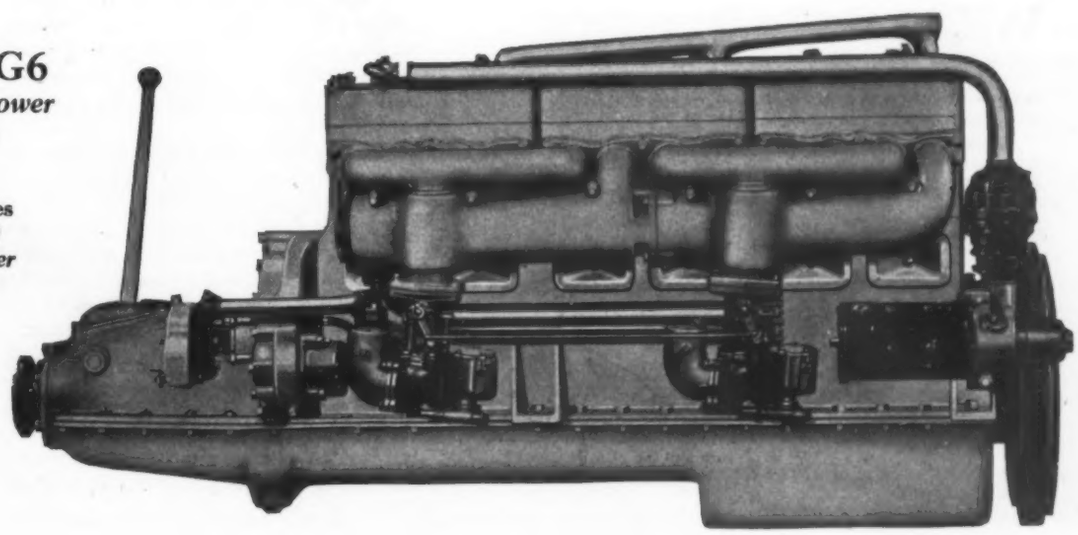
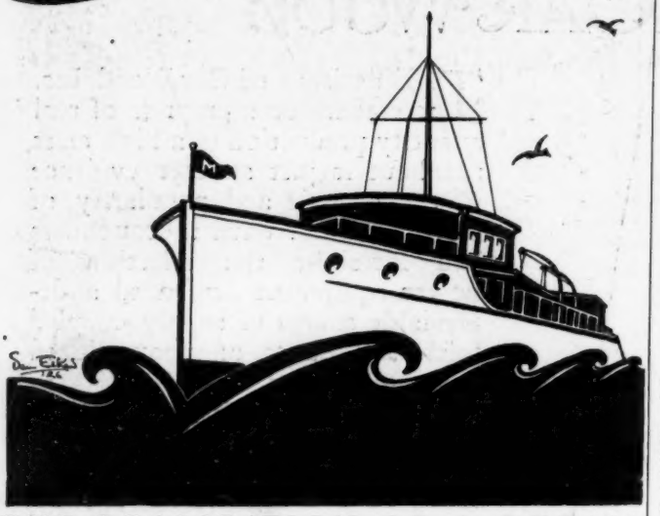


MAYBACH

MARINE MOTORS · COMMUTERS
EXPRESS CRUISERS



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TWIN SCREW DIESEL CRUISERS FROM 68 FT. UP

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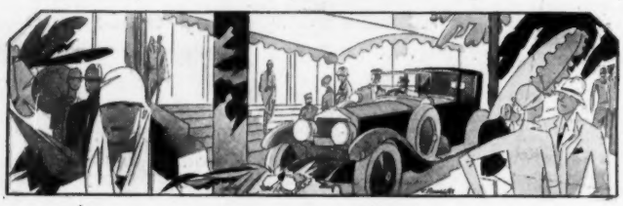

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WEST PALM BEACH,
FLORIDA

Name _____ Address _____

A Small Boat in a Big Wind

(*Continued from page 31*)

job could be done simply and well. I forget who made those sails; but they were diagonally cut, and that mainsail started now at the leech, and reefed itself, cloth by cloth, until after less than five minutes of cracking, vicious flogging of the air with canvas ends and ropes, clew cringles and reef tackle blocks, there remained three cloths of mainsail down at the tack, just about the size one would cut and make a perfect storm trysail for that size of craft. Those three cloths held until the boom went.

So that problem was solved. In my log, written up at the end of each day in pencil, with everything wet and dreary, cold and not too hopeful, I find these entries. Perhaps they may convey something of the atmosphere better than cold print set down from memory:

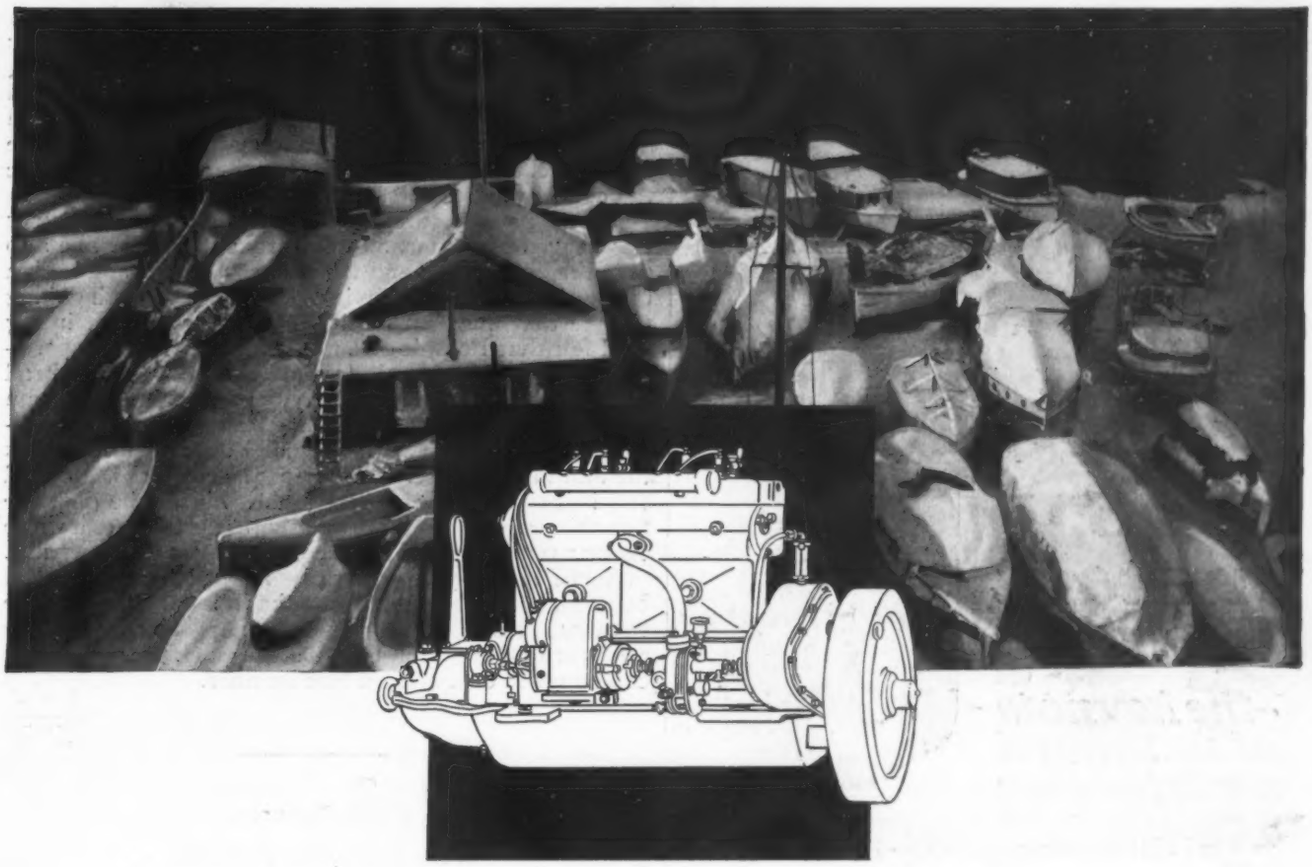
"Mainsail going cloth by cloth — tremendous seas — leaking badly — three cloths left in luff of sail — gear a wreck — something parting every minute. Cannot stand on deck or face the wind — caught basin of water in squall — sea came over and took basin — lull. Seas tumbling in from all sides. A watery hell — everything carried away below. Complete hurricane. Swept heavily. Took big sea on lee side. Burst boat lashings. Boat in going hit boom, broke it short three feet from gooseneck. Same sea pitched me into cabin through half open door. Badly bruised. Dog mixed up with wreck of ladder and other gear. Found boat had smashed in side of trunk. Broken boom hammering at the hull, pounding daylight hole at waterline. Cut wire mainsail foot-lacing with chisel after hours of cruel work, under water every sea."

After that there was nothing to be done except pump and bail. The water came in through three open seams and a broken plank in a place no cat could get at — between ship's side and the watertank under the cockpit.

There was, of course, that unbelievable air of fair wind from the west. As soon as possible a rough sight was got. The chronometer had long gone out of commission through wet. The sextant had got broken in a fall, and the Nautical Almanac had been washed into a printless wad of pulp. But by wedging the horizon mirror with a match, and by calculating the declination by a homemade system of proportional parts and old figures, a fair latitude was obtained, and then the problem was how to make the ship move.

There was also the trifle of being without water, in an air little better than a calm, some 80 miles distant from Bermuda, with no sail. We were blown that far off during the breeze. The dog was red-eyed too. I never want any dog other than an Airedale. All through the blow, and afterwards, when for three days her only moisture was a daily spoonful of the liquor from a can of peas which she shared with me while it lasted, there was never a time when the dog whimpered. Red-eyed she was, with pain, thirst, and maybe fear, but never once a trace of anything other than courageous readiness to share whatever the master was enduring.

But the sail. There was the first mainsail I started out with, split from clew to earring in a squall the first night out. There was no boom to set it on. Sewing it was beyond me. I had been sleepless for three days and nights, had pumped or bailed until I was ready to drop. I was so impregnated with salt that my thirst was torturing. It was so bad that I made a huge pot of coffee with salt water, foolishly hoping — who knew better — that by saturating the stuff with pounds of sugar the salt might be conquered to drinking point. All it did was to excoriate my throat and set me on fire. After that, for the five absolutely waterless days that followed before getting in, thirst was at least fooled into thinking it was allayed by pouring a stream of salt water down my back and chest from the spout of a kettle.



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ZR1	1-cylinder, 7 h.p.
ZR2	2-cylinder, 18 h.p.
ZR3	3-cylinder, 30 h.p.
ZR4	4-cylinder, 40 h.p.
F2	2-cylinder, 18 h.p.
F3	3-cylinder, 25 h.p.
F4	4-cylinder, 35 h.p.
F6	6-cylinder, 50 h.p.
NK2	2-cylinder, 25 h.p.
NK3	3-cylinder, 35 h.p.
NK4	4-cylinder, 50 h.p.
NK6	6-cylinder, 80 h.p.
VH	4-cylinder, 14 h.p.
VHL	4-cylinder, 20 h.p.
Little Huskie	4-cylinder, 15 h.p.

BE FIRST next spring to slide down the ways. Now is the season to think of motor replacement, when engines are to be had. Waiting time in the spring means loss of sailing days.

If the room is limited in your cruiser or sail boat, a Little Huskie may just fill the bill. The more sizable craft may require one of the NR members of the Palmer family.

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Easy Instant Starting

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AND Elto starting is *easy* instant starting—actual quarter turn starting—the effortless flip of the flywheel. Thousands of users confirm this—and say that this is the most vitally important feature in an outboard motor. Again—read what *they* say!

"Starts at the Touch"

I want to say my Elto Light Twin is a beauty, and fully fills my expectations to the limit. It has plenty of power and starts at the touch. M. C. Sturns, Oxford, Michigan.

"Starting Simple and Positive"

I found the Super Elto even more satisfactory than I had anticipated. Its performance was excellent and the starting very simple and very positive. I tried it out in bad, rainy weather conditions as well as good, and found it all that you claim it to be. C. M. Waterbury, Whitesboro, N.Y.

"Does Start on Quarter Turn"

Everything you advertise about the Super Elto is true. It has given me no trouble at all and really does start on the quarter turn and is always ready to go. Fred C. Eley, 4127 Lewis Avenue., W. Toledo, Ohio.

"Starts with Quarter Turn"

It starts as you say, "with a quarter turn." Leroy B. Pollard, Rockwood, Maine.

"Easiest Starting"

"Easiest starting on the river." W. E. Overstreet, Paris, Kentucky.

Send for Catalog.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY
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"Starts on a quarter turn"
Super Elto

The sail was simply set on the gaff, the foot sheeted on a single rope. The breeze was too light to keep it full; and the final bit of evil fortune came with about the dying upheaval of the post-hurricane swell. The sloop teetered on that and flapped her bit of sail. The loose sheet wrapped itself around the binnacle and simply plucked it from the deck and chucked it overboard. For the rest of the passage the course was steered by a pocket compass.

It was midway through the fifth day that a steamer was flagged for water, 30 miles from Bermuda. She also gave the dog a bone, and the man some fruit, and both a towline into port. Perhaps it was not a very sporting thing to take that line; but at that particular moment in my life I felt that I didn't care much whether I was a sportsman or not. About all I wanted was to get my head down and shut my eyes and slowly pass out to the solemn beat of somebody else grinding away at those devil-possessed pumps. As it turned out I did not sleep a wink the first night ashore. But I slept the clock right around and halfway again the next night. As for the dog, the first thing she did on jumping ashore was to chase a white cat up a rain spout and into a coal bunker at the Inverrury.

About the only lessons to be learned from *Gauntlet's* behavior in that hurricane were that it is not good practice to carry boats on small sailing craft: And a small boat will take care of itself through a blow much better than it can be taken care of by a lone mariner.

Fickle Favours

(*Continued from page 29*)

ing breeze, she was ill-suited here. The fickle airs were no good to her. But what a contrast it all is! Look at *Westward*, creeping there, and think of her when she puts her lee-rail under! And this Solent, silent and unrippled now, what a foam-streaked little turmoil it can make when the wind is really wicked! True, it is sheltered from the big seas of the Channel, but the wind can spring on it all the same with Atlantic force. Had we but known it, *Shamrock* herself was to be caught and mauled before the month was out. As *The Field* related the story of Wednesday, the 11th of August:—

"The whole sky over Portsmouth being heavy with black thunder-clouds, rain was bursting in torrents and swept over the Solent. It turned out, indeed, a wild and inclement day, with considerable short seas, white crested and the flying scud hissing along the surface of the water as it does here when these squalls come upon us in thundery weather.

"It was soon after rounding the Nab buoy that the *White Heather* broke her jib halliards and her jib fell down, and she gave up. A few minutes later, about noon, there was a thundering crash, and the whole of *Shamrock's* sail plan fell into the water, the mast broke about 40 feet from the deck, then short off a foot above the deck, and as the mast fell the topmast burst away from its socket, over three thousand pounds' worth of stuff going in a tangle of wreckage in less than two seconds. All fell clear of the deck, and no person was injured."

Truth to tell, this racing of great yachts is not a poor man's game. Some owners must get quite inured to seeing their masts go by the board, and Sir Thomas has been no exception. When *Shamrock II.*, for instance, was being tuned for her Cup races in 1901, and was racing in the Solent, with King Edward VII on board as Sir Thomas Lipton's guest, the thing happened. Skipper and crew were working her into shape for the great race, and *crack* went the mast, by the board. King Edward "merely lighted another cigar, and inquired if anyone was hurt." It would have taken much to ruffle the *aplomb* and *sang froid* of Edward VII. He turned not a hair when the anarchist Sipido shot at him in Belgium, at almost point blank range. "*Pauvre fou*," he said, and passed on.

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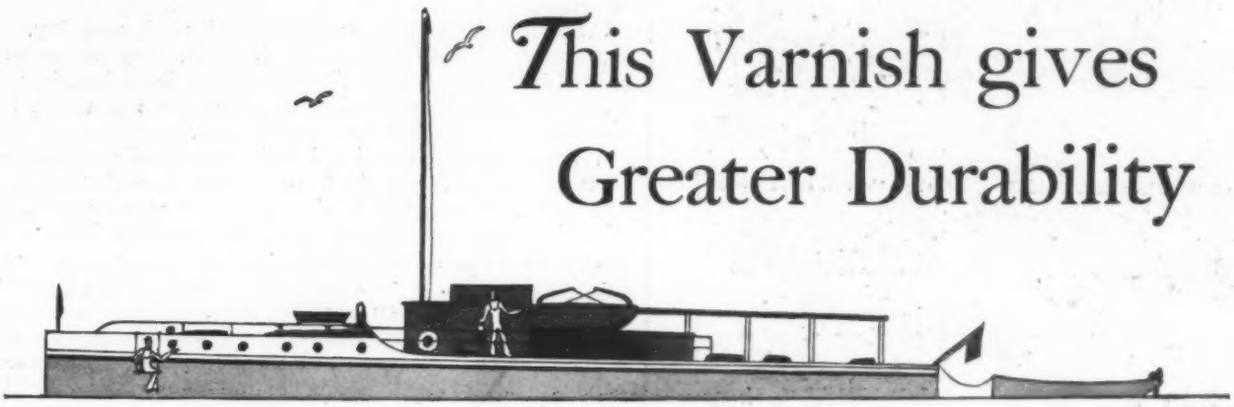
This Varnish gives Greater Durability



MADE with fossil gums so hard that a temperature of 650° must be used to melt them so that they will combine with oil — no wonder Edward Smith's varnish has unique durability!

It is furthermore peculiarly free from the eventual deep hair-line cracks so characteristic of modern varnishes made with rosin or estergum.

Almost since the beginning of yachting Edward Smith's varnish has been the choice of proud owners. It has been chosen for the finest boats in every class —including every defender of the America's Cup since 1851.

Made with a painstaking care not possible under ordinary commercial processes, Edward Smith's marine paints and enamels also last longer and give better service.

These marine paints and varnishes have been designed particularly for marine use. They are produced by *specialists* with almost a hundred years of marine experience back of them.

Among the many marine paints and varnishes made by Edward Smith & Co. are Aquatite, an unusually durable Varnish impervious to fresh, salt or boiling water (dries dust-free in 3 to 4 hours, hard in 24 hours); I.X.L. Floor Varnish for deck use; Deck Paints and Bottom Paints; Canoe Enamels giving a maximum resistance to hard surfaces during beaching—and a number of other products.

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America's Cup Defenders
RELIANCE
WINNER OF 1903
INTERNATIONAL CUP RACE

EDWARD SMITH & COMPANY

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

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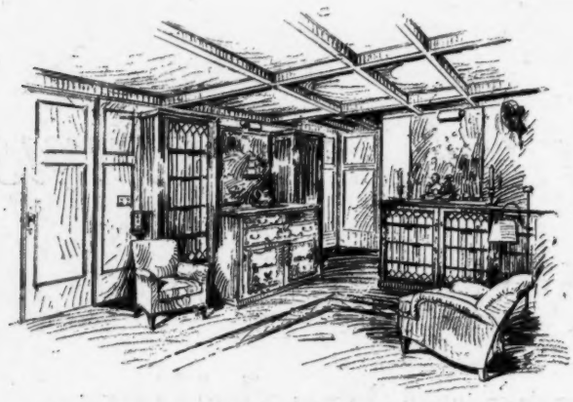
Since 1827



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St. Petersburg
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The Sunshine City

Then again in 1903, Sir Thomas Lipton lost the mast of one of his Cup-challengers. *Shamrock III.* was racing against *Shamrock I.* in Weymouth Bay, when a strong puff hit her. The mast was a steel one, and those steel masts gave constant trouble by buckling in a breeze. This heavy gust was too much for the mast; it crumpled, and went over the side, stripping the whole sail plan, and putting the lot into the water. Several of the crew were injured, and one man, knocked overboard, was drowned.

Sir Thomas was greatly distressed by this casualty. "I can stand the loss of the rig," he said, "but that poor fellow! This is the first life which has been lost in my service — and the poor chap leaves a wife and child. I'd give the yacht sooner than lose a man."

What a lure the Cup has held! It's intrinsic value once mattered, when it was the "Hundred Guineas" Cup! But of what little account is that intrinsic value now, and what hundreds of thousands of guineas have been outpoured in assault and defence! Though won out-and-out by the *America*, it was at once offered as a perpetual challenge trophy, open to all nations.

But here we were, still at anchor. It was hot; it was very hot. Grilling in sunshine we all camped out on the windless Solent.

In this drowsy air one might have closed one's eyes and lapsed into a pleasant dream. But eyes were wide and wakeful. At the first touch of breeze, the kedge warp would be —

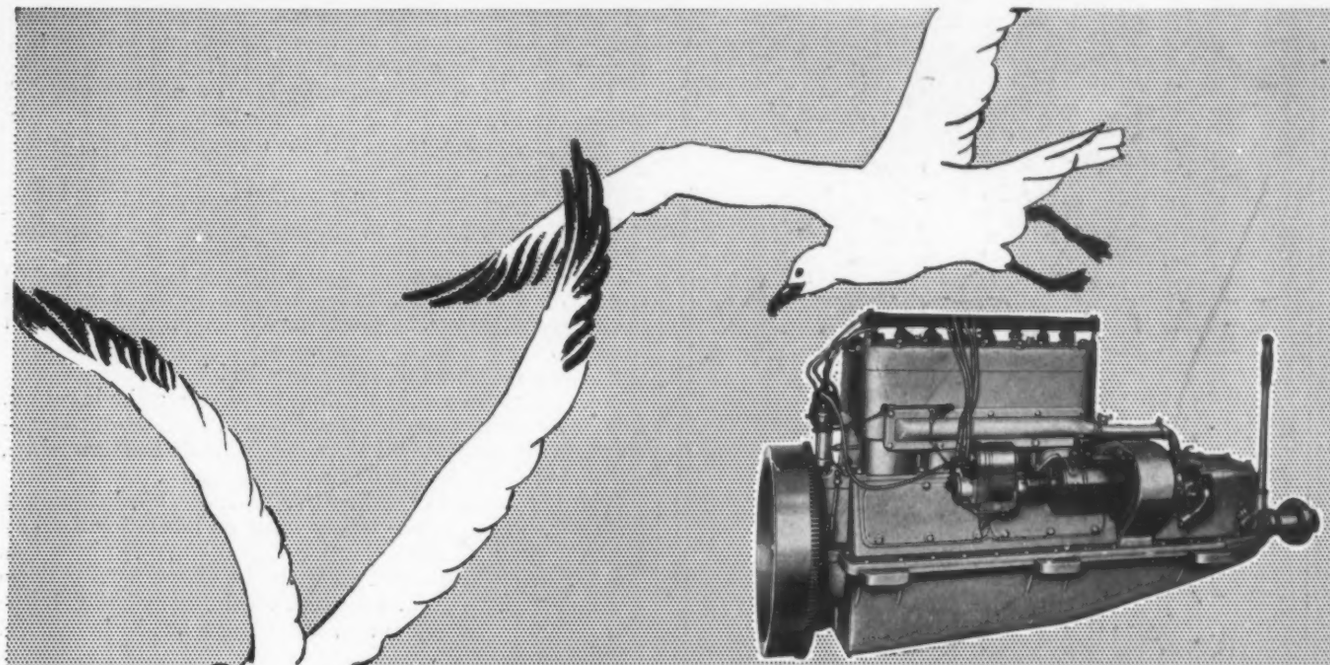
"Hul-*lo!*"

"Look at her; look at her!" Half hidden by *White Heather* it was difficult to see her completely; but "Look at her! Look!" It was *Britannia*, and she had sprung to life. "Sprung to life" is the only term, for she came away with a rush. The breeze had reached her though all the rest of us hung helpless and becalmed, and Major Hunloke had got her away with it in record time. She brought her breeze along with her now. "Look at the old *Brit.!*" Past *White Heather's* helpless bowsprit she came, slap through the narrow space between us and the buoy, foaming along with a real bone in her teeth while we were still fumbling feverishly with the kedge warp. *White Heather* got her breeze second, and, in a bubble of excitement, we all followed. *White Heather* was round the buoy, and our own bowsprit seemed almost to impale her stern, so closely did we follow. The buoy was within hand's reach, the tide still running in a froth around it. But the tide was powerless to gainsay us now. We had wind. *White Heather* had weathered the mark, and so had we; but, before either of us had put our helm up at the buoy, *Britannia* was already well away, in full trim, with spinnaker set, running free for Cowes and the N. E. Middle. A smart bit of work on *Britannia's* part, under the eye of her owner.

It seemed as if the wind were really wakening now; we hoped for better things. But the promise was soon belied, and the light draught had fallen to the faintest of airs. In a vapor of stagnant heat, we slid eastward with the tide. Look at the sails! They were hanging limp, the spinnaker lying in folds, and the mainsail empty, in creases. And look aloft at the flag — the thing is too ridiculous! For the flag was streaming out *stern*-wards, just as if we had a motor running. The tide was carrying us faster than the wind.

Britannia was well away, and *White Heather* was on our beam. On a sea of glass, we slid. Our skipper, in this doldrum weather, had been sitting to steer, but he suddenly jumped to his feet, electrified into protest. For the gods were surely laughing at us.

"Never seen such a thing in my life!" he ejaculated, half angry and half amused; for a light flow of breeze, right and full ahead, had taken us aback. Like a dead weight it stopped us, brought us up all standing, while the



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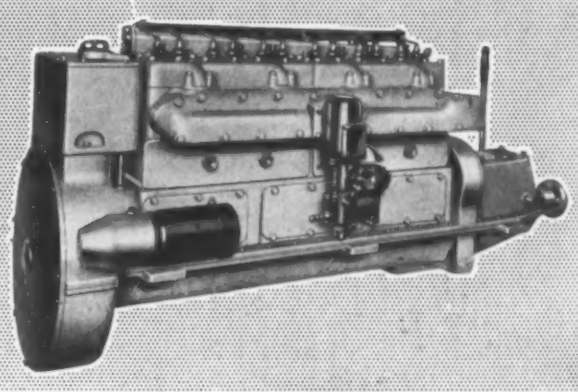

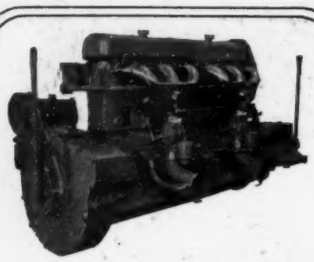

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HSR-4	60-70 H.P.	600 or 900 R.P.M.	1750 lbs.
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LM-6	200 H.P.	1700 R.P.M.	1500 lbs.

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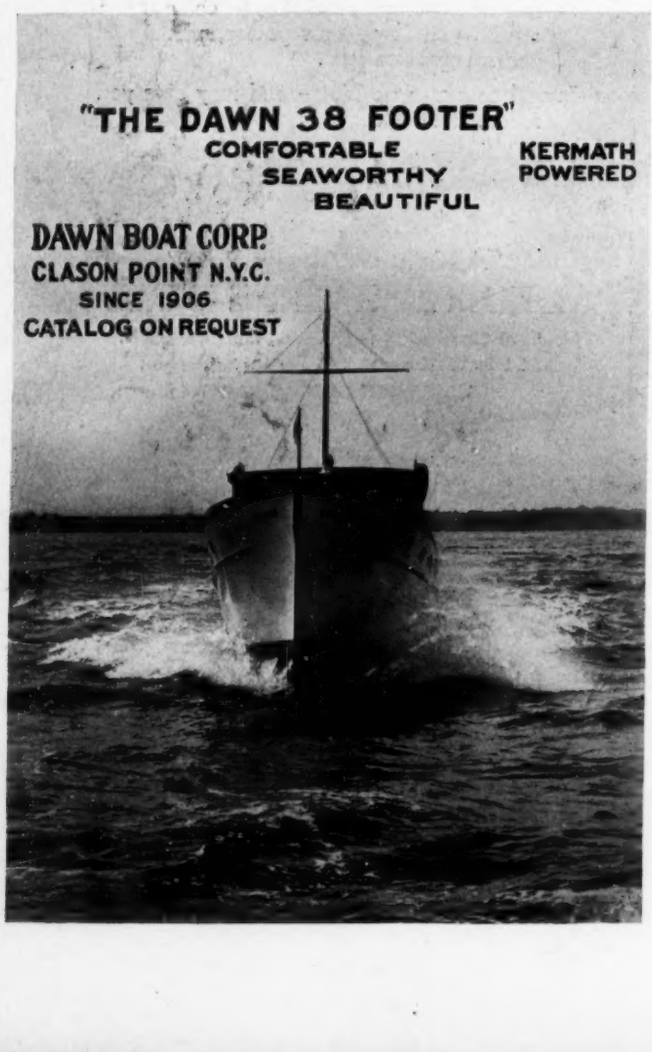

others, untouched, forged on evenly ahead. It passed; but our place was now a poor third. The thing had been a flagrant piece of mockery and mischief.

It was hot, too hot, steaming hot, even when one did nothing and sat still. The wind was beneath notice. Past the East Lepe buoy we slid, with an even glide, on the strong current.

"Give her a little more mainsheet. 'All on your boom guy taikle."

This was a faint breath, and we had to exploit it. We had jibed earlier, with the same hope. But the wind was shy beyond all words, and tide alone it was which was taking us to Cowes. We put our glasses on the Squadron flagstaff, expecting the signal.

"White Peter, and I don't wonder!"

Yes, there it was, shortening the race to a single round. Smoothly as any ice-sleigh we glided. And Cowes Roadstead, with its crowded shipping, dwindled astern of us, withdrawn smoothly into gradual distance.

The breeze again freshened, and *Lulworth*, bringing it with her, drew up perceptibly upon us. *White Heather* had opened away and was chasing *Britannia*. And here was the N. E. Middle buoy. In with the spinnaker. "Let go y'r boom guy taikle! In mainsheet! Ready about! Lee ho!" And, in a clean curve, we were round the buoy, and on the wind again.

Ahead of us, *Britannia* and *White Heather* sailed in close company. *White Heather* was now passing the royal cutter. She began to look like a winner. As for us, board for board we sailed with *Lulworth*, fighting it out for third place, the first and second having slipped beyond our grasp, through previous chances of the day. And the wind now, having distributed those fickle benefits which — like kissing — went by favor, settled down, and blew evenly on all alike.

But *Shamrock* sailed like a creature disheartened, as if she took too sorely those jests of the weather. Else why, on the last beat, with a breeze which freshened just once sufficiently to put her lee rail under, must she lose her third place to *Lulworth? Lulworth* was beautifully sailed, and *Shamrock* finished fourth. But the four cutters had kept close company; five minutes embraced the four of them at the line. *Westward* had sailed the race through, ready for any change of weather which might give her a chance of showing her true form; but the weather had no favors at all for her to-day. With *White Heather* first, and *Britannia* a good second, the race was over.

The race was over. And the day, despite its slackness, had been an entertaining one, a day of most amusing paradox. All the yachts had started level, *except the winner*. *White Heather* had been conceded 1 minute 57 seconds (or 59 seconds on the single round), but she sailed smilingly home more than half a minute ahead of all the rest of us, not needing to call on her time allowance at all.

But such are the chances of the day, and all are factors in the sport. "To-day to thee, to-morrow to me." The weather will never be cured of her fickleness, and the ingenuity of man in divining those vagaries and turning them to his own ends is the thing that matters. *Shamrock's* early performance, based on judgment of tide *vs.* wind, had been a triumph of ghosting; *Britannia's* getaway at the first touch of breeze was a thing spectacular as one could wish, and *White Heather* and *Lulworth*, after jockeying successfully with those mockeries of wind and tide, won their final places in the race by downright good sailing. We had all had our slices of fortune, evil and good; and, when the cables clattered down in Cowes Roadstead, we had perhaps one regret only, for a sterling little breeze was by that time running to waste above us. But "to-morrow is another day," and perhaps the best races of all are yet unsailed. Who knows?

[Reprinted concurrently with *Yachting Monthly*, London, by arrangement.]

New 150 h.p. Kermath Motor

(*Continued from page 76*)

the marked accessibility. Despite its ruggedness and power, it weighs but 1100 lbs. The bore is 5″, and stroke 5½″, giving 648 cubic inches displacement. Two Schebler carburetors are used, and the intake manifold is oil jacketed, so that the oil maintains a constant temperature for more efficient carburetion, cooling the oil and heating the intake gases. The oil system is full force feed throughout, of the dry sump type, with oil reservoir located on top of the flywheel.

The crankcase is of aluminum, having extra stout reinforced webbing to prevent any possible misalignment from strains. Large hand holes permit of easy and rapid bearing adjustments when necessary. The cylinder head is of cast iron, pistons of Lynite, and valves of silachrome steel.

The motor is of the dual valve-in-head type. Four valves in each cylinder furnish abundant areas for the ingoing gases and scavenging the waste gases with the greatest possible efficiency. Double Delco ignition, Delco starter and generator are standard equipment.

Credit to Eldredge-McInnis

In the November number we published an excellent reproduction, on page 84, of the new 68-foot cruiser now being produced by the American Car and Foundry Co., of Wilmington, Delaware, and distributed by S. Clyde Kyle, of New York. In the caption describing this craft we inadvertently neglected to state that the design was from the board of Eldredge-McInnis, the well known Boston naval architects, and are glad to take this opportunity of giving them the credit for designing this handsome craft.

Rand Joins Richardson

Charles F. Rand has been appointed sales manager of the Richardson Boat Co., Inc., of North Tonowanda, N. Y. He has had several years' experience in boating activities which, combined with an intensive experience in sales and merchandising, makes him well qualified to carry out the aggressive program already mapped out by the Richardson Co. for next season.

In the Lee of the Longboat

(*Continued from page 72*)

the Chesapeake Capes, and up Chesapeake Bay to a finish line somewhere near Baltimore or Annapolis. As I pointed out before, this course has a lot to recommend it. It is brand new, and opens up a new set of sailing conditions — Sound sailing, coastwise sailing, and Chesapeake Bay sailing. Numerous ports en route make it unusually safe in case of accident to any of the boats. I have a hunch that a certain club, located between Baltimore and Annapolis, would be glad to co-operate in running the race, handling the finish, and dispensing hospitality to all hands when the grind is over. At the finish, owner and crew are in close touch with home or office, by wire or train. And from the finish, the trip back through the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, down the Delaware River to Cape May, and up the Jersey Coast to home waters, could be made in three days, or less. And for those who yearn for new cruising grounds, and have never been on Chesapeake Bay — well, read Barrie's "Cruises, Mainly on the Bay of the Chesapeake," and you'll want to have a go at it, as the Britons say.

A sporty course, new and decidedly interesting waters to get acquainted with, an ideal finishing point, and a short trip home — think it over, mates, and let's hear what you think about it.

You'll never know till *you* try it

A good many old-fashioned persons think these advertisements are published merely to promote the sale of Barbasol.

They have a far nobler purpose.

What we are really trying to do is to help millions of our fellow men get out of a rut.

Barbasol will lift you out of the shaving past and send you singing to success!

1 — Wash the face
(but leave it wet)

2 — Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in)

3 — Shave

N. B. — No brush. Also n. r. i. — no rub-in. The full-bodied creamy Barbasol holds every hair straight up against the reaper, and swish, swish — how *nice* you look this morning!

Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin — takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Select a dime from your small change pocket, fill out the coupon and mail it to us, and we send you the generous trial tube. Use Barbasol 3 times according to directions. Then you'll know why Barbasol's the Modern Way of Shaving.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

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Address.....

Y-12-26

BOLINDER'S

"The Best the World Produces"

IN

OIL ENGINES

of the low pressure, surface ignition, solid injection type

What the BOLINDER is doing for others it will do for you. Read the following letter from the Gulf Coast Products Company:

Stauffer, Eshleman & Co., Ltd.,
New Orleans, La.

July 20, 1926.

Dear Sirs:

About six months ago I purchased from your firm a 30 h.p. 2-Cylinder Bolinders Oil Engine with reversible propeller, which we placed in one of our large fishing schooners.

We beg to advise you that this engine, which has been used constantly for the past six months, has given perfect satisfaction and has required no repairs or mechanical work whatever.

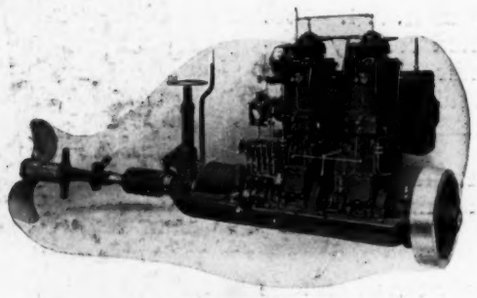
We are burning a little over one gallon of crude oil per hour, which costs us four cents and the cylinder oil consumption of this engine is three quarts for ten hours run.

We are so well satisfied with this engine that we are contemplating the purchase of two more as we firmly believe that the saving between the crude oil and gasoline will pay for the engine in the course of one year's time.

Hoping that this is good news to you, we are

Yours very truly,

GULF COAST PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC
(Signed) per ANSON GRAVOLET, *President.*



Bolinder's Company, Inc.

33 Rector Street, New York City

BOLINDER'S COMPANY · TRADE MARK · NEW YORK U.S.A.

Representatives at all principal Atlantic and Gulf Ports

Report of Measurement Committee of the Yacht Racing Union

(*Continued from page 45*)

Considering the matter from the standpoint of the various yachting centers represented in the Union, we believe that all of them would be greatly benefited by the measurement rule we are about to propose. The weather conditions which exist on the Pacific Coast and the Great Lakes demand a hull with more beam and freeboard than is found in the latest and most successful "R" boats developed under the Universal Rule. Moreover, but few of the boats of the Great Lakes have been built there and the great majority are purchased second-hand. The present sources of supply for the Great Lakes are Marblehead and New York, and the number of boats produced in New York under the Universal Rule has not made it a highly desirable market. If the International Rule or some modification of it should be adopted by the Union, it would make available to the Great Lakes yachtsmen and to all members of the Union, the products of the best designers of not only the United States and Canada, but of the world, a market much greater in extent than the present market, and offering a far greater range of opportunity to the purchaser.

Looking at both rules from the practical standpoint, we find that after a thorough test, the International Rule has proved more highly cheat proof than the Universal Rule. The former has produced infinitely more boats built for open class racing and these have been built as well as raced, all over the world and under the most varied conditions. Those who have raced on the Solent can testify that any boat which can be raced satisfactorily in the heavy weather which so often exists there, can be raced satisfactorily anywhere in the world.

* * *

If the North American Yacht Racing Union is ever going to adopt a change in its Measurement Rule, this is obviously the appropriate time to do so. On Long Island Sound, except for the one design classes, there is no racing in classes "P," "Q" or "S," while there are a mere handful in class "R," most of which have already been outbuilt. In the other sections of the United States and Canada, represented in the Union, there has been practically no building under the Universal Rule except in the "R" class. Only one important class will, therefore, be affected by the proposed change in rule, and there are sufficient boats now in existence in that class to insure the continuance of excellent racing therein for the normal racing life of the boats in the class.

We, therefore, respectfully recommend that the North American Yacht Racing Union adopt for classes of approximately the size of hull of Class "P" and under, the International Rule of Measurement with the three following changes:

1. A minimum girth measurement for overhangs. This will produce the same result aimed at by the quarter-beam measurement now in the Universal Rule but will be an improvement thereon because it will be susceptible of exact measurement.
2. Amend the existing provision as to the height of masts by adding thereto "or 1.7 times the square root of the sail area, plus 5, measured from the deck at the aft side of masts."
3. Strike out from the International Rule the provision prohibiting center boards.

Signed,

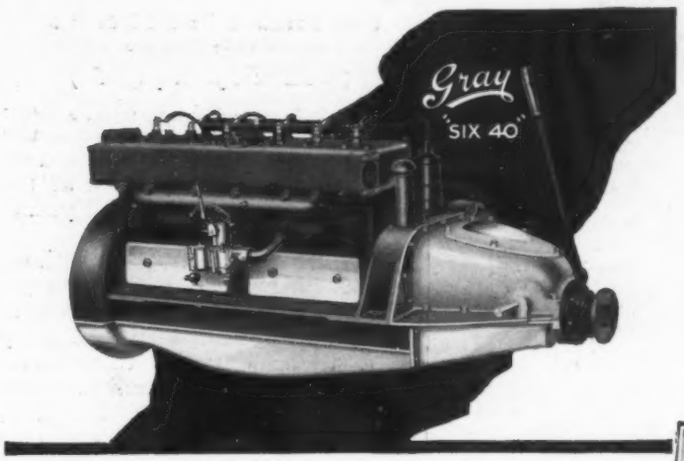
William A. W. Stewart, *Chairman*, Clinton H. Crane, Francis H. Early, George H. Gooderham, Philip R. Mallory, Henry L. Maxwell.

The Racing Season on Lake Michigan

(*Continued from page 51*)

		SERIES			POINTS		
Yacht	*Owner*	*1st*	*2nd*	*3rd*	*Total*	*Possible*	*Per cent*
Nancy	S. Dauchy	15	28	27	70	93	75.26
Fantome	W. S. Faurot	21	31	9	61	84	72.61
Calypso	H. E. Potter	..	17	32	49	75	65.33
Colleen	King & Wright	..	17	17	34	54	62.96
Mitzi	F. P. Merkle	8	12	21	41	68	60.29
Sari	A. Kirkeby	14	11	9	34	57	59.65
Yank	A. Martin, Jr.	6	10	10	26	66	39.37
Ariel	Mrs. O. T. McClurg	..	12	21	33	D.N.Q.	....
Gossoon	Kimball & Railton	5	13	..	18	"	....
Alpha	Reinker & Williams	11	1	..	12	"	....

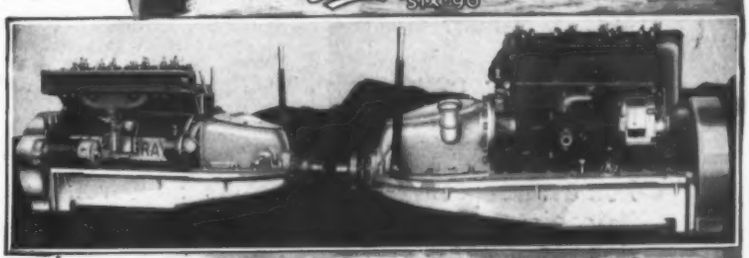
Much of the interest of the season resulted from the bringing in of the two new R boats, *Fantome* and *Calypso*, and the entry of the Eagles and Stars into competition. *Fantome* (ex.–*Opeechee II*) won the elimination races which preceded the races for the Lipton Cup, and was selected to represent Lake Michigan in the Richardson Cup races held by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes and sailed off Toledo on September 8th, 9th and 10th. She is at her best in light airs and smooth water. She did very well in the season's racing and joined with *Calypso* and *Nancy* as the top of the lot among the dependable winners. *Mitzi* (ex-*Katia*) and *Ariel* were also well handled and were close to the winners in many of the races. *Calypso* is a fine boat, a little extreme in some features, but an all-around fast one in all kinds of going.

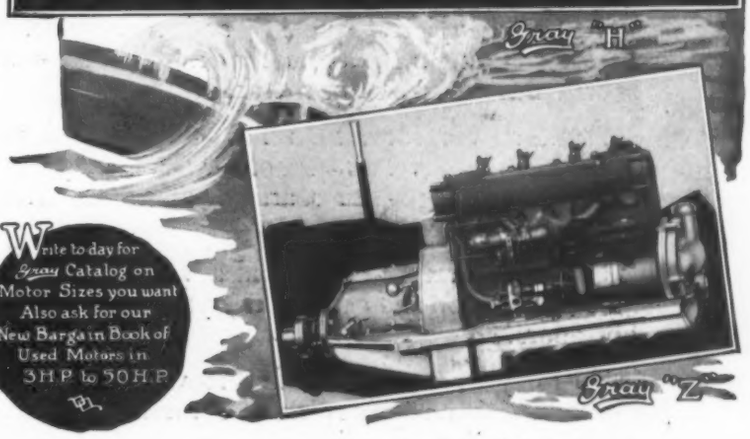


GRAY MOTORS

SIX -40 H.P. Gray Six-40—3¼" bore x 3¼" stroke, 187 cubic inches; 40 h.p. at 2400 r.p.m.; 29 h.p. at 1400 r.p.m. **$595**

Pressure lubrication to all bearings; 2" crankshaft. Oil sump pump. Length 50". Height above center line 15⅜". Weight 540 pounds. Engine speeds up to 3000 r.p.m. Marvelous fuel economy.





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in use all over the world are a guarantee of Gray value and satisfaction in Gray ownership. In every civilized country you will find Gray engines faithfully and economically performing their duty. The largest builders of standardized boats increase their business on the real satisfaction that their Gray powered boats give. And you can increase your boating pleasure by putting a GRAY in your boat.

Gray Marine Motor Co.
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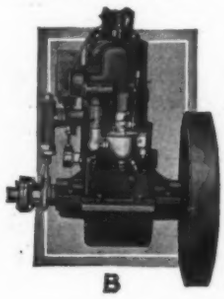
Write to day for Gray Catalog on Motor Sizes you want Also ask for our New Bargain Book of Used Motors in 3 H.P. to 50 H.P.

An Oil Sump Pump is now fitted to all Gray 4's and 6's in 7 sizes.

5 and 10 h.p. single and double cylinders, 3¼" x 4½" from $99 to $225 complete with propeller equipment. Ask for new model "O" booklet.



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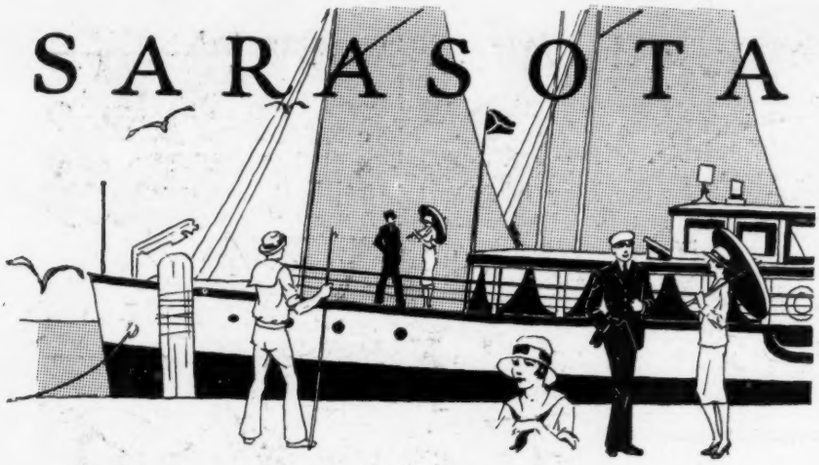
THE COMPLETE GRAY LINE

Fours	*Sixes*	*Other Grays*
Model Z 20–25 h.p.	Model 6-40 40 h.p.	Model "O" 5 h.p. 4-cycle, 1-cylinder
Model V 25–35 h.p.	Model Z-6 60 h.p.	Model "O" 10 h.p. $225. 4-cycle, 2-cylinder
Model H-50 40–50 h.p.	Model A-6 90 h.p.	Model "O" 6–8 h.p. 2-cycle.
Model H-75mm 65–75 h.p.		

Good Since 1906

Gray Power Gray Power Gray Power Gray Power

SARASOTA



Sarasota Bay
"The Big Beautiful Water" of

TROPICAL North America — where the South Sea Islands are reproduced in the white sand beaches and in the clear waters of the Gulf of Mexico; in the towering palm trees — the colorful foliage and — in ever present summer.

Where old Spain is seen in the exotic beauty of home and patio — tiled roofs and iron grilled balconies.

Where the picturesque life and customs of the Mediterranean are duplicated in the old-world sponge fisheries that dot the gulf coast.

Here, at Sarasota, man has collaborated with nature in the development of a winter playground where familiar pleasures are offered amid strange and unfamiliar scenes.

Come to Sarasota and spend a winter of pleasurable exploration and genuine enjoyment of the warm out-doors.

To all your outward senses it will be a winter abroad but Sarasota's spirit of cordiality will make you feel — "at home."

Write to Jules Brazil, Sarasota's official host, for information

SARASOTA
FLORIDA

Where Summer Stays and the Nation Plays

MR. JULES BRAZIL,
Sarasota Chamber of Commerce,
121 Pineapple Avenue, Sarasota, Florida.

Dear Mr. Brasil:
Kindly send me your "pleasure program" for the 1926–7 winter season, together with descriptive literature.

Name.....

Address.....

New England Yacht Building Yards Busy

(*Continued from page 52*)

has an F 4 Scripps, was 70% completed on October 15th, and the Barrows boat was being planked on the same date. Every basin at the Lawley plant was filled with yachts on October 15th.

Working almost entirely without help, George W. Shiverick, of Kingston, Mass., the well known designer and builder of many of the Duxbury fleet, is constructing this winter several 15-foot knockabouts for members of the Duxbury Yacht Club, where the class is very popular. One of them is for Walter Amesbury.

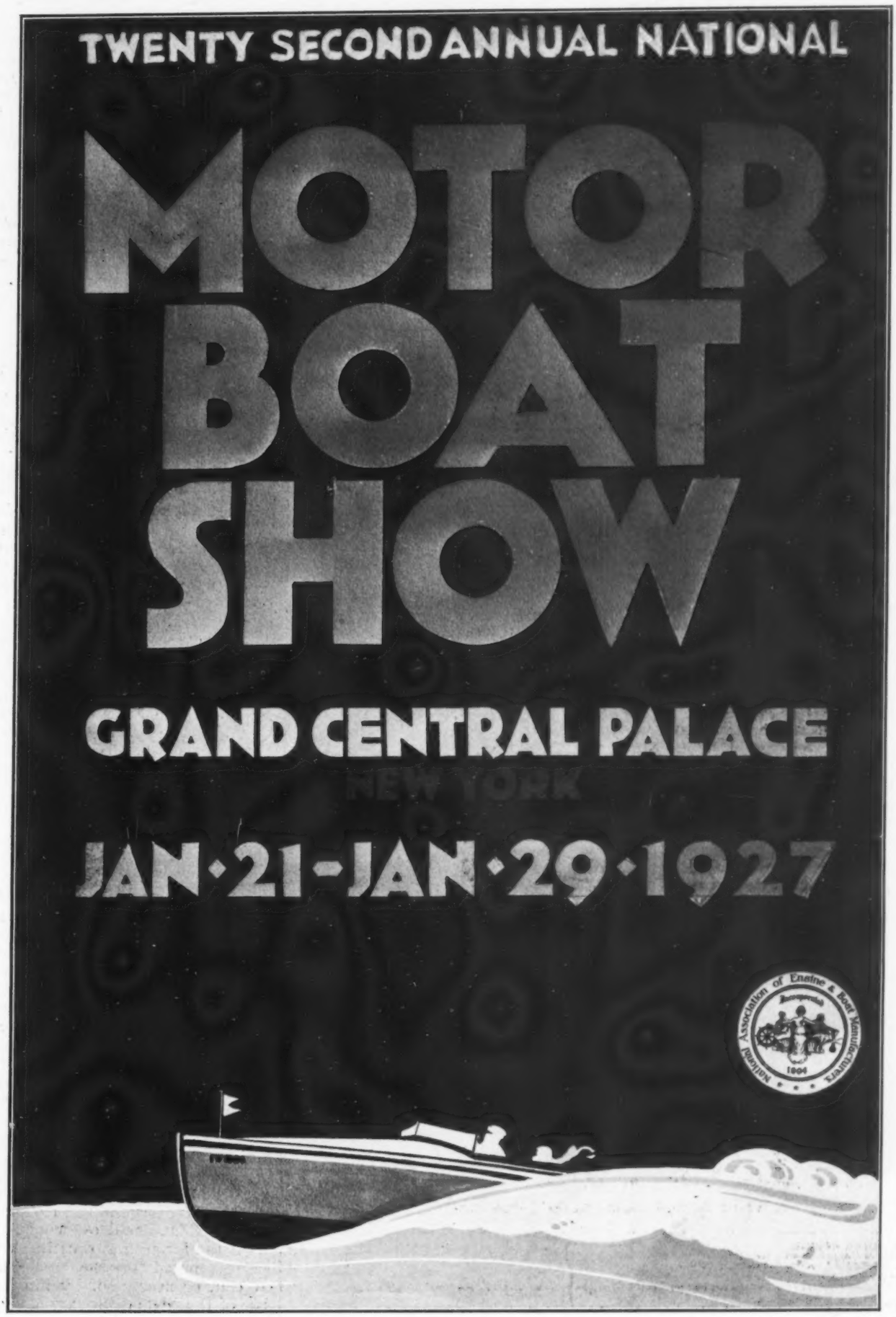
New One-Design Classes

Members of the Scituate Yacht Club will have a new class of 18½-foot knockabouts from designs by Crowninshield, Burbank and Howard, the contract for which was let in mid-October.

The Hingham Yacht Club will also have a new one-design fleet of 14-foot waterline knockabouts for racing in Hull Bay, and the Wollaston Yacht Club will supplant its old Bay Birds with a flock of O boats similar to those raced the past two seasons at South Boston.

New one-design classes are also expected next season at East Gloucester, where the Eastern Point Yacht Club has been racing a bunch of twenty-year-old sonder boats and half a dozen Cape Cod Baby Knockabouts; at Barnstable, where yacht racing has been taken up vigorously this year; at Allen's Harbor, a new Cape Cod haven, and at Sakonnet, R. I., which will have a class of Alden-designed O boats.

Builders on Cape Cod are unusually active for this season of the year, and early in October it looked as if they all would do a capacity business this winter. Reuben Bigelow, the veteran builder at Monument Beach, started in October on three yachts and will lay the keels for two more in November, besides building a dozen skiffs for the one-design class of the Cotuit Mosquito Yacht Club. One of the Bigelow boats is a 32-foot power boat which Edward I. Cudahy, of Chicago, will use next year as a tender for his New York 40-footer *Marilee*. This latest of the 40-foot class was sailed last year with considerable success by H. Nelson Emmons, and also by Mrs. Cudahy. Bigelow is also building a 40-foot power boat for Walter Field, of Brockton, Mass., which will have a 150 h.p. Continental Van Blerck, and a 23-foot auxiliary knockabout from the design of Chester Nedwidek for Francis T. Meyer, of New York.


TWENTY SECOND ANNUAL NATIONAL
MOTOR BOAT SHOW
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
NEW YORK
JAN·21-JAN·29·1927
National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers
Incorporated
1904

"You didn't come
a day too soon"
The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.

4 out of 5
see him too late

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. · · · Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

The demand for yard and shed space at Osterville was so heavy this fall that the Crosby Yacht Building and Storage Co. was compelled to lease the old David Crosby plant, across West Bay on Little Island, while the amount of repair work on many of the 125 yachts which the company hauled, held up new construction at the plant until late in October. The company will build a number of its famous auxiliary Cape cats this winter for Cape Cod summer residents, as well as several more 18-foot knockabouts for the Wianno Club fleet.

Two interesting ketches are being built at the yard of George F. Lawson in Dorchester, Mass.

It looks as if New England was making a good start on the new fleet for 1927.

The Water Cure for Carbon

(*Continued from page 46*)

practice we were soon able to feed the right amount, and, in a few minutes were making nearly ten knots without any appreciable knocking! We made Greenport and caught the train.

One of the best examples of the efficacy of steam as a carbon remover, is that of a German submarine which our Navy brought home after the war under her own power. On reaching the Panama Canal it was found that her Diesel engines were too badly fouled to continue the voyage to San Francisco. The Department was anxious to have the submarine at her destination by a certain date in order to take part in, or be on exhibition at, some ceremony. There was neither time nor the facilities for overhauling the engines. She was placed alongside of a steam tug. A steam hose was passed aboard and connected to the engines. After a few hours of running steam through them, the submarine was able to proceed to her destination.

Nine-tenths of the trouble and expense of the annual overhauling of a marine gasoline engine is expended on removing carbon and grinding valves, entailing a great deal of mounting and dismounting of parts, particularly gaskets, which are often damaged in the process and must be replaced, though perfectly tight before the engine was disassembled. How much simpler this annual overhaul would be if the formation of carbon could be prevented in the first place! It can, or nearly so, by intelligent use of the little device we have just endeavored to explain.